Our Gang

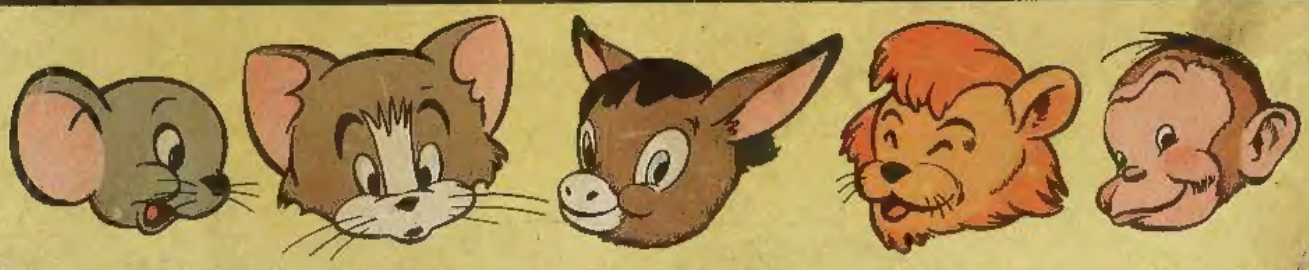
JULY-AUGUST COMICS

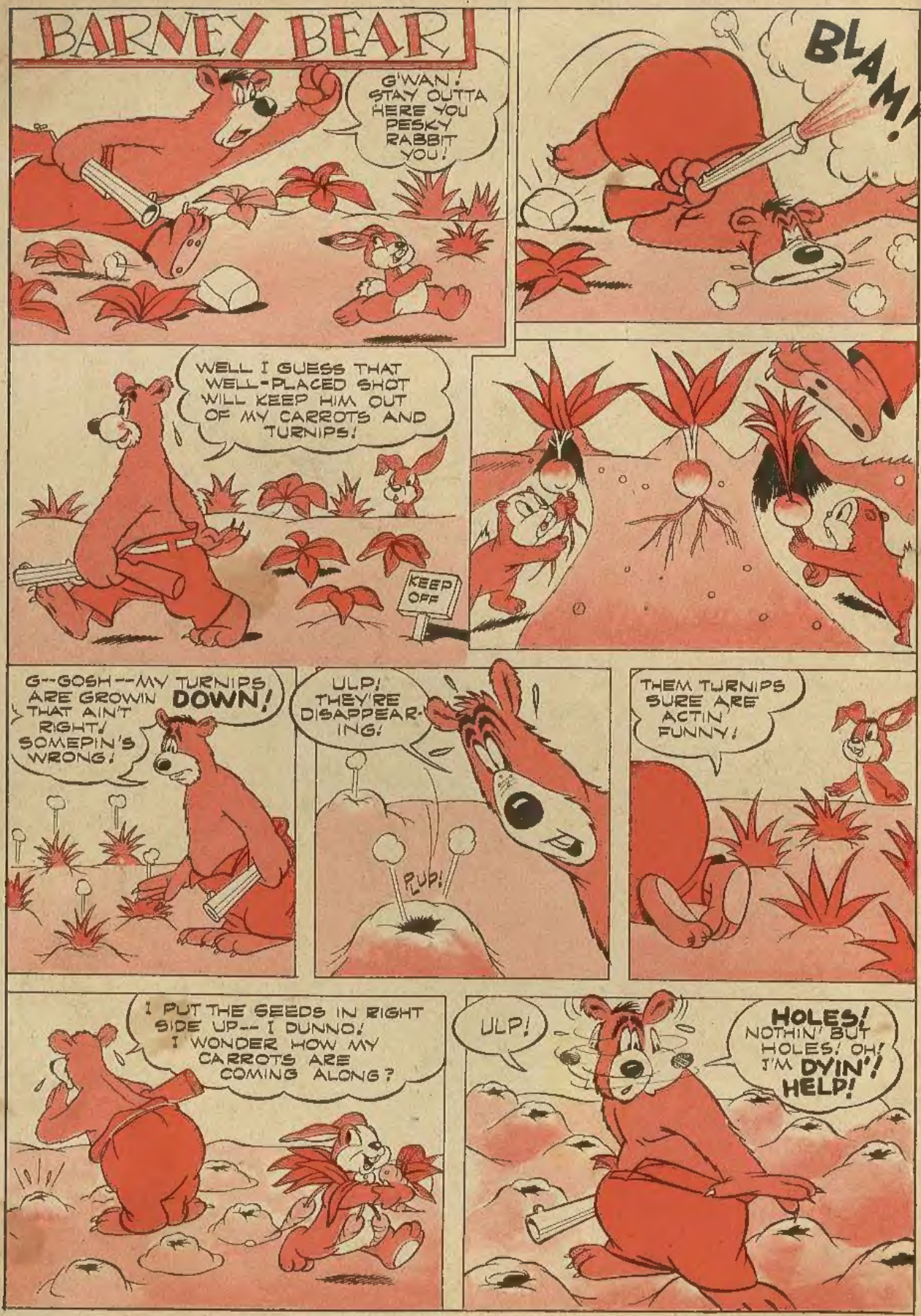
10¢

No. 12

A DELL MAGAZINE

DELL





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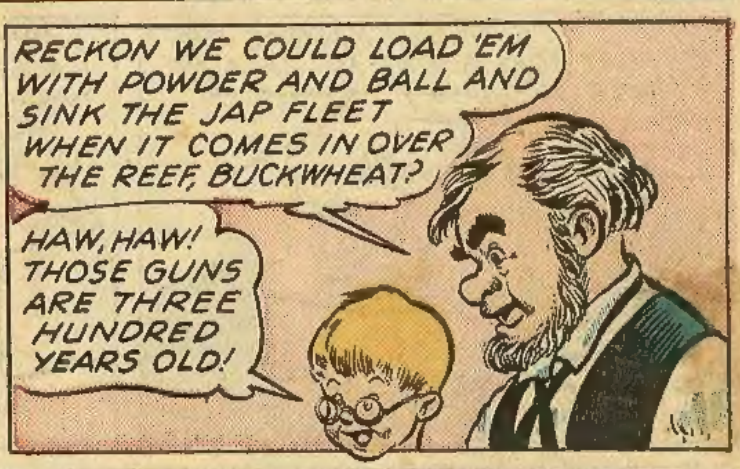
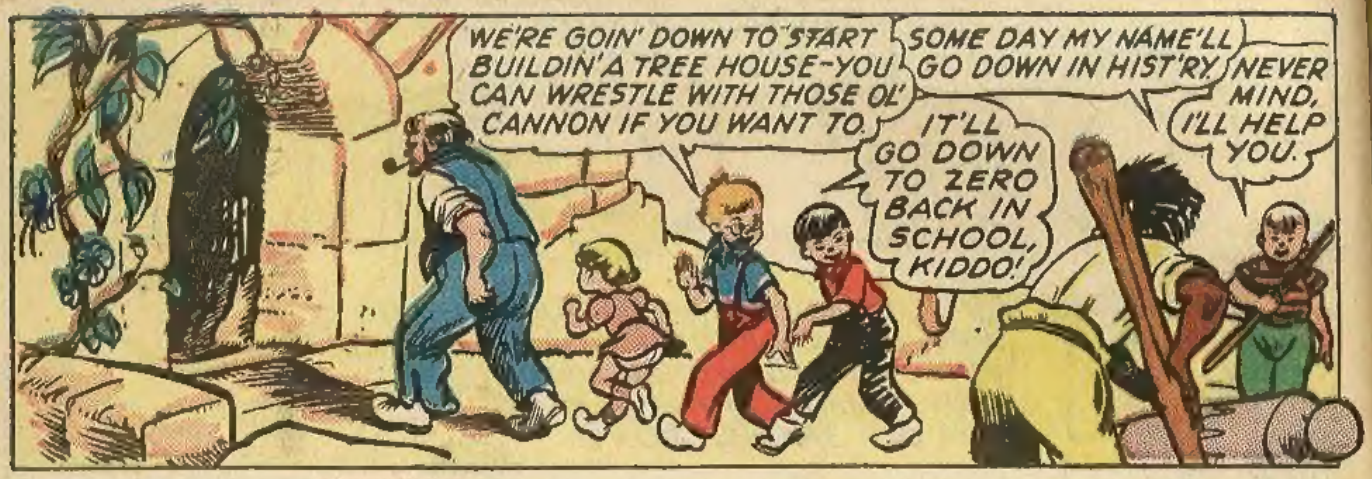
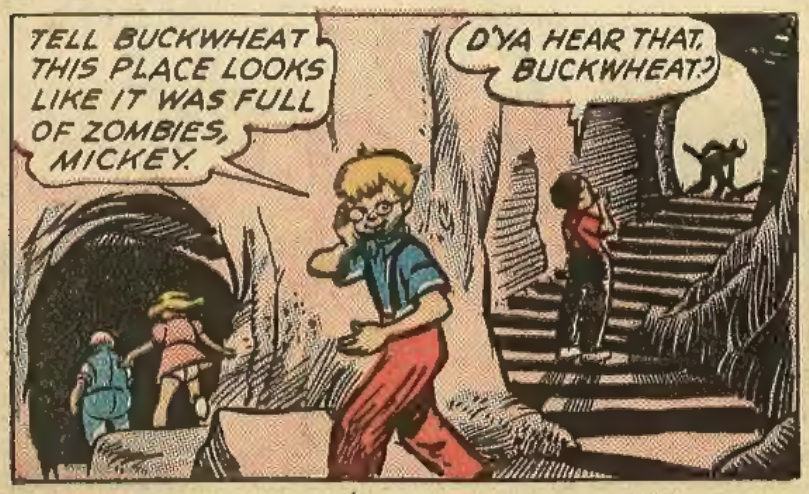
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS

Our Gang

AFTER RIDDING THE ISLAND OF TWO JAPANESE RADIO OPERATORS, THE GANG AND CAPTAIN DAN LOOK OVER THEIR NEW HOME FROM THE PARAPET OF THE OLD SPANISH FORT.

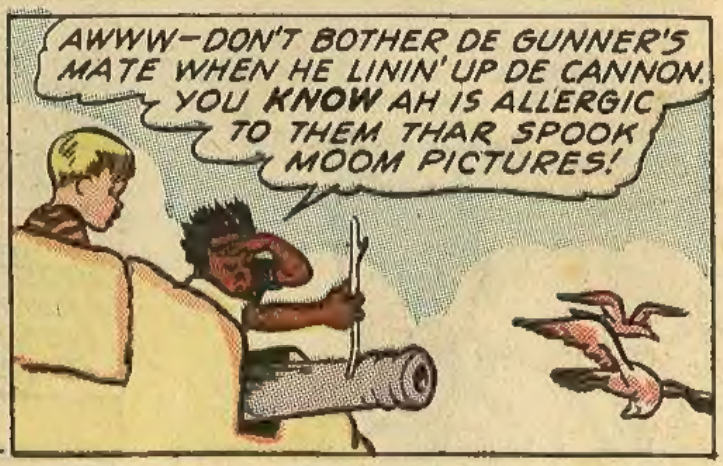


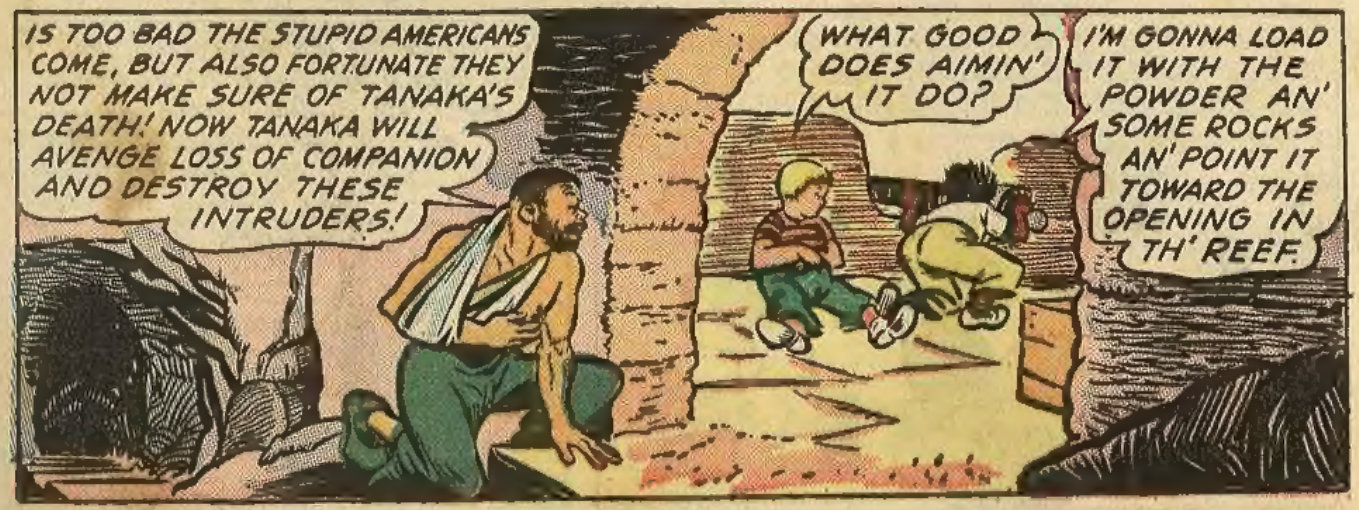

WE'RE GOIN' DOWN TO START BUILDIN' A TREE HOUSE-YOU CAN WRESTLE WITH THOSE OL' CANNON IF YOU WANT TO.
SOME DAY MY NAME'LL GO DOWN IN HIST'RY.
NEVER MIND, I'LL HELP YOU.
IT'LL GO DOWN TO ZERO BACK IN SCHOOL, KIDDO!


TELL BUCKWHEAT THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE IT WAS FULL OF ZOMBIES, MICKEY.
D'YA HEAR THAT, BUCKWHEAT?

IF YOU-ALL MEANS WALKIN' DEAD MENS, YOU IS RIGHT, BABY! AH DON'T SEE YOU CHILDREN RIDIN' ANYWHERES!

THERE! YA KNOW, BUCKWHEAT, THIS OL' FORT DOES REMIND ME OF A COUPLE OF THOSE SPOOK MOVIES WE'VE SEEN.

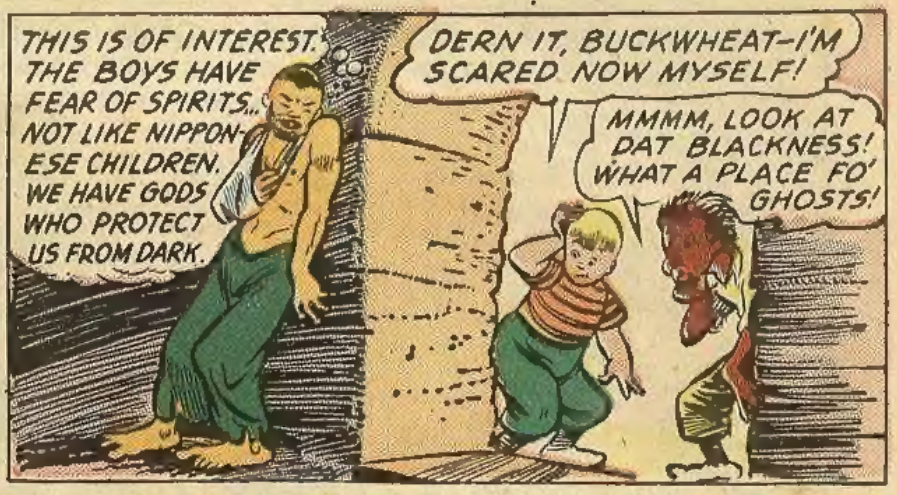

AWWW-DON'T BOTHER DE GUNNER'S MATE WHEN HE LININ' UP DE CANNON. YOU KNOW AH IS ALLERGIC TO THEM THAR SPOOK MOOM PICTURES!


IS TOO BAD THE STUPID AMERICANS COME, BUT ALSO FORTUNATE THEY NOT MAKE SURE OF TANAKA'S DEATH! NOW TANAKA WILL AVENGE LOSS OF COMPANION AND DESTROY THESE INTRUDERS!
WHAT GOOD DOES AIMIN' IT DO?
I'M GONNA LOAD IT WITH THE POWDER AN' SOME ROCKS AN' POINT IT TOWARD THE OPENING IN TH' REEF.

IF CHILDREN POSSESS POWDER NOW TANAKA NOT ATTACK THEM—BETTER TO LISTEN AND MAKE CERTAIN OF THEIR PLANS...TANAKA MUST BIDE HIS TIME WITH BROKEN ARM—THE FALL FROM THE CLIFF WAS DAMAGING!

THAR! SHE'S ALL SET...POWDER IN THE GUN, FUSE IN THE TOUCH HOLE, ROCKS FER SHOT. WE'LL FIRE IT OFF SOME DAY BY WAY OF CELEBRATION.
AT WHAT? ZOMBIES?

DO YOU REALIZE WE HAVE TO GO BACK THRUGH THAT ZOMBIE-INFESTED FORT?


THIS IS OF INTEREST. THE BOYS HAVE FEAR OF SPIRITS... NOT LIKE NIPPONESE CHILDREN. WE HAVE GODS WHO PROTECT US FROM DARK.
DERN IT, BUCKWHEAT—I'M SCARED NOW MYSELF!
MMMM, LOOK AT DAT BLACKNESS! WHAT A PLACE FO' GHOSTS!

MAYBE WE COULD MAKE IT DOWN TH' CLIFF — RATHER'N GO BACK THRU THE UNDERGROUND TUNNELS?
OH MAN! DAT'S WUSS, AH B'LIEVE! WE ISN'T ANGELS YET, HAPPY. US COULDN'T GIT DOWN WIFOUT WINGS!

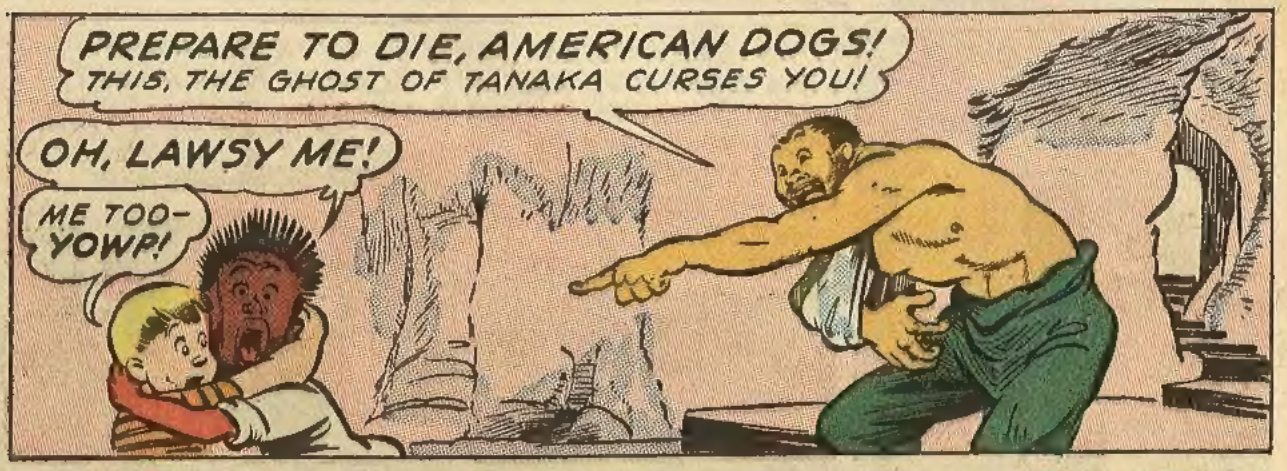
AGE BEFORE BEAUTY, BUCKWHEAT... YOU GO FIRST.
AFTER YOU, MAH DEAH ALFONSE—YOU S'POSE EITHER OF DEM DEAD JAPS IS BACK IN THERE HAUNTIN'?

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT... I CAN HEAR TH' JAP WIRELESS SET CLICKIN' OUT A CODE!
MAN, DAT'S MA TEEFS A CHATTERIN'!

I KNOW IT'S IMAGINATION, BUT I FEEL AS IF SOMETHIN'S LURKIN' NEAR BY.
COULDN'T YOU SAY "SOMEBODY?" SOMETHIN' SOUNDS SO INDEFINITE!

AH DON'T MEAN TO RECALL THE PAINFUL SUBJECK O' SCHOOL, HAPPY—BUT HOW MUCH DO ONE AND ONE AND ONE MAKE—COULDN'T BE JES' TWO, COULD IT?

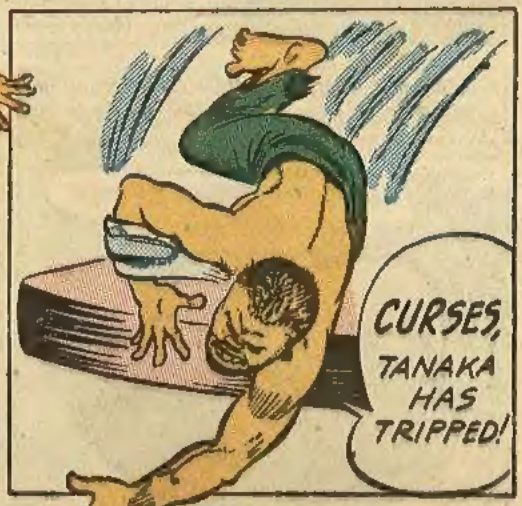
DON'T BLAME ME, BUCK WHEAT—I WANTED TO GO DOWN THE CLIFF—BUT THREE SHADOWS MEANS THREE PEOPLE!


PREPARE TO DIE, AMERICAN DOGS! THIS, THE GHOST OF TANAKA CURSES YOU!
OH, LAWSY ME!
ME TOO—YOWP!

TAIN'T GONNA DO NO HARM TO RUN TILL THAT CURSE SETS IN, HAPPY—GIT GOIN'!
FOLLOW ME, BOY!

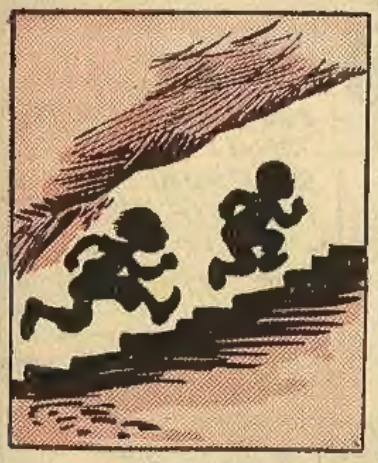
AWEE! TANAKA IS A FOOL—THEY WILL TELL THE OTHERS AND THE FAT OLD MAN WILL RETURN WITH A RIFLE—I HAD BEST CATCH THEM AND THROTTLE THEM NOW!

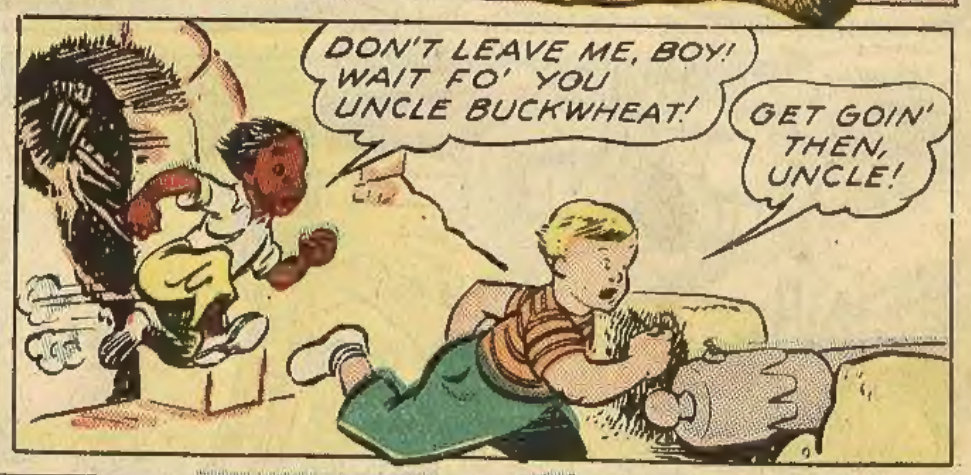
MAht-ay koo-rai ko-ko-ni ko-u-i to-ma-rai!
RETURN, YOU DOGS—HALT!


CURSES, TANAKA HAS TRIPPED!

BAM!

OH, GOLLY! THAT DAID MAN CAN'T BE DAID, CAN HE?
IF HE WASN'T BEFOR MUST BE NOW! BUT LET'S GET OUT OF HERE QUICK!




DON'T LEAVE ME, BOY! WAIT FO' YOU UNCLE BUCKWHEAT!
GET GOIN' THEN, UNCLE!

RIGHT DOWN TH' CLIFF TO THE STREET LEVEL!

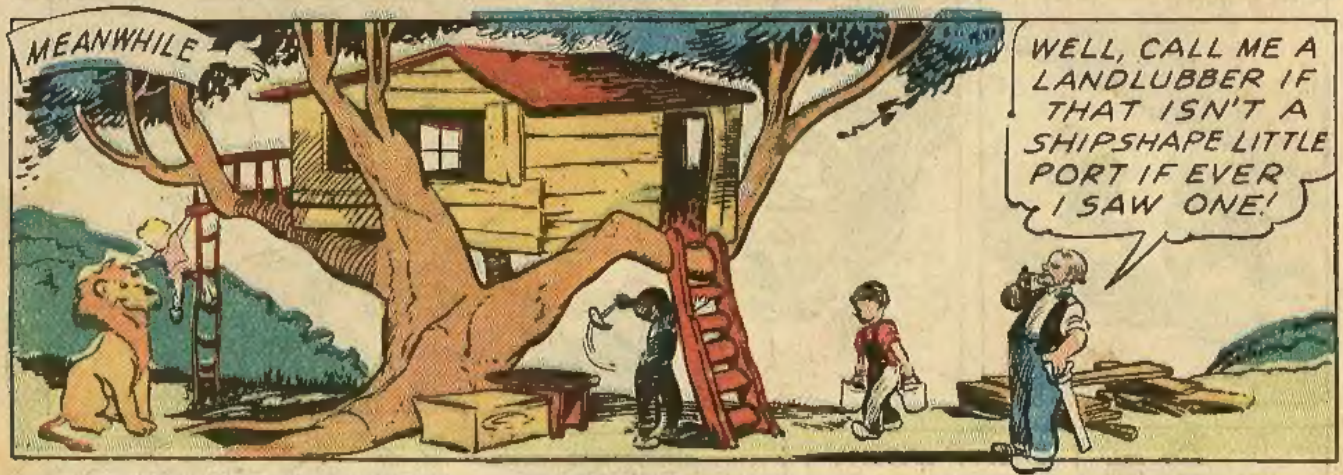
HALP!
THERE— SAFE AT THE BOTTOM, BUCKWHEAT!

WHAT'S WRONG, BUCKWHEAT?

AH MISSED MAH FOOTIN'AN FELL, BUT CAUGHT HOLT OF A BRANCH-HELP ME-HELP ME!
WHY DON'T YOU OPEN YOUR EYES!

WHUP! DE BRANCH BUSTED!

COME ON-WE GOTTA GET WORD TO CAP'N DAN THAT THE PLACE IS HAUNTED!


MEANWHILE
WELL, CALL ME A LANDLUBBER IF THAT ISN'T A SHIPSHAPE LITTLE PORT IF EVER I SAW ONE!

YEAH, AN' I'M TIRED! WHER 'S BUCKWHEAT AN' HAPPY?

AW, THEY'RE STILL UP AT THE FORT, I BET! WHY DON'T YOU SCARE 'EM?

HOT DOG! YOU MEAN MAKE OUT I'M A ZOMBIE?
NAW-THAT'S TOO EASY!

PUT ON THE GLASSES—NEXT I CUT TEETH MARKS IN THIS QUARTER OF AN ORANGE SKIN—

SLIP THE ORANGE PEEL, INSIDE OUT SO THE WHITE SHOWS, OVER YOUR TEETH... PUT ON THIS STRAW HAT, AND— PRESTO!

WE'LL CALL YOU HIROHITO... NOW YOU CAN REALLY SNEAK UP AN' SCARE THOSE LAZY BUMS!

THEY'LL THINK I'M A GHOST OF ONE OF THOSE JAPS—HOT DAWG! I'LL GO IN THROUGH THE BACK TUNNEL!

I'LL HAVE TO LET MYSELF DOWN EASY SO I WON'T BREAK FROGGIE'S GLASSES.

IT'S SURE SPOOKY IN HERE! THEY'LL BE SCARED SILLY!

TANAKA IS A FOOL! HE KNOCKS HIMSELF OUT—THE AMERICAN PUPS WILL WARN THE OLD FAT MAN, AND TANAKA HAS NO GUN!

HA, THE RADIO! THE TWO MAN UNDERSEA CRAFT—IT HOVERS NEAR—I SHALL GET HELP!

PERHAPS MY GODS HAVE NOT DESERTED ME ENTIRELY.

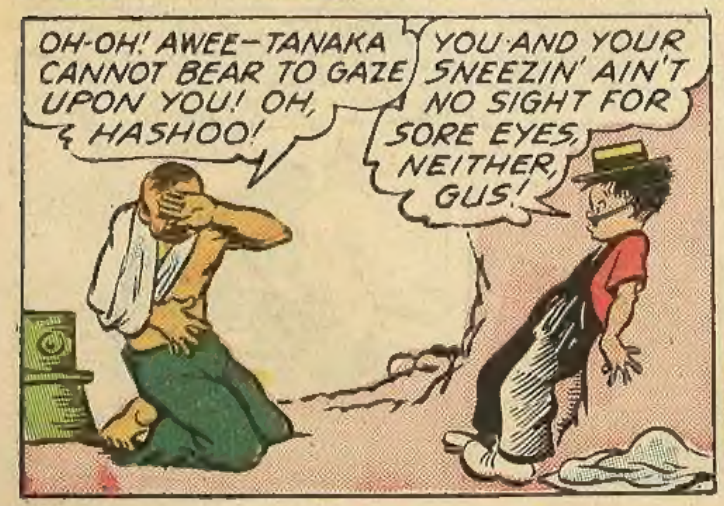
GOOD-GOOD! THE FOOLS HAD NOT THE WITS TO SMASH THE SET... MY COMPANION HASHOO DID HIS WORK WELL-THE SET WORKS

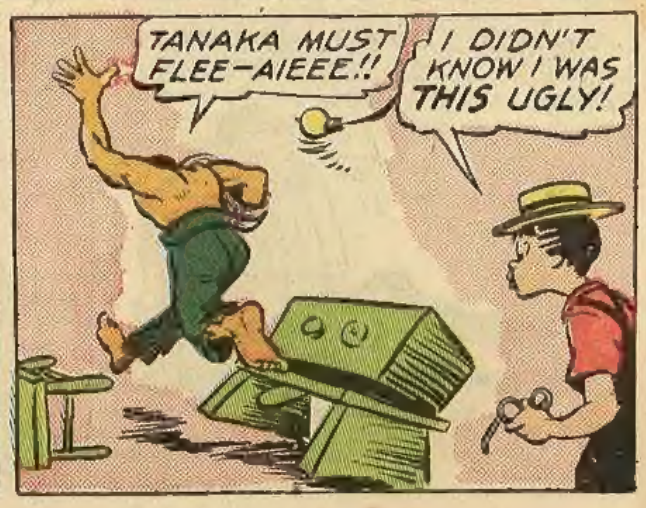
ichi-ni--ichi ni--Tanaka--kay-gawo sstai-imas--A-mair-ikano ka-sai-iwo tonomu!*
* ONE, TWO-ONE TWO— I AM WOUNDED— AMERICANS! BRING HELP!

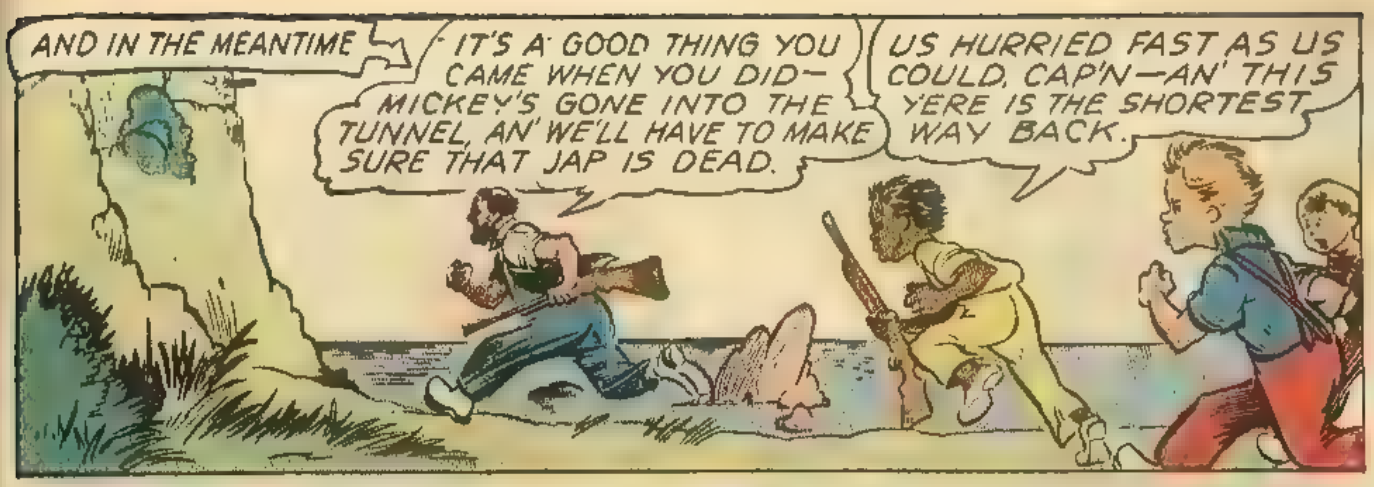
HA! THEY ANSWER—! THIS PLACE IS GLOOMY. THE SPIRIT OF HASHOO LURKS NEAR—WAITING TO SEE IF HIS WORK IS WELL DONE.

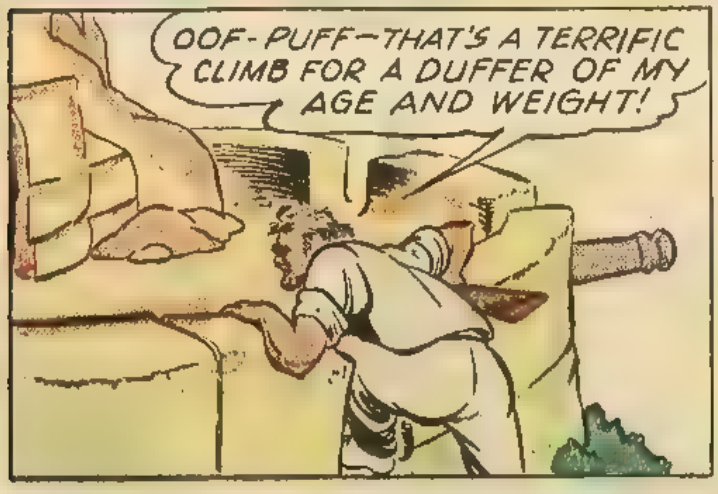
I'D BETTER BE ALL SET IN CASE I RUN INTO THEM!
VOICES!

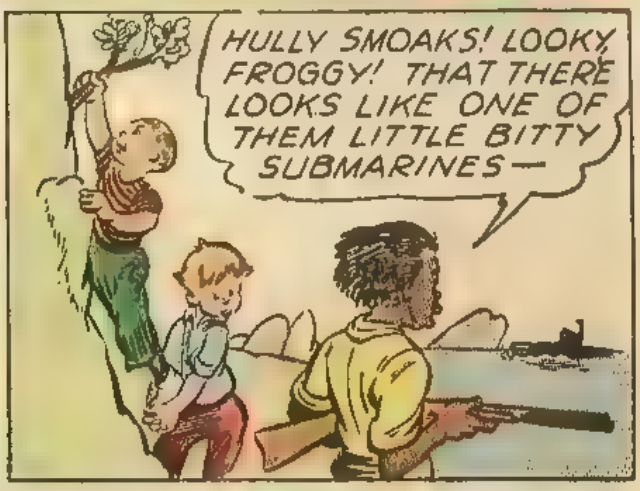
HASHOO!
THY SPIRIT! HASHOO!
YEOW! AND GESUNDHEIT!

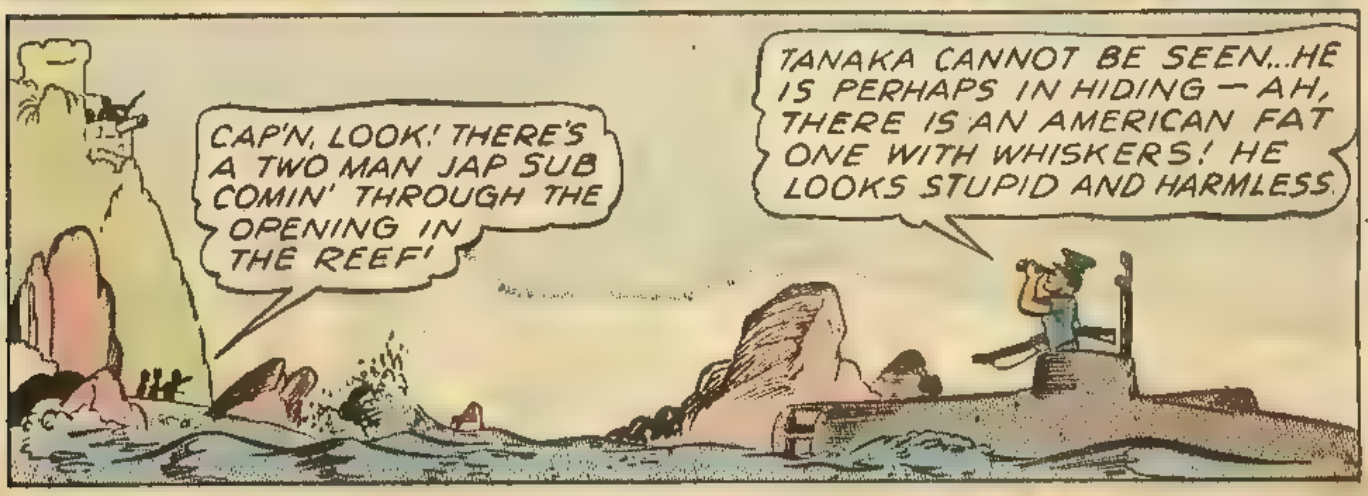

OH-OH! AWEE—TANAKA CANNOT BEAR TO GAZE UPON YOU! OH, HASHOO!
YOU AND YOUR SNEEZIN' AIN'T NO SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, NEITHER, GUS!

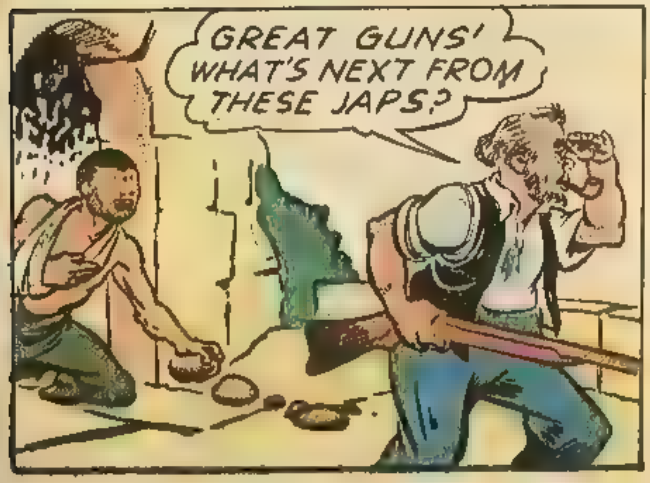

TANAKA MUST FLEE—AIEEE!!
I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS THIS UGLY!

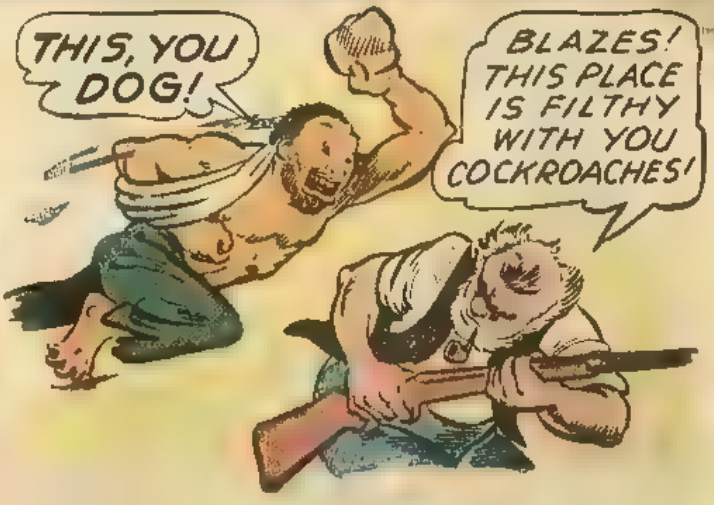

AND IN THE MEANTIME
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CAME WHEN YOU DID— MICKEY'S GONE INTO THE TUNNEL, AN' WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT JAP IS DEAD.
US HURRIED FAST AS US COULD, CAP'N—AN' THIS YERE IS THE SHORTEST WAY BACK.

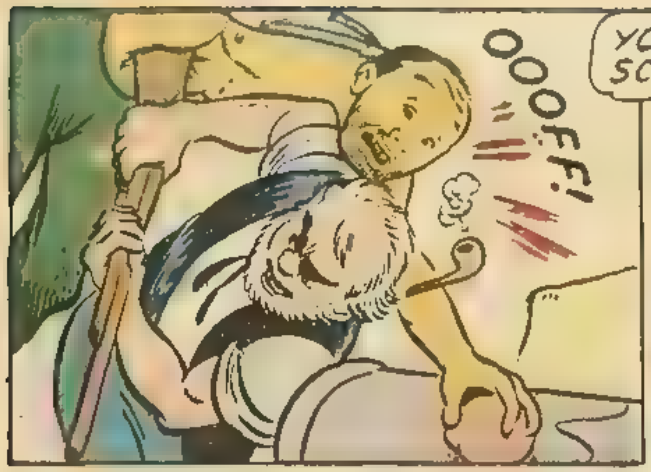

OOF-PUFF—THAT'S A TERRIFIC CLIMB FOR A DUFFER OF MY AGE AND WEIGHT!


HULLY SMOAKS! LOOKY, FROGGY! THAT THERE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THEM LITTLE BITTY SUBMARINES—

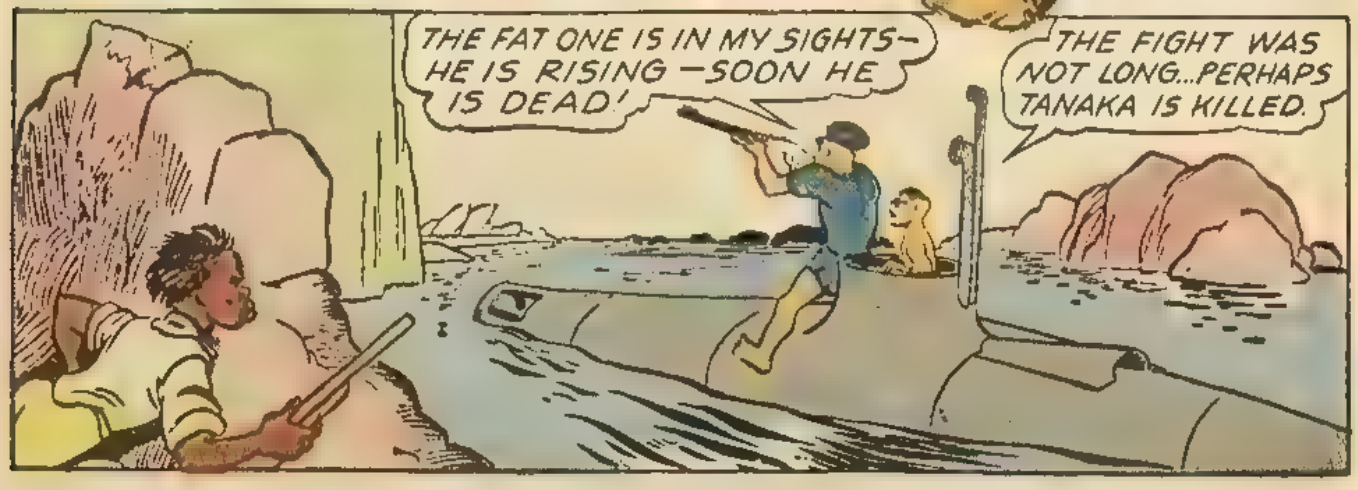

CAP'N, LOOK! THERE'S A TWO MAN JAP SUB COMIN' THROUGH THE OPENING IN THE REEF!
TANAKA CANNOT BE SEEN...HE IS PERHAPS IN HIDING — AH, THERE IS AN AMERICAN FAT ONE WITH WHISKERS! HE LOOKS STUPID AND HARMLESS.

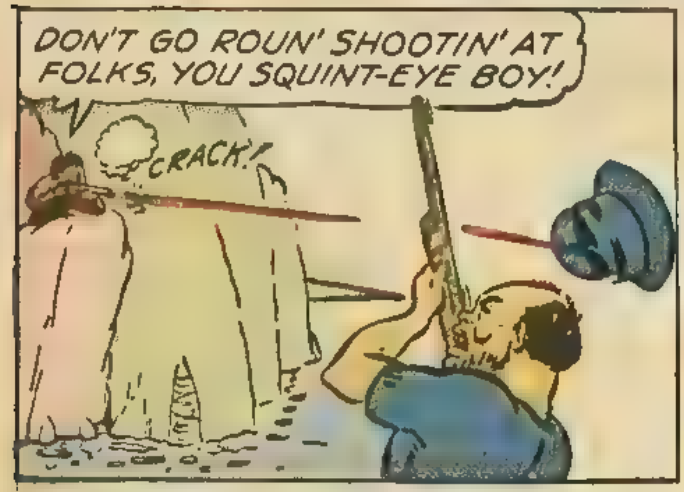

GREAT GUNS! WHAT'S NEXT FROM THESE JAPS?

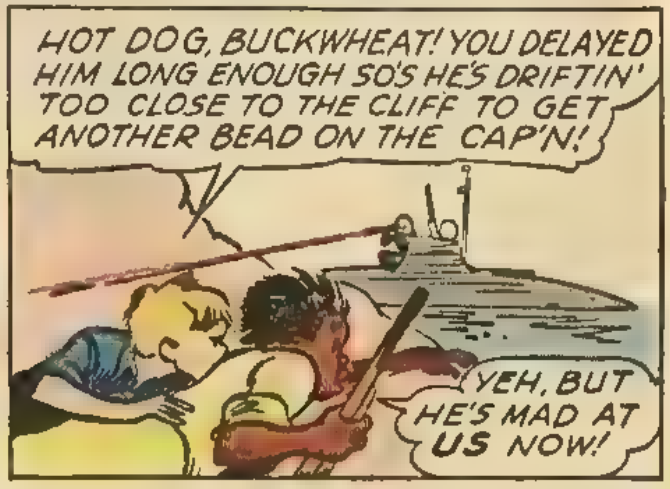

THIS, YOU DOG!
BLAZES! THIS PLACE IS FILTHY WITH YOU COCKROACHES!

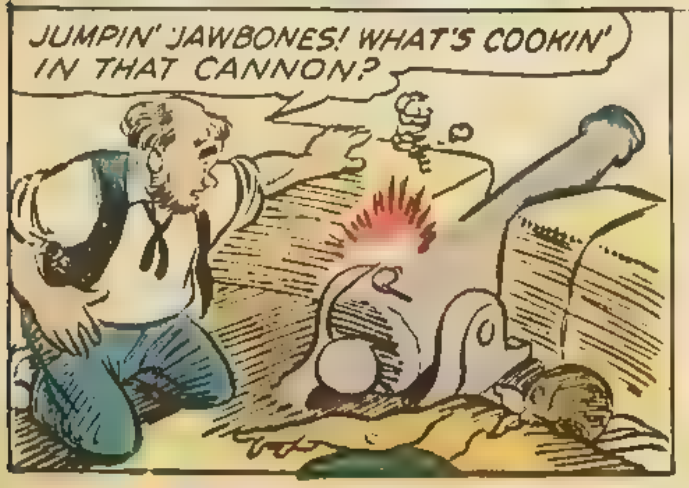

OOOFF!

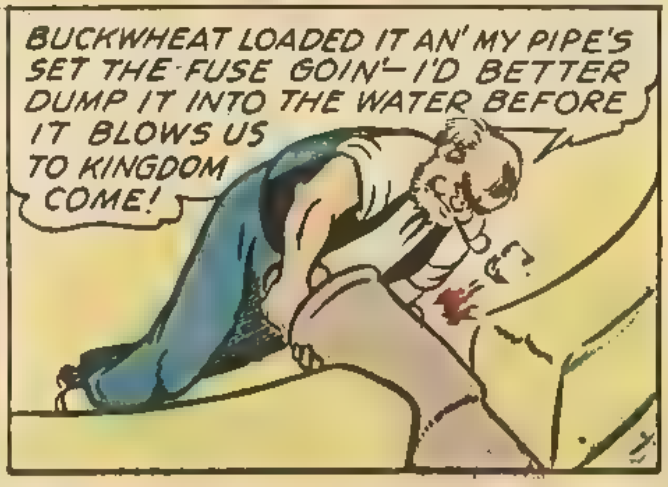
YOU SONS OF SOMEPLACE PICK OUT THE SCREWIEST WAYS TO COMMIT HARA KIRI!
IS YOUR BREATH KNOCKED OUT, HONEYBUNCH?


THE FAT ONE IS IN MY SIGHTS— HE IS RISING —SOON HE IS DEAD!
THE FIGHT WAS NOT LONG...PERHAPS TANAKA IS KILLED.

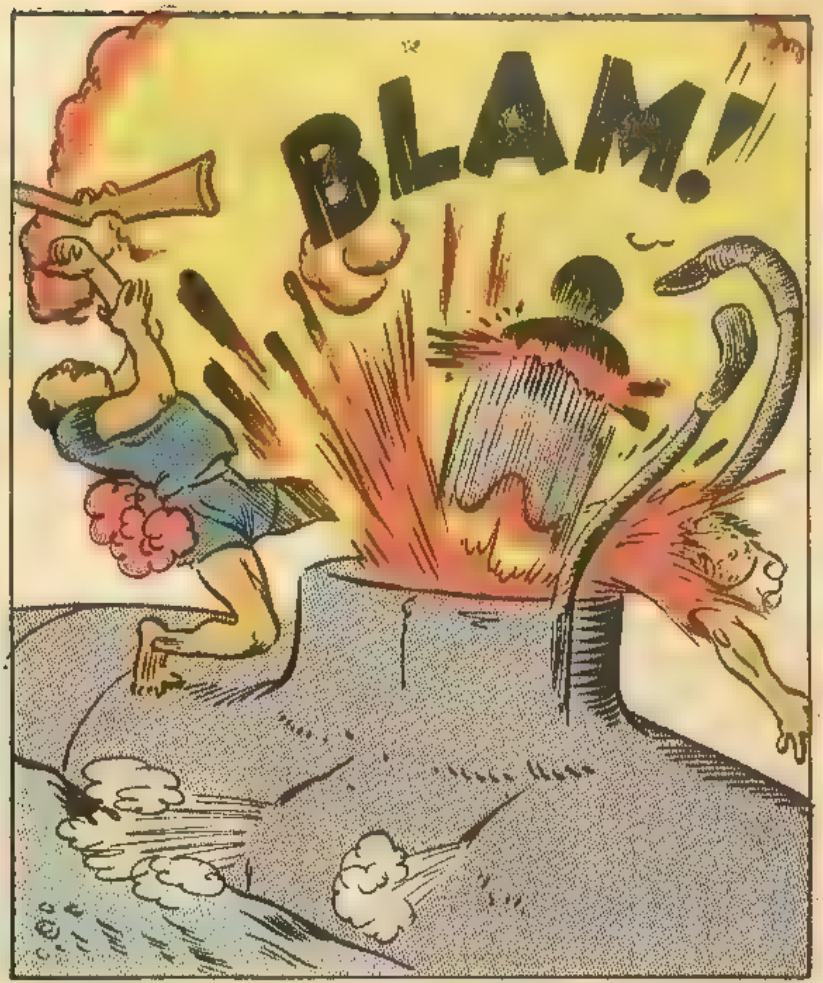

DON'T GO ROUN' SHOOTIN' AT FOLKS, YOU SQUINT-EYE BOY!
CRACK!

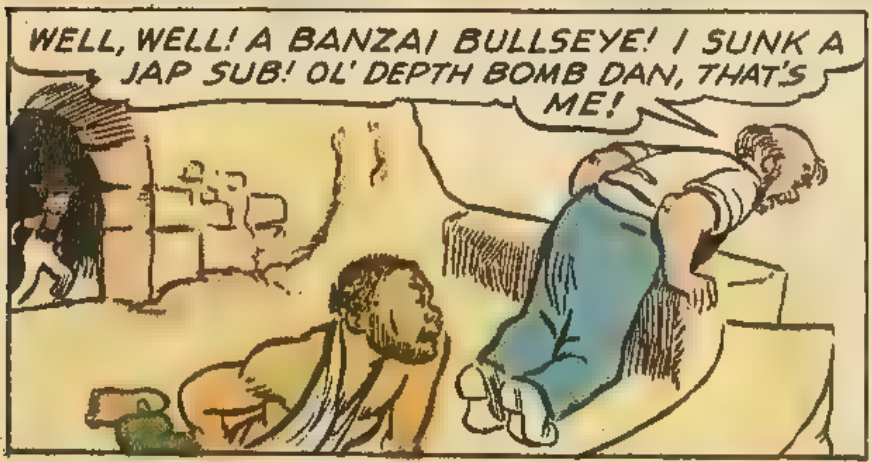

HOT DOG, BUCKWHEAT! YOU DELAYED HIM LONG ENOUGH SO'S HE'S DRIFTIN' TOO CLOSE TO THE CLIFF TO GET ANOTHER BEAD ON THE CAP'N!
YEH, BUT HE'S MAD AT US NOW!

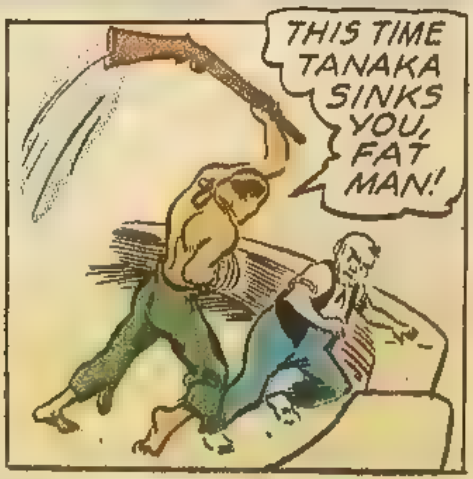

JUMPIN' JAWBONES! WHAT'S COOKIN' IN THAT CANNON?

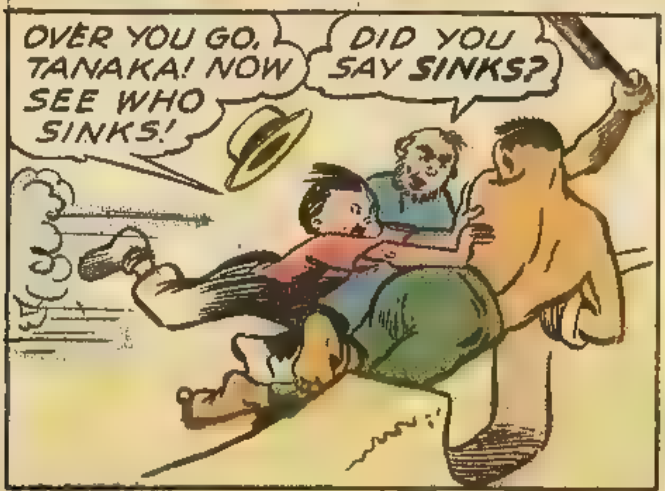

BUCKWHEAT LOADED IT AN' MY PIPE'S SET THE FUSE GOIN'— I'D BETTER DUMP IT INTO THE WATER BEFORE IT BLOWS US TO KINGDOM COME!

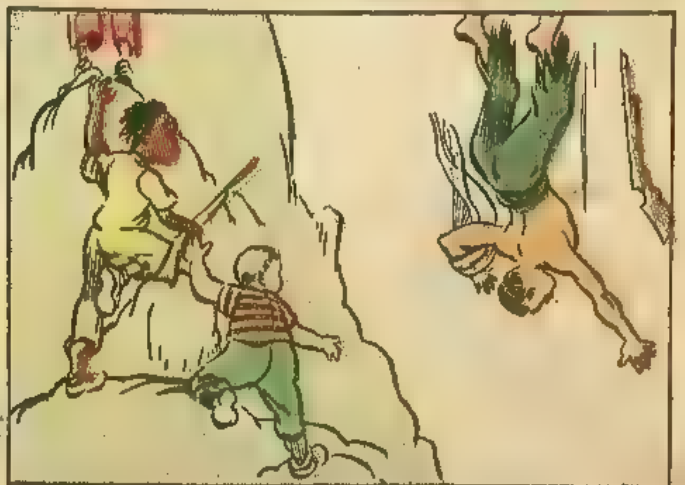
OOMPH—
Abu-na-ee!
A BOMB DROPS!

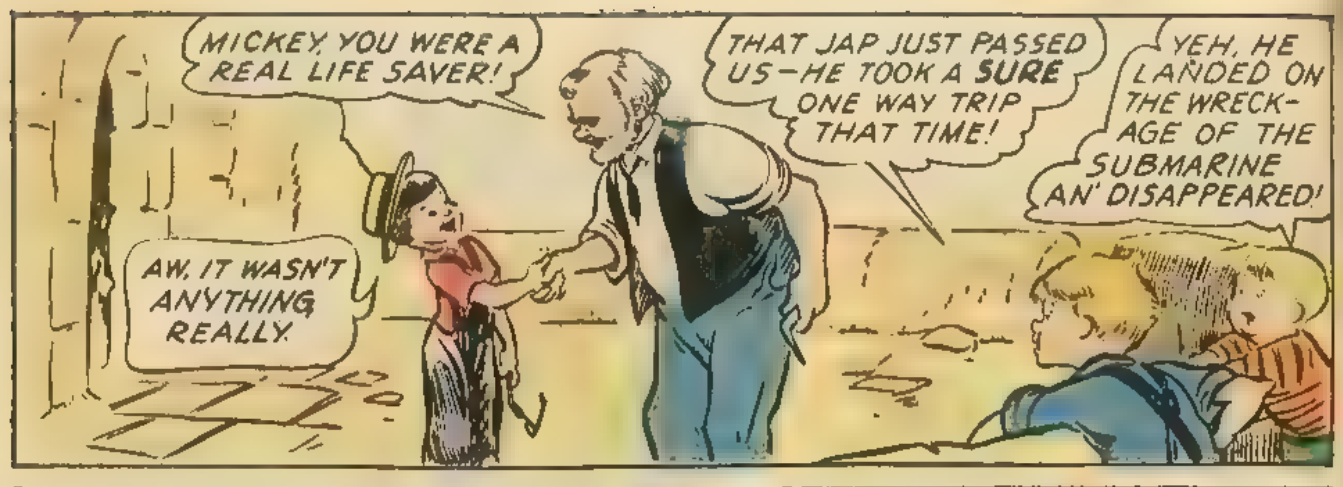

BLAM!

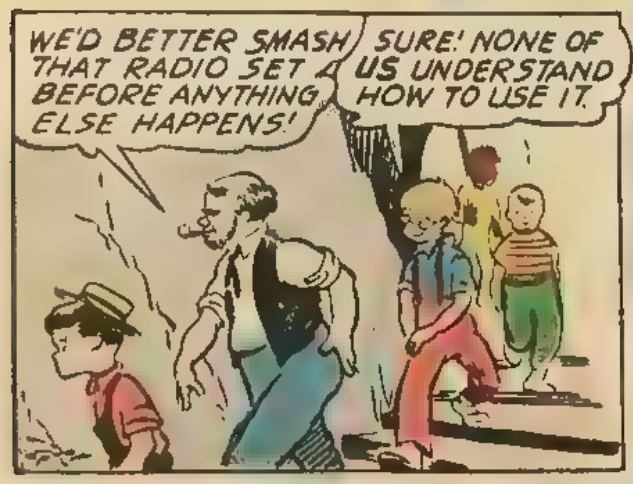

WELL, WELL! A BANZAI BULLSEYE! I SUNK A JAP SUB! OL' DEPTH BOMB DAN, THAT'S ME!

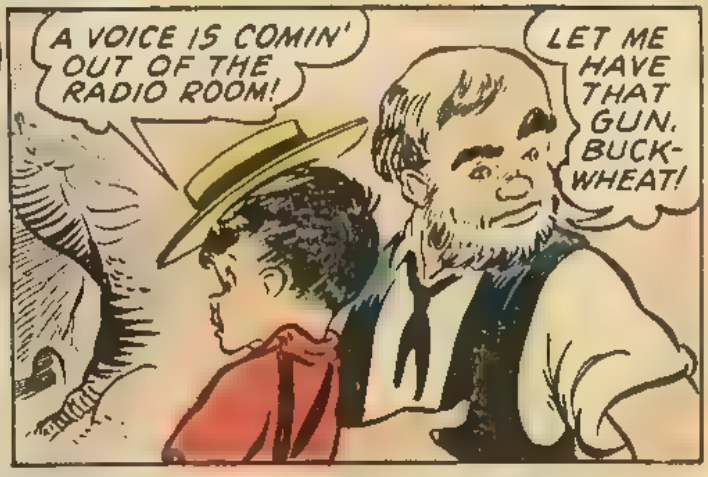

THIS TIME TANAKA SINKS YOU, FAT MAN!

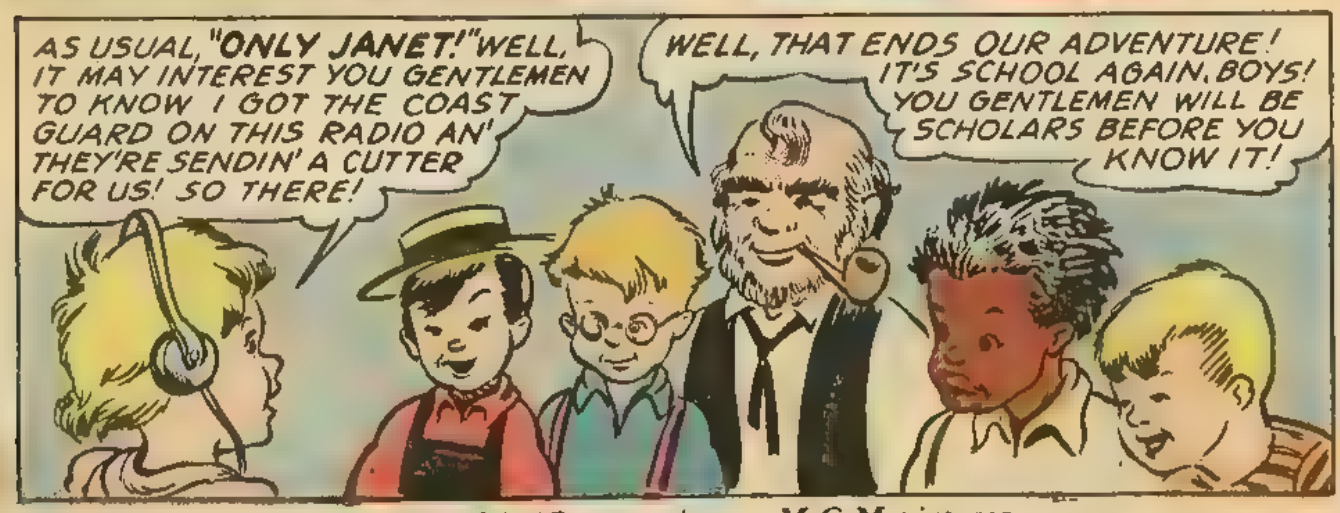

OVER YOU GO, TANAKA! NOW SEE WHO SINKS!
DID YOU SAY SINKS?





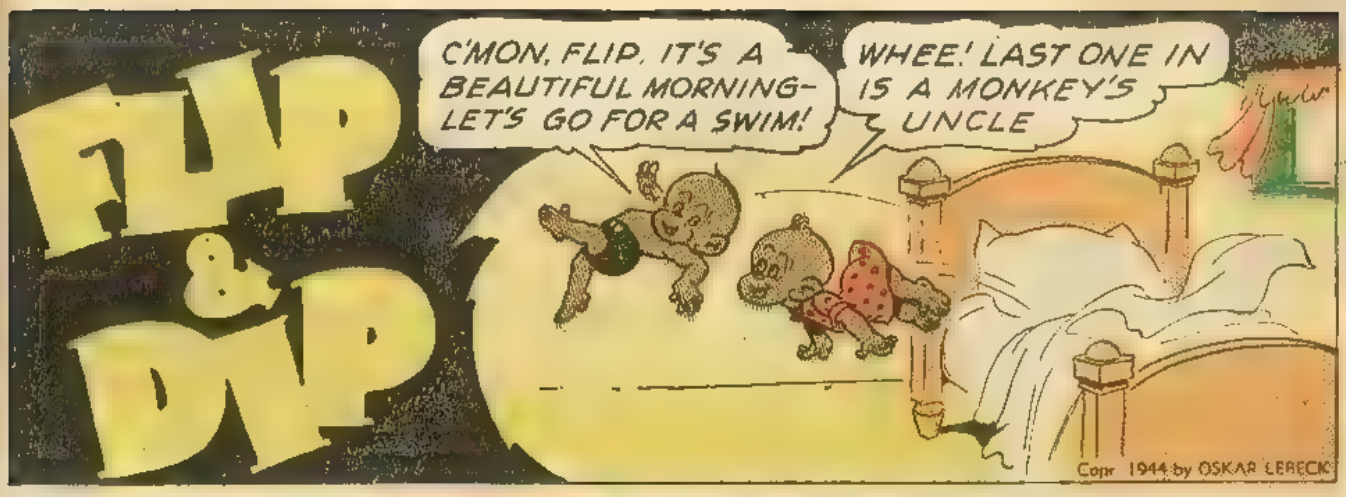


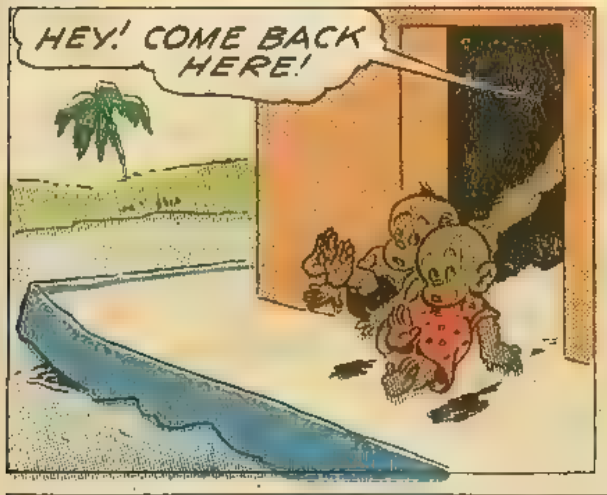


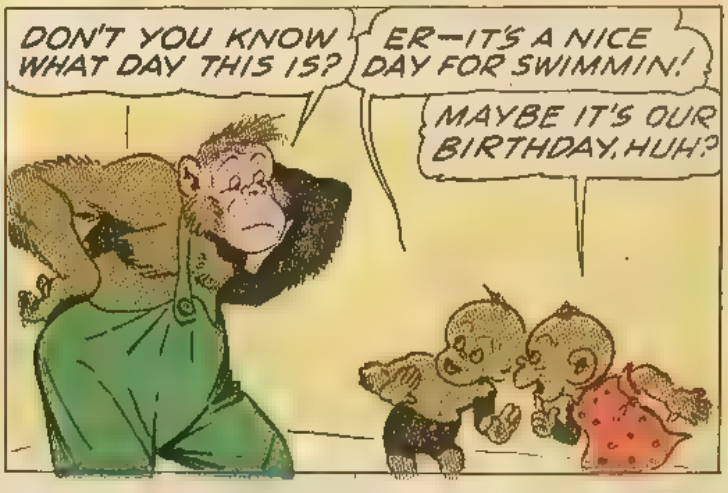


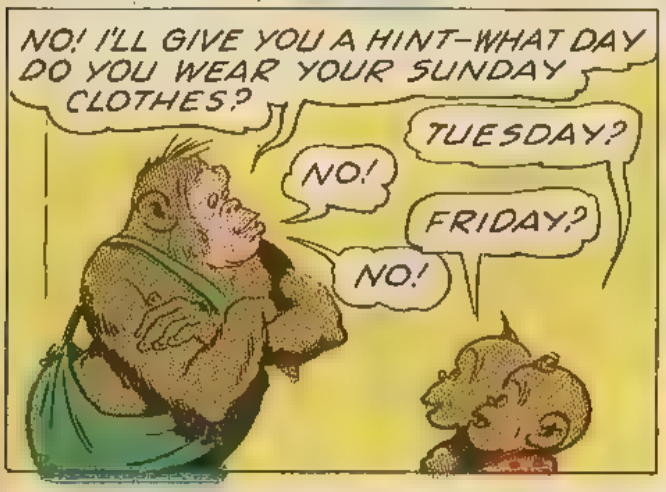
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

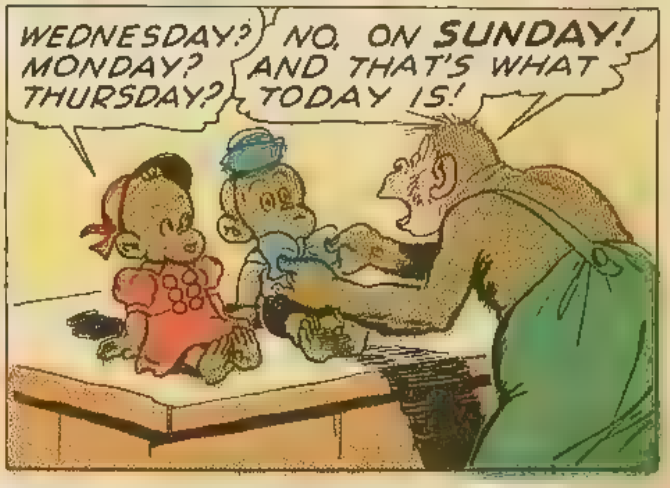
FLIP & FLAP

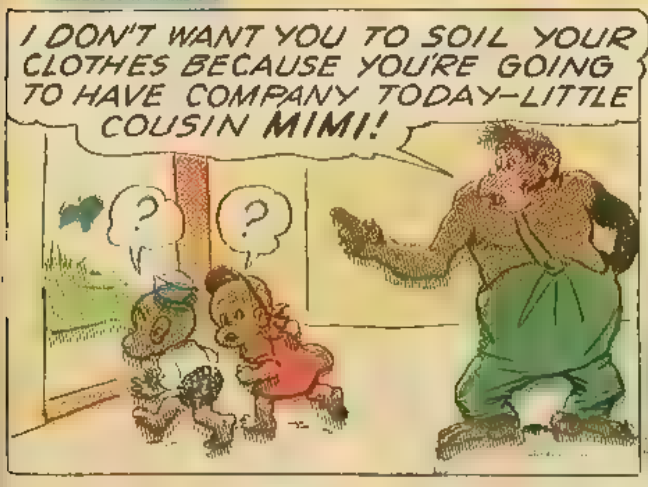

C'MON, FLIP, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL MORNING—LET'S GO FOR A SWIM!
WHEE! LAST ONE IN IS A MONKEY'S UNCLE
Copr 1944 by OSKAR LEBECK

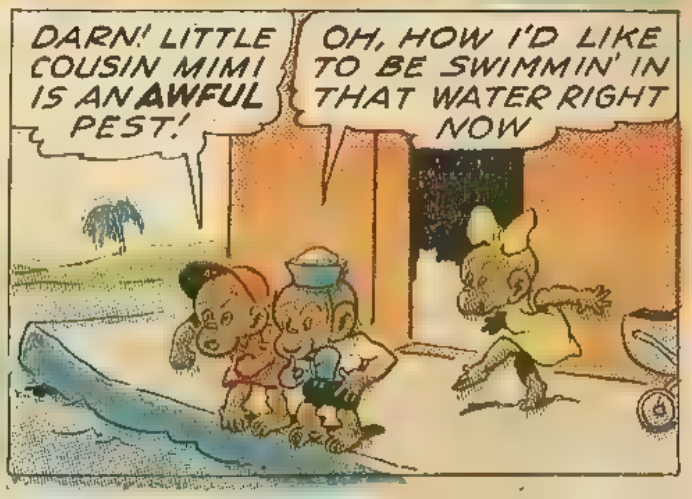

HEY! COME BACK HERE!

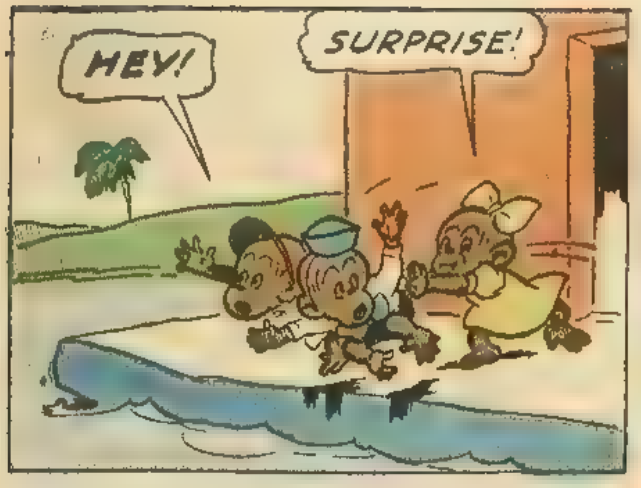

DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS?
ER—IT'S A NICE DAY FOR SWIMMIN'!
MAYBE IT'S OUR BIRTHDAY, HUH?

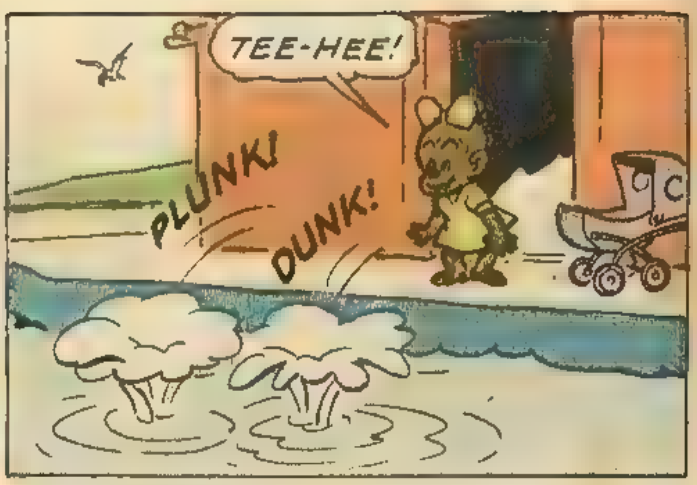

NO! I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT—WHAT DAY DO YOU WEAR YOUR SUNDAY CLOTHES?
TUESDAY?
NO!
FRIDAY?
NO!

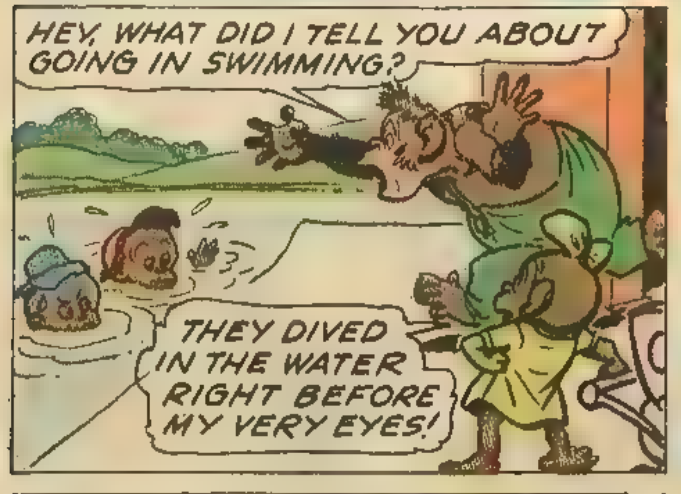

WEDNESDAY? MONDAY? THURSDAY?
NO, ON SUNDAY! AND THAT'S WHAT TODAY IS!

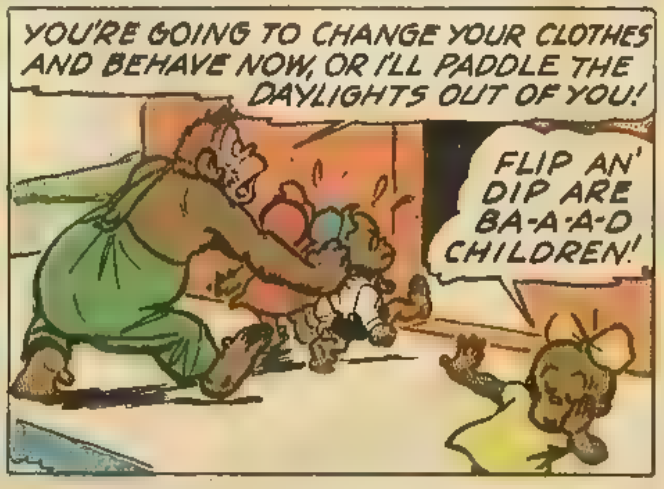

I DON'T WANT YOU TO SOIL YOUR CLOTHES BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY TODAY—LITTLE COUSIN MIMI!
?
?

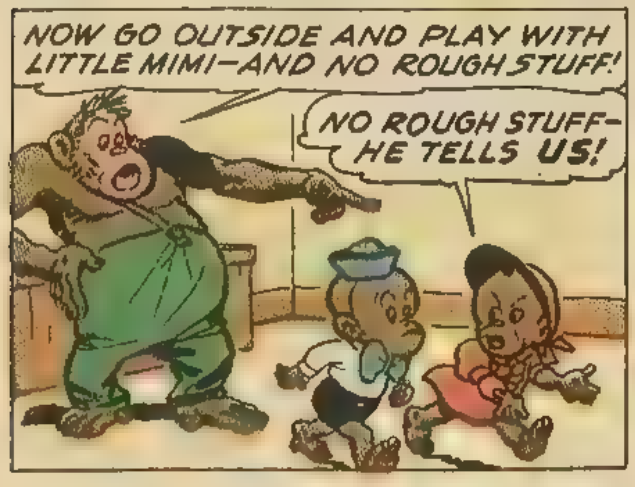

DARN! LITTLE COUSIN MIMI IS AN AWFUL PEST!
OH, HOW I'D LIKE TO BE SWIMMIN' IN THAT WATER RIGHT NOW

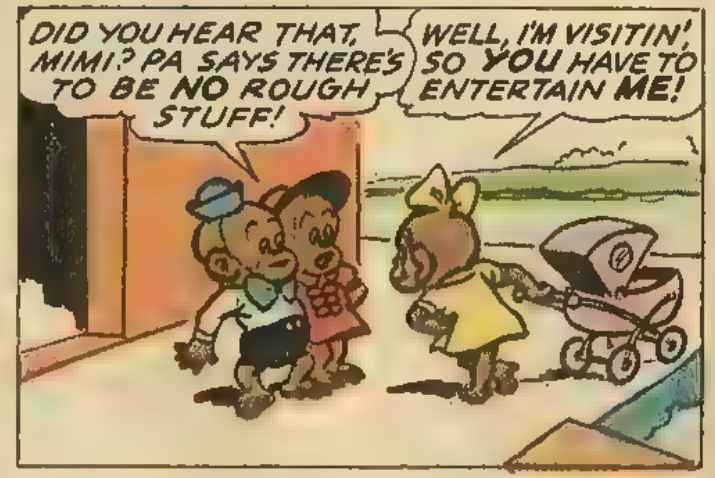

HEY!
SURPRISE!

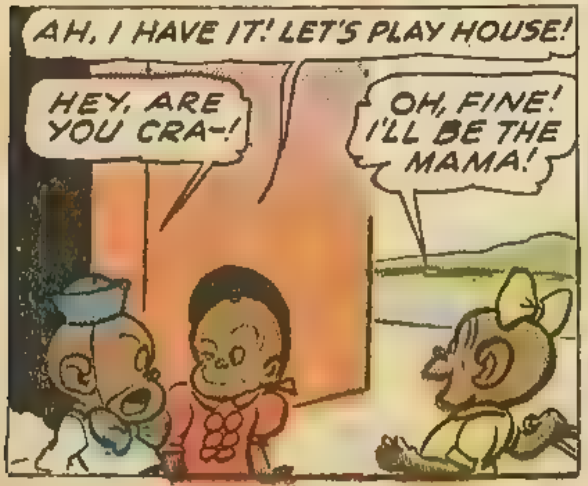

TEE-HEE!
PLUNK!
DUNK!

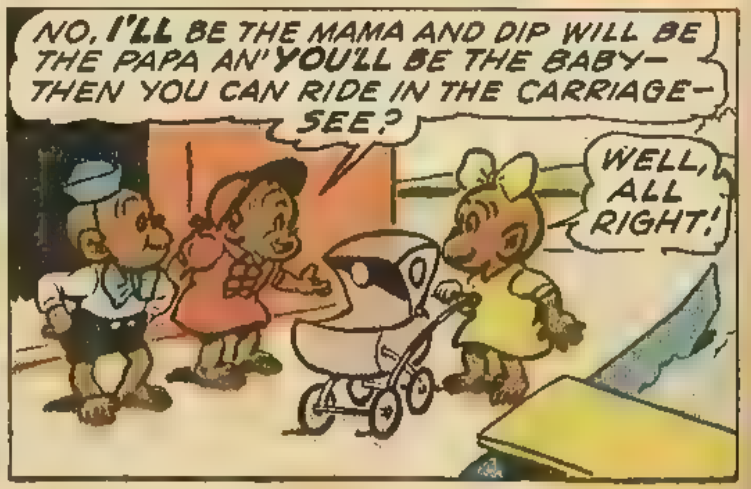

HEY, WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT GOING IN SWIMMING?
THEY DIVED IN THE WATER RIGHT BEFORE MY VERY EYES!


YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AND BEHAVE NOW, OR I'LL PADDLE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU!
FLIP AN' DIP ARE BA-A-A-D CHILDREN!

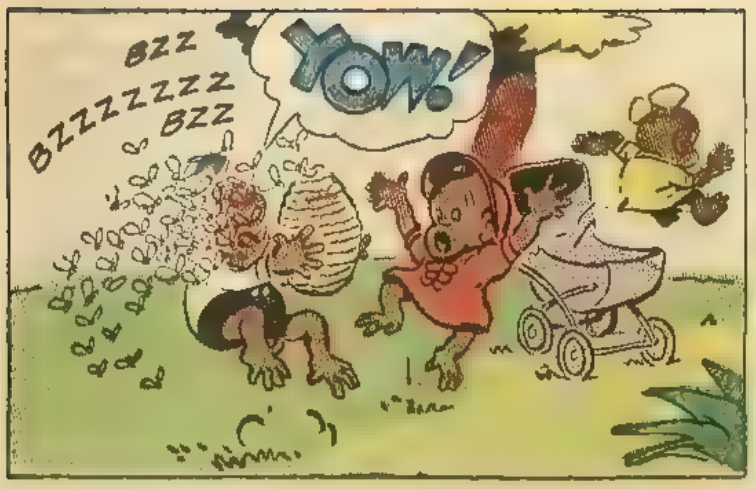

NOW GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY WITH LITTLE MIMI—AND NO ROUGH STUFF!
NO ROUGH STUFF—HE TELLS US!

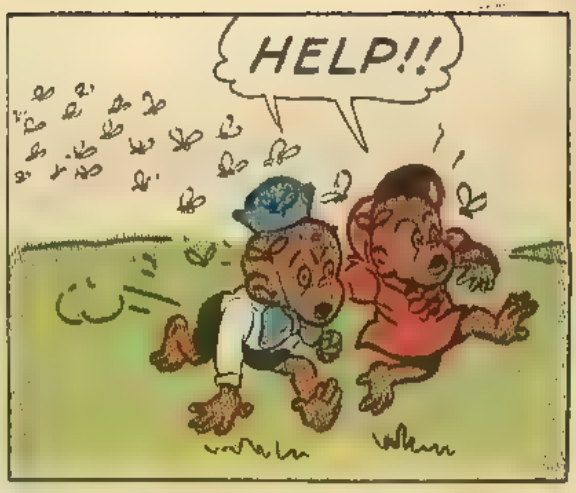

DID YOU HEAR THAT, MIMI? PA SAYS THERE'S TO BE NO ROUGH STUFF!
WELL, I'M VISITIN', SO YOU HAVE TO ENTERTAIN ME!

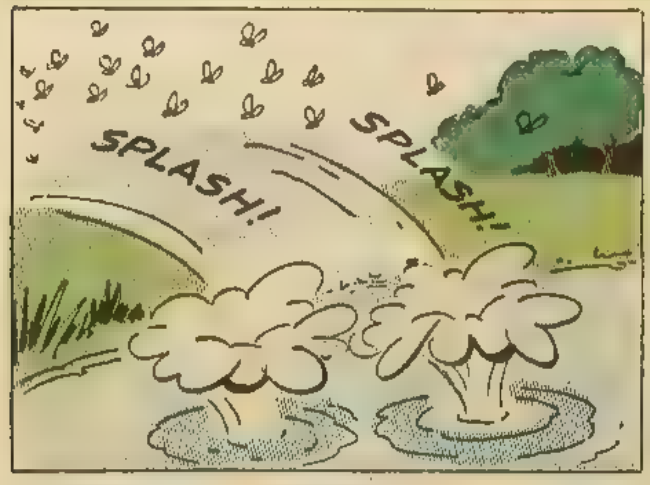

AH, I HAVE IT! LET'S PLAY HOUSE!
HEY, ARE YOU CRA-!
OH, FINE! I'LL BE THE MAMA!

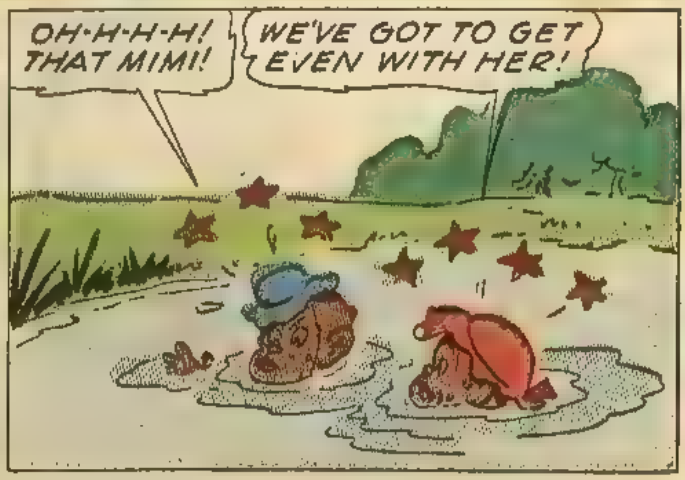

NO, I'LL BE THE MAMA AND DIP WILL BE THE PAPA AN' YOU'LL BE THE BABY—THEN YOU CAN RIDE IN THE CARRIAGE—SEE?
WELL, ALL RIGHT!

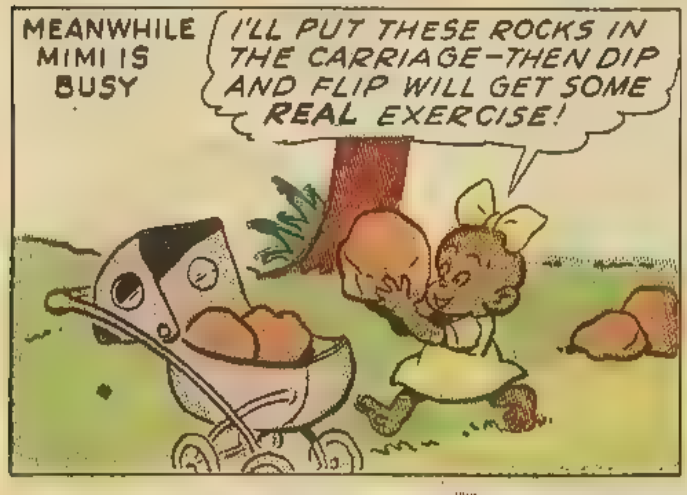
C'MON, MAMA, LET'S TAKE OUR LITTLE MIMI FOR A STROLL THROUGH THE WOODS.
YES, PAPA, MAYBE SHE'D LIKE TO SEE THE BIRDIES AND BEEZIES!
GOO!
SHE'S SUCH A LITTLE DARLING!
YES, SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU, PAPA.
BABY WANTS COCOANUT!
BUT THAT'S NOT A COCOANUT—IT'S A BEE HIVE!
WAAA! WANT COCOANUT!
SHHH!
YOU'RE THE PAPA—YOU GET IT FOR HER.
OH, NO! I'M NOT PAPA ANY MORE! I'M JUST PLAIN OL' DIP!
WAH!
BUT, BABY, IT WOULDN'T BE NICE IF MAMA AND PAPA CLIMBED TREES... IT'S NOT-ER-DIGNIFIED... WE'LL LET YOU GET THE COCOANUT!
?
THERE SHE GOES!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
DA-DA!
LOOK! NOTHING HAPPENED!
WHAT LUCK! NO BEES IN IT!
DA DA DA!
NOBODY HOME—IT'S EMPTY, ALL RIGHT!
TSK, TSK!

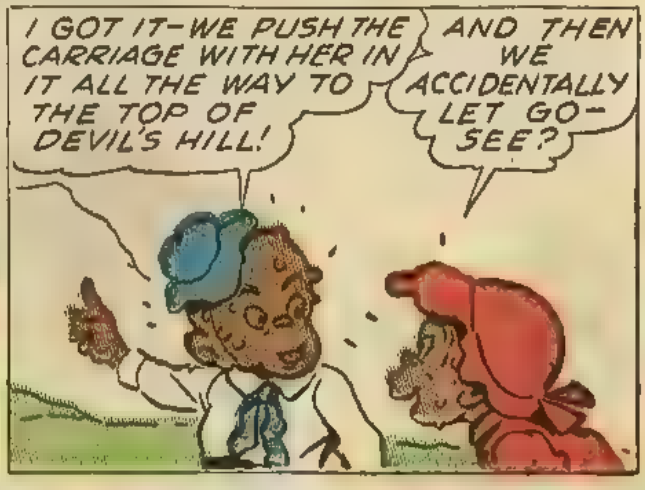

BZZ
BZZZZZZZ
BZZ
YOW!

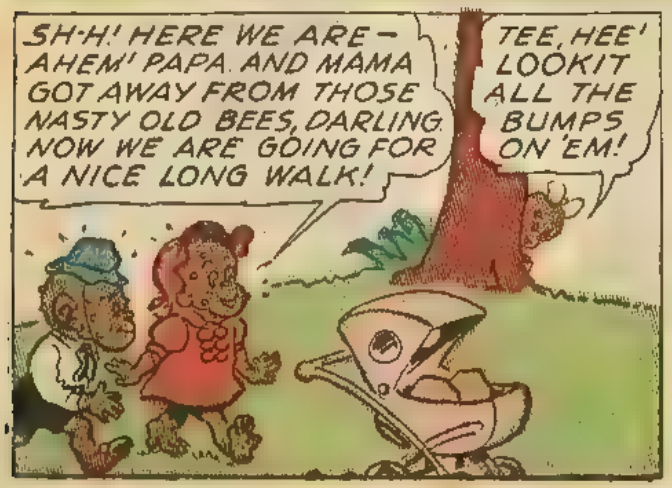

HELP!!

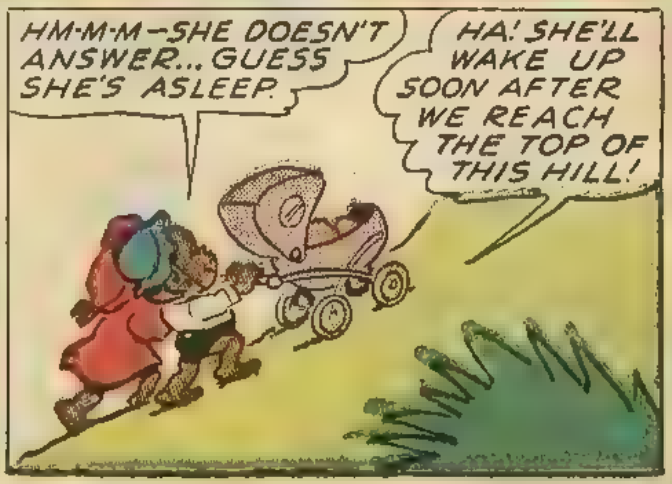

SPLASH!
SPLASH!

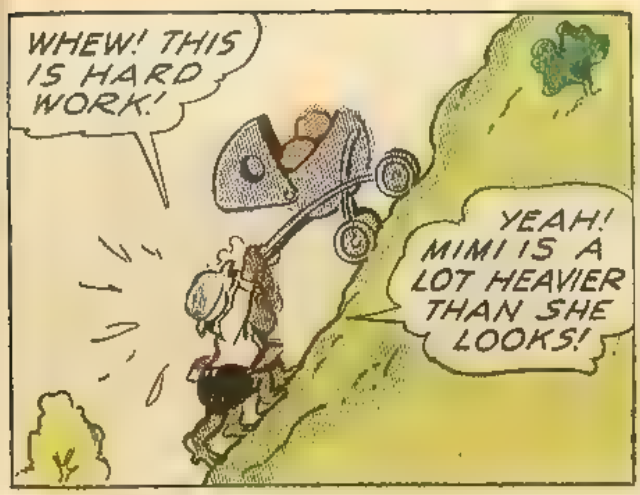

OH-H-H-H! THAT MIMI!
WE'VE GOT TO GET EVEN WITH HER!

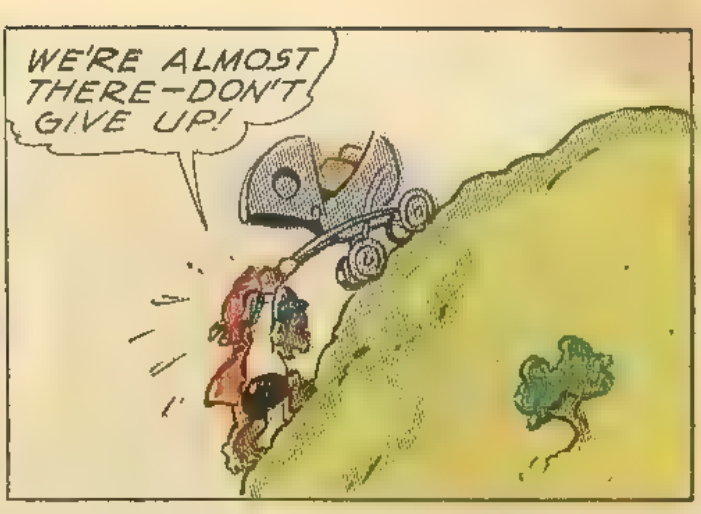

MEANWHILE MIMI IS BUSY
I'LL PUT THESE ROCKS IN THE CARRIAGE—THEN DIP AND FLIP WILL GET SOME REAL EXERCISE!

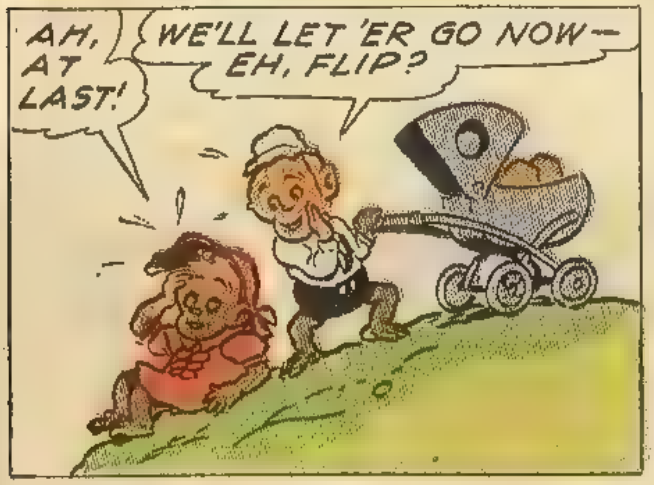

I GOT IT—WE PUSH THE CARRIAGE WITH HER IN IT ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF DEVIL'S HILL!
AND THEN WE ACCIDENTALLY LET GO—SEE?

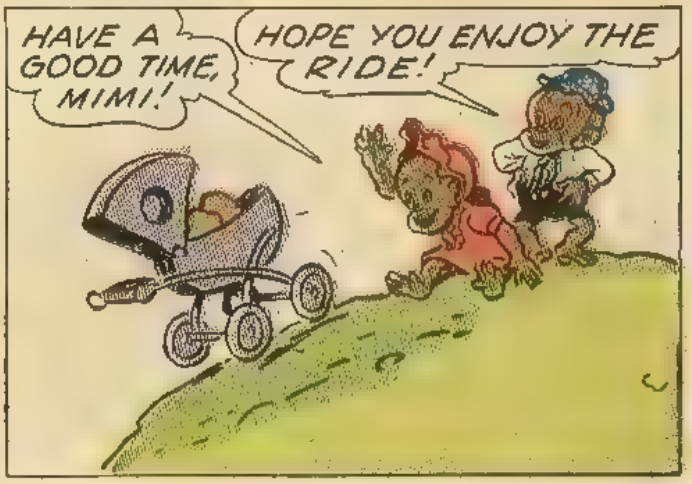

SH-H! HERE WE ARE—AHEM! PAPA AND MAMA GOT AWAY FROM THOSE NASTY OLD BEES, DARLING. NOW WE ARE GOING FOR A NICE LONG WALK!
TEE, HEE! LOOKIT ALL THE BUMPS ON 'EM!

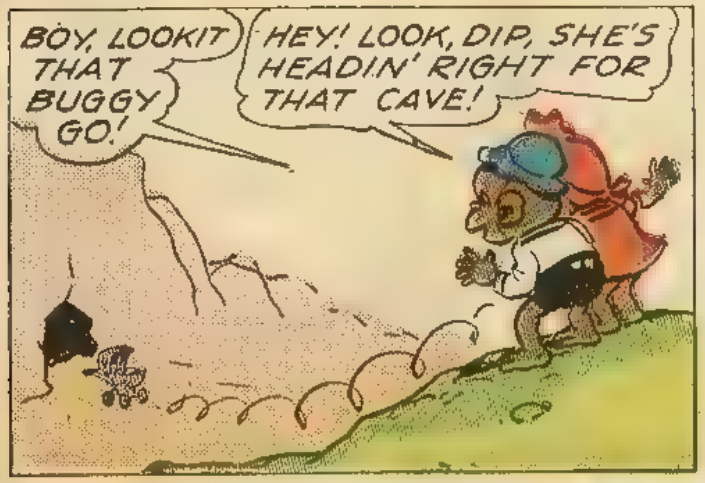

HM-M-M—SHE DOESN'T ANSWER... GUESS SHE'S ASLEEP.
HA! SHE'LL WAKE UP SOON AFTER WE REACH THE TOP OF THIS HILL!

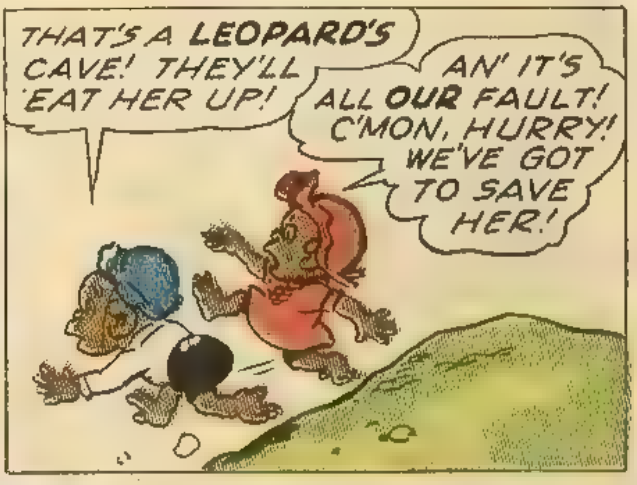

WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!
YEAH! MIMI IS A LOT HEAVIER THAN SHE LOOKS!

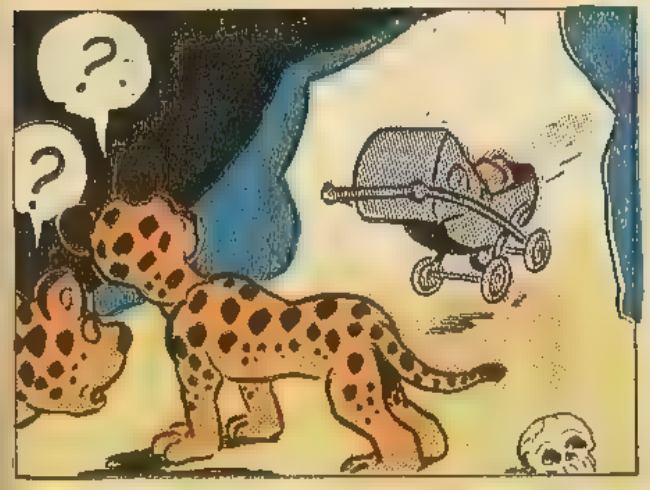

WE'RE ALMOST THERE—DON'T GIVE UP!


AH, AT LAST!
WE'LL LET 'ER GO NOW—EH, FLIP?


HAVE A GOOD TIME, MIMI!
HOPE YOU ENJOY THE RIDE!


BOY, LOOKIT THAT BUGGY GO!
HEY! LOOK, DIP, SHE'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THAT CAVE!


THAT'S A LEOPARD'S CAVE! THEY'LL EAT HER UP!
AN' IT'S ALL OUR FAULT! C'MON, HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HER!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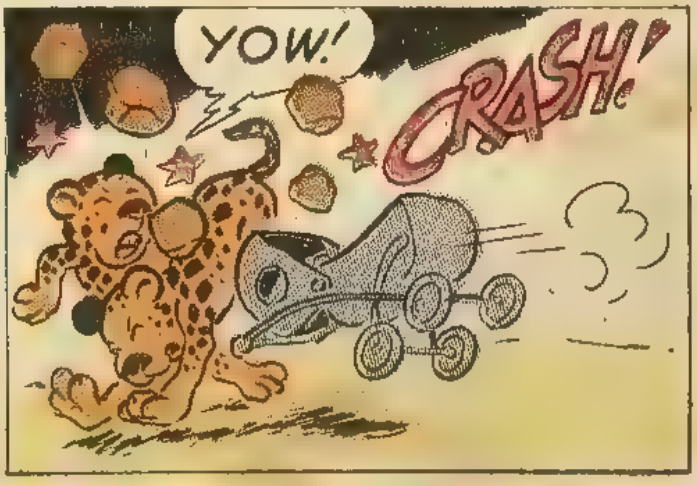
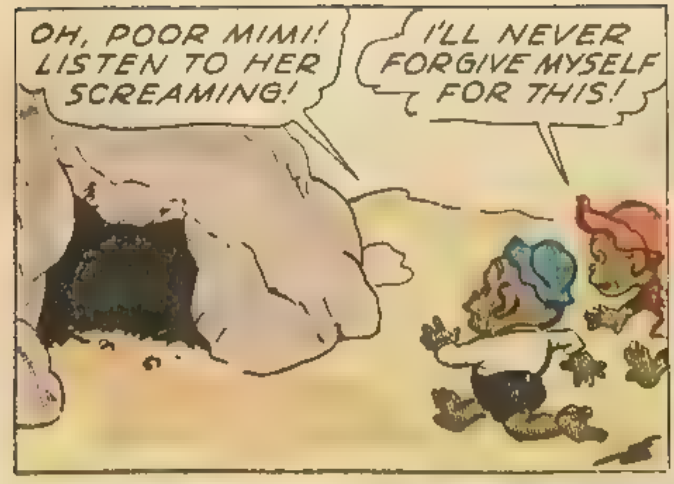
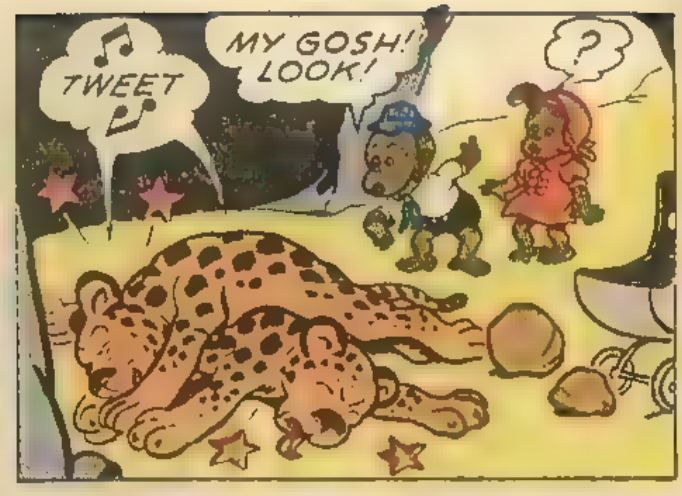
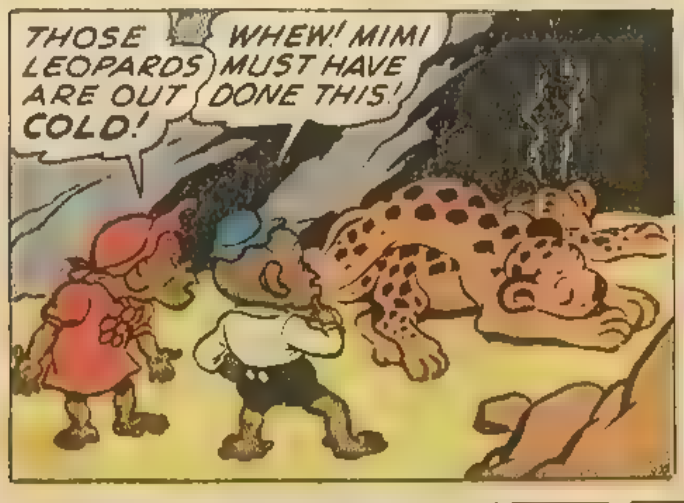
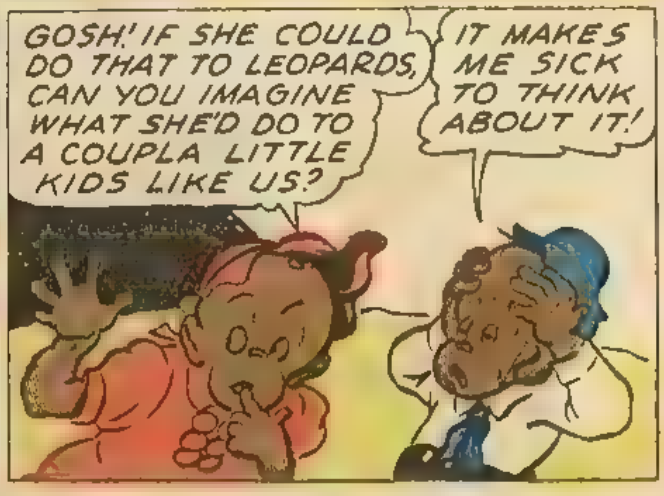

YOW!
CRASH!

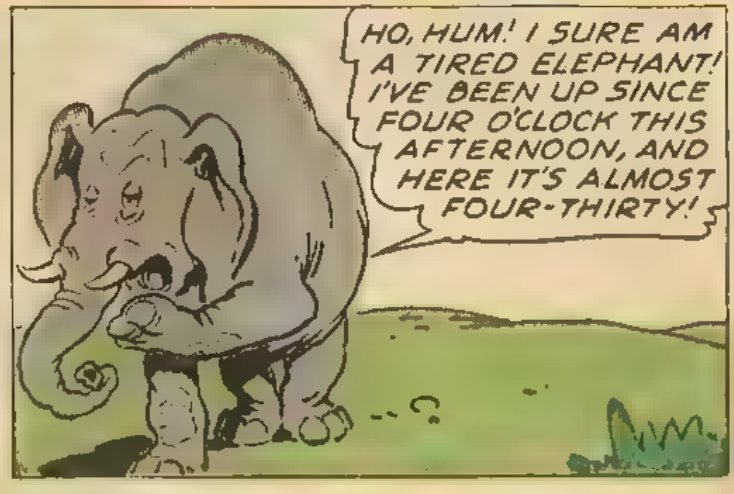

OH, POOR MIMI! LISTEN TO HER SCREAMING!
I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR THIS!

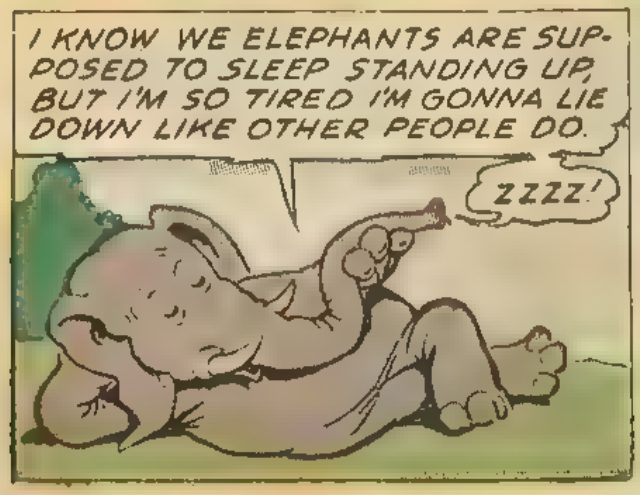

TWEET
MY GOSH! LOOK!
?

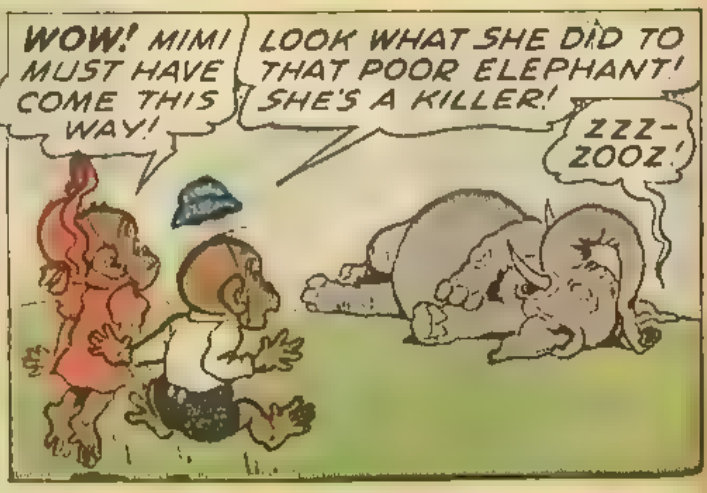

THOSE LEOPARDS ARE OUT COLD!
WHEW! MIMI MUST HAVE DONE THIS!

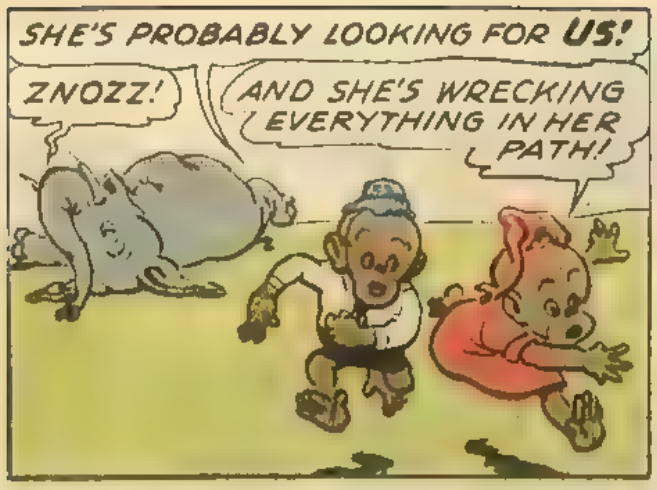

GOSH! IF SHE COULD DO THAT TO LEOPARDS, CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT SHE'D DO TO A COUPLA LITTLE KIDS LIKE US?
IT MAKES ME SICK TO THINK ABOUT IT!

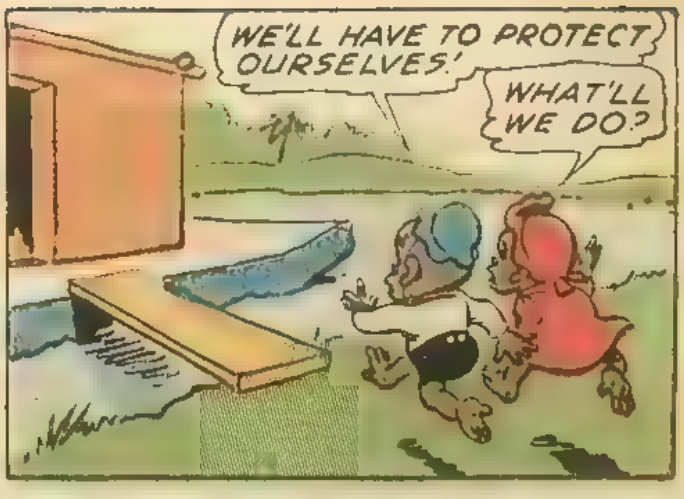
SHE MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE— LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE!
YEH, SHE'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR US!

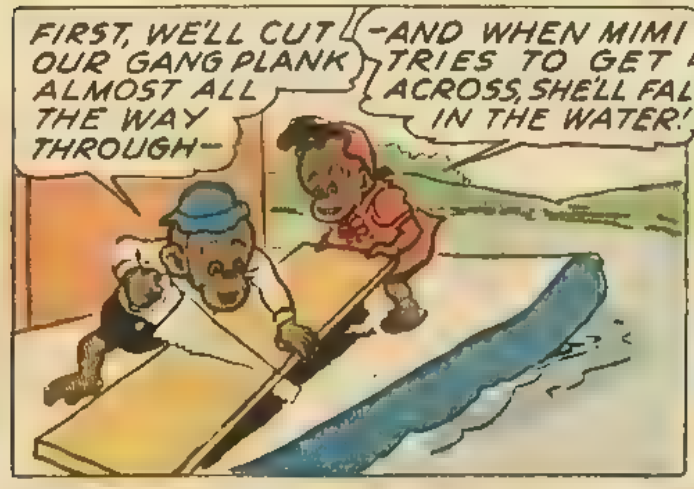

HO, HUM! I SURE AM A TIRED ELEPHANT! I'VE BEEN UP SINCE FOUR O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON, AND HERE IT'S ALMOST FOUR-THIRTY!

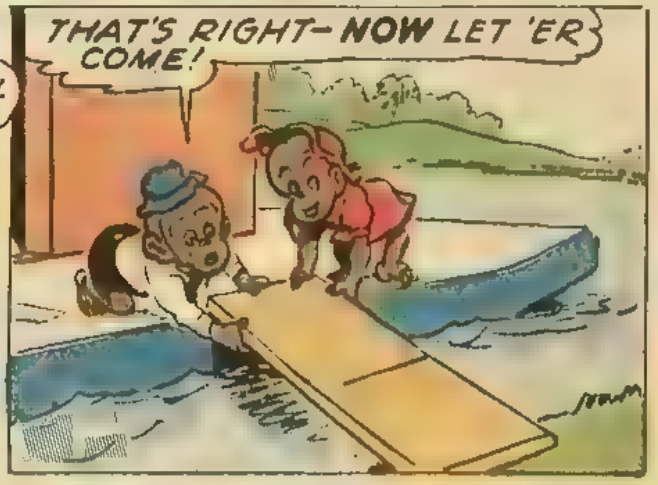

I KNOW WE ELEPHANTS ARE SUPPOSED TO SLEEP STANDING UP, BUT I'M SO TIRED I'M GONNA LIE DOWN LIKE OTHER PEOPLE DO.
ZZZZ!

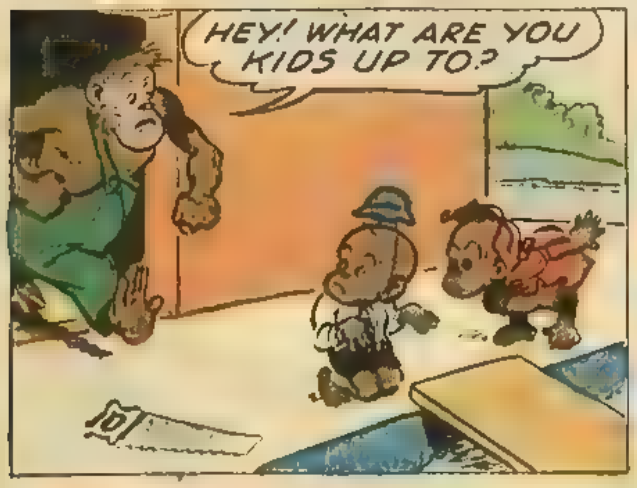

WOW! MIMI MUST HAVE COME THIS WAY!
LOOK WHAT SHE DID TO THAT POOR ELEPHANT! SHE'S A KILLER!
ZZZ-ZOOZ!

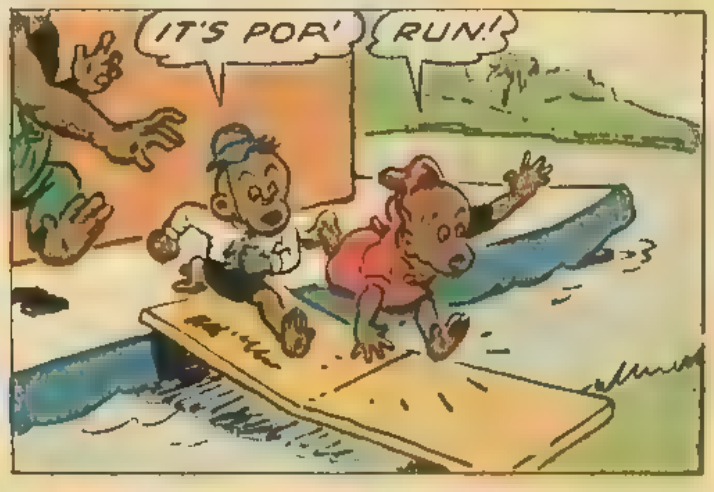

SHE'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR US!
ZNOZZ!
AND SHE'S WRECKING EVERYTHING IN HER PATH!

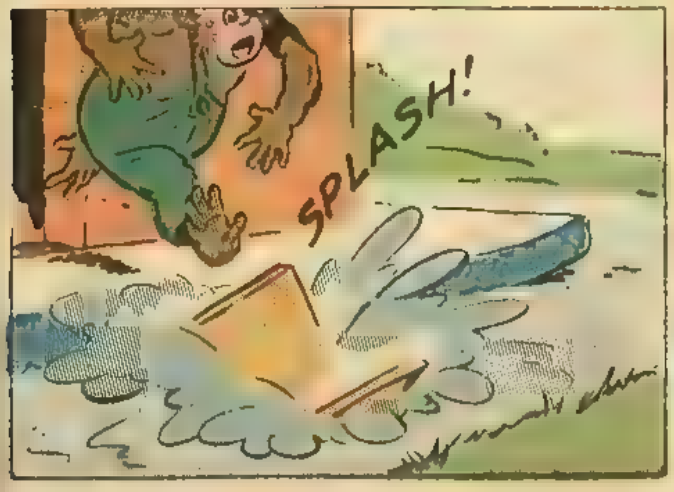

WE'LL HAVE TO PROTECT OURSELVES!
WHAT'LL WE DO?

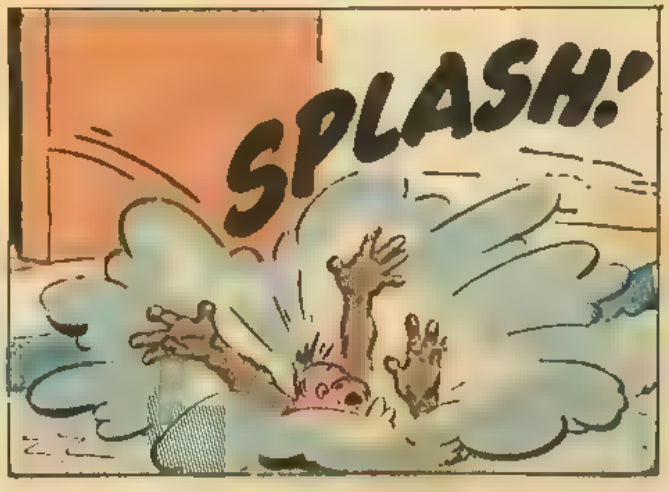

FIRST, WE'LL CUT OUR GANG PLANK ALMOST ALL THE WAY THROUGH—
—AND WHEN MIMI TRIES TO GET ACROSS, SHE'LL FALL IN THE WATER!

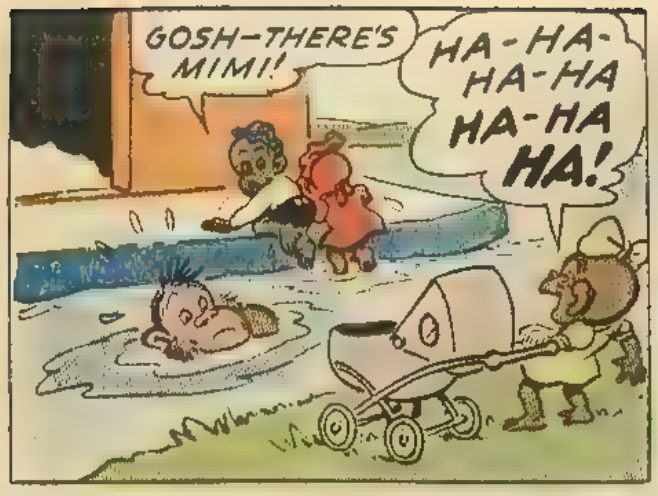

THAT'S RIGHT—NOW LET 'ER COME!

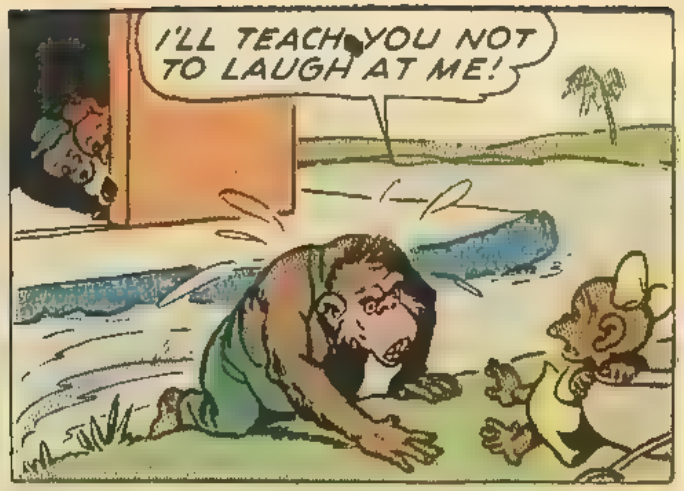

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU KIDS UP TO?

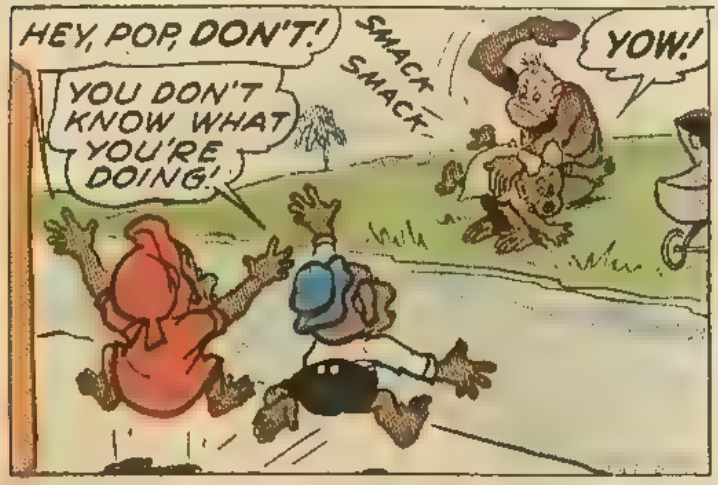

IT'S POR!
RUN!


SPLASH!

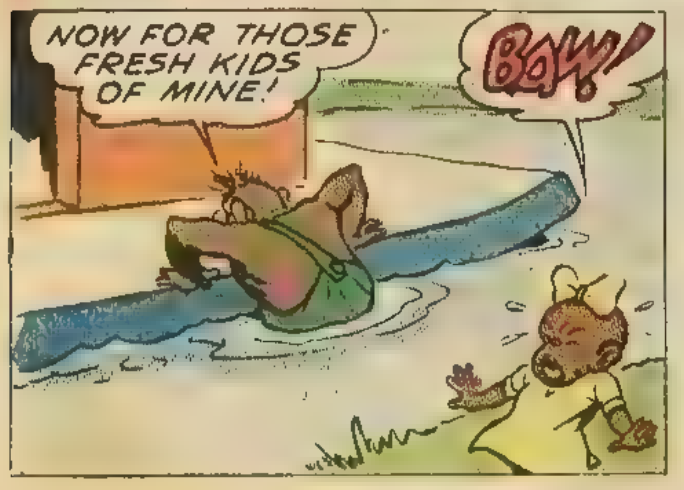

SPLASH!

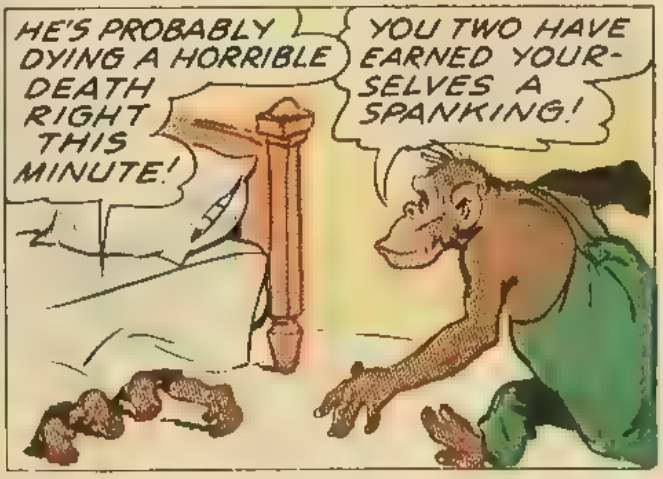

GOSH—THERE'S MIMI!
HA-HA-HA-HA HA-HA HA!


I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO LAUGH AT ME!

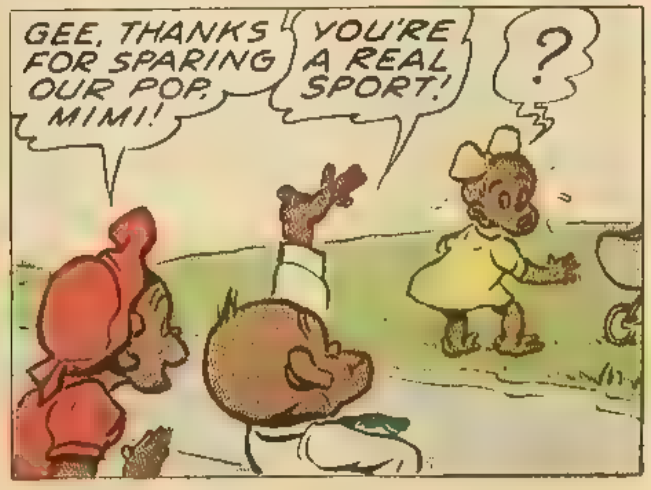

HEY, POP, DON'T!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
SMACK SMACK
YOW!

I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!
SHE'LL MURDER POOR POP!

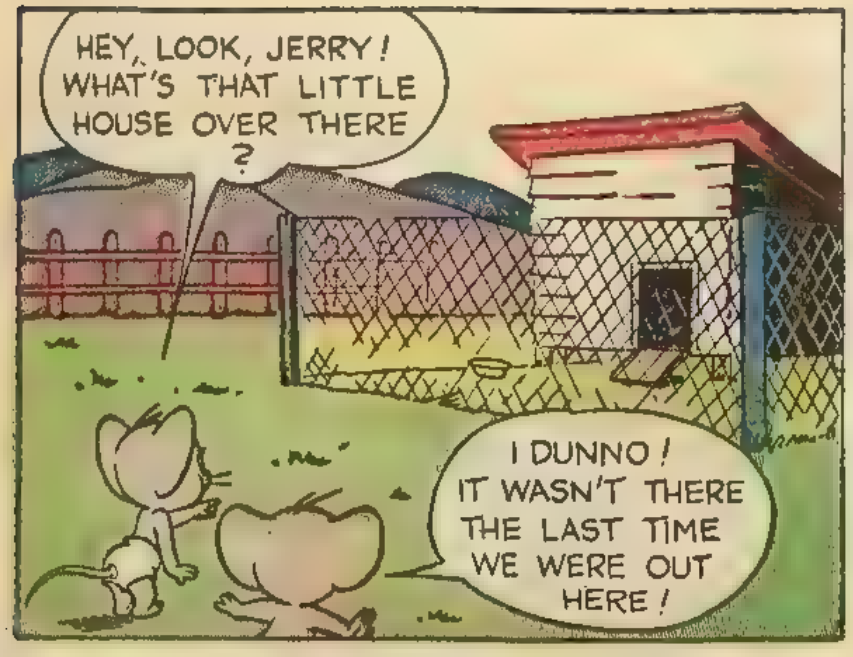

NOW FOR THOSE FRESH KIDS OF MINE!
BAW!


HE'S PROBABLY DYING A HORRIBLE DEATH RIGHT THIS MINUTE!
YOU TWO HAVE EARNED YOURSELVES A SPANKING!

GEE, POP—YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!
GOOD OLD POP!
WOP!
WUP!
PAT!
PAT!

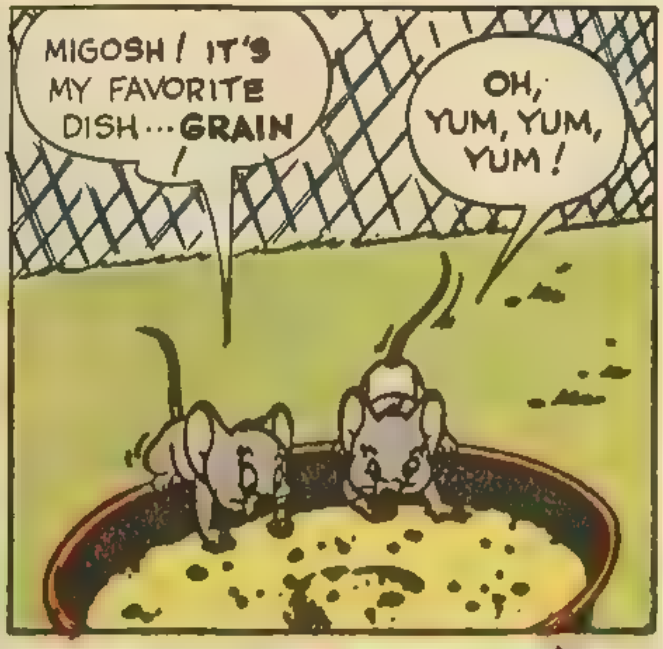

GEE, THANKS FOR SPARING OUR POP, MIMI!
YOU'RE A REAL SPORT!
?

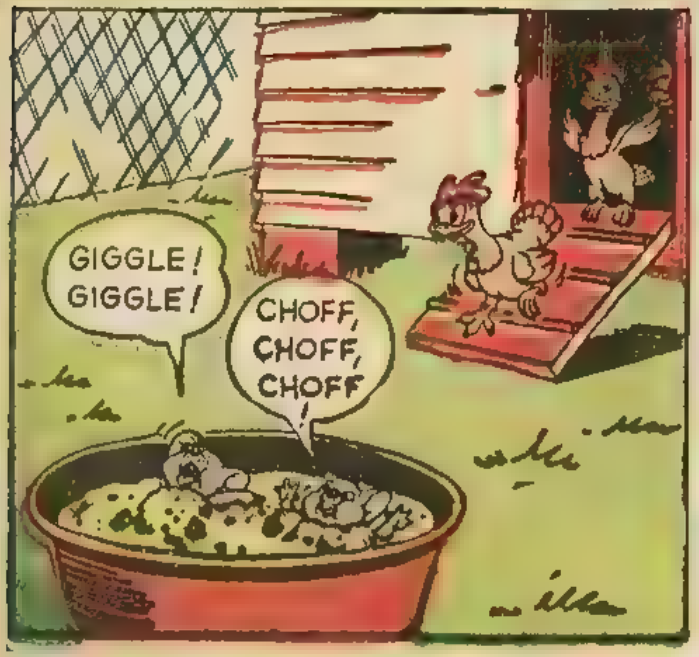
M-G-M CARTOONS PRESENT
TOM and JERRY
SAY, JERRY, I'M GETTING SORTA TIRED OF STAYING INDOORS.... WHAT DO YOU SAY, LET'S GO OUT AN' SEE THE WORLD!
SWELL! LET'S GO AS FAR AS THE BACK-YARD FENCE THIS TIME!
COAST CLEAR, JERRY?
YEAH! I GUESS THAT FOOL TOM CAT'S BUSY CHASIN' HIS TAIL!
...AN' THE ONLY TIME HE EVER CAUGHT THAT WAS WHEN HE BACKED INTO A MOUSETRAP!
TEE, HEE!
YEAH, I REMEMBER THAT!
CAREFUL NOW, TUFFY... SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS OPENING A DOOR JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO GO THROUGH IT!
YAY! HERE WE ARE... OUT IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES!
OH, GIMME MY BOOTS AN' SADDLE!

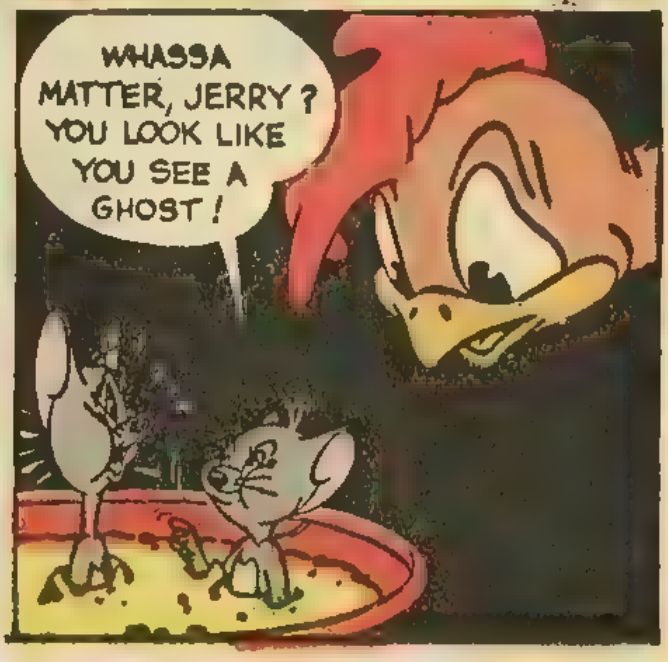

HEY, LOOK, JERRY! WHAT'S THAT LITTLE HOUSE OVER THERE ?
I DUNNO! IT WASN'T THERE THE LAST TIME WE WERE OUT HERE!

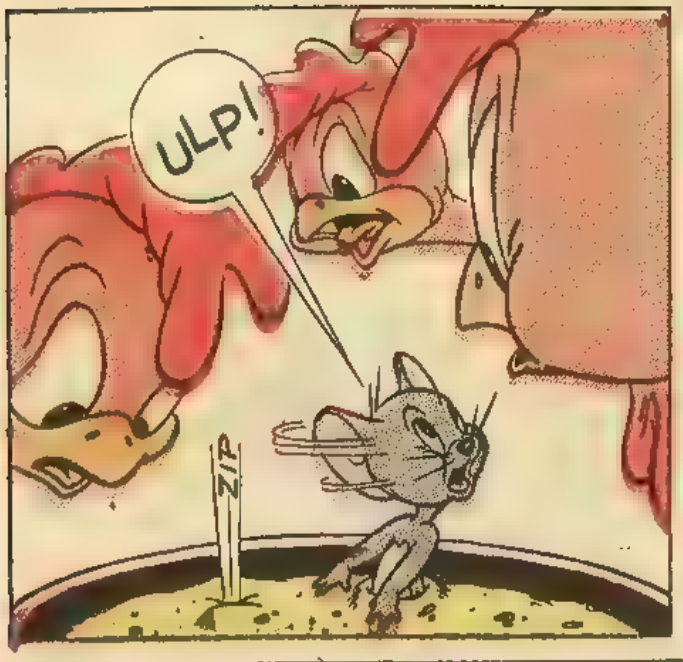
IT ISN'T A VERY BIG HOUSE!
I FEEL SORRY FOR THE MICE THAT HAVE TO LIVE THERE!

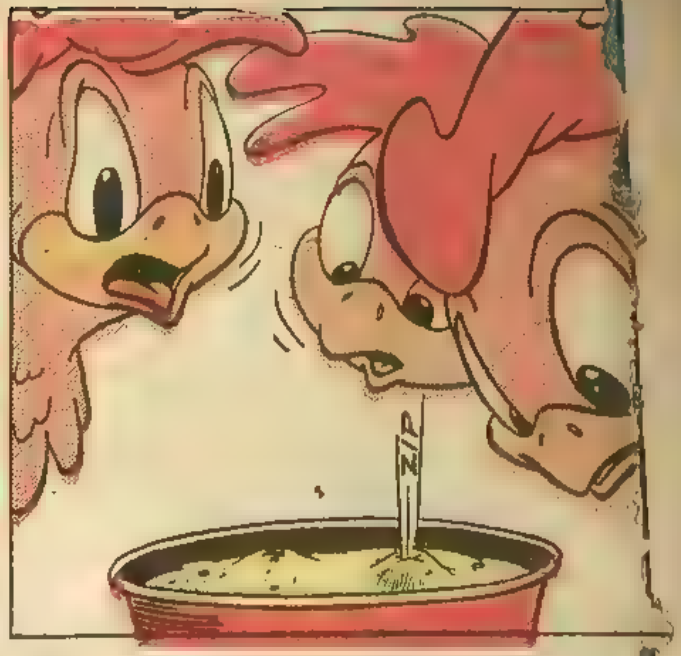
C'MON, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THAT PAN!
MIGHT BE SOMETHING TO EAT, EH

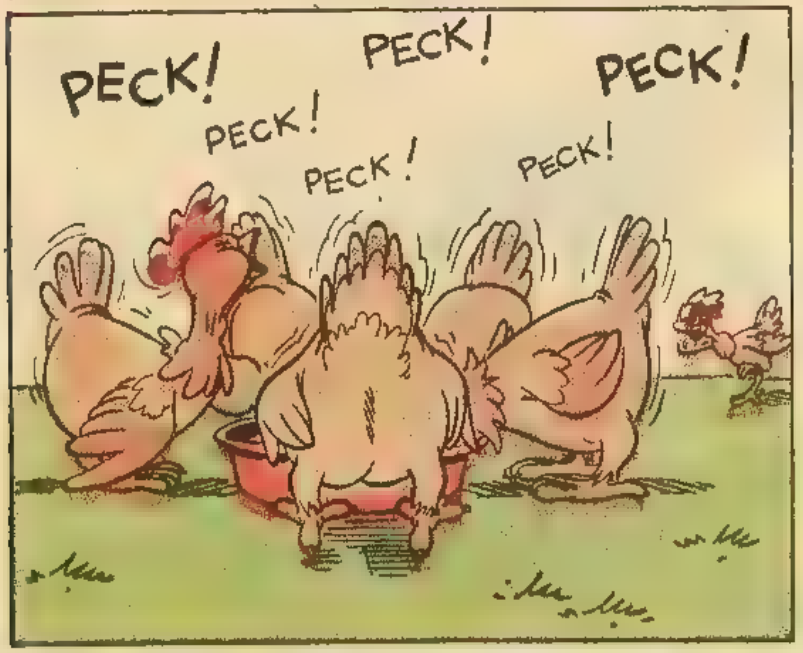

MIGOSH! IT'S MY FAVORITE DISH ... GRAIN!
OH, YUM, YUM, YUM!

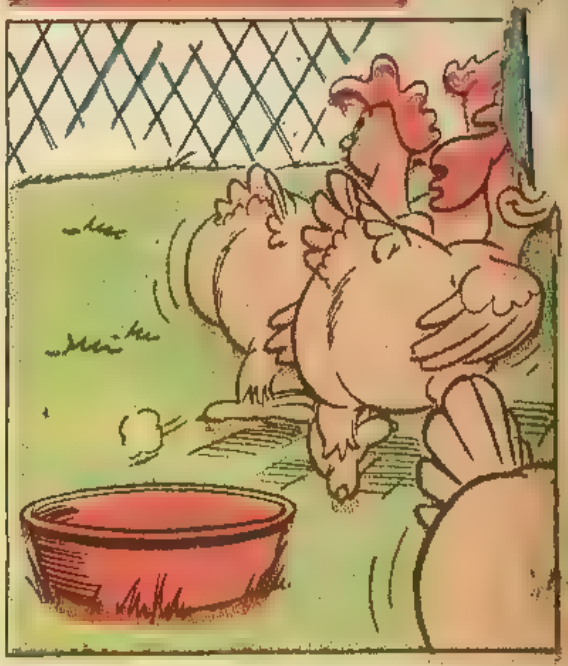

GIGGLE! GIGGLE!
CHOFF, CHOFF, CHOFF!

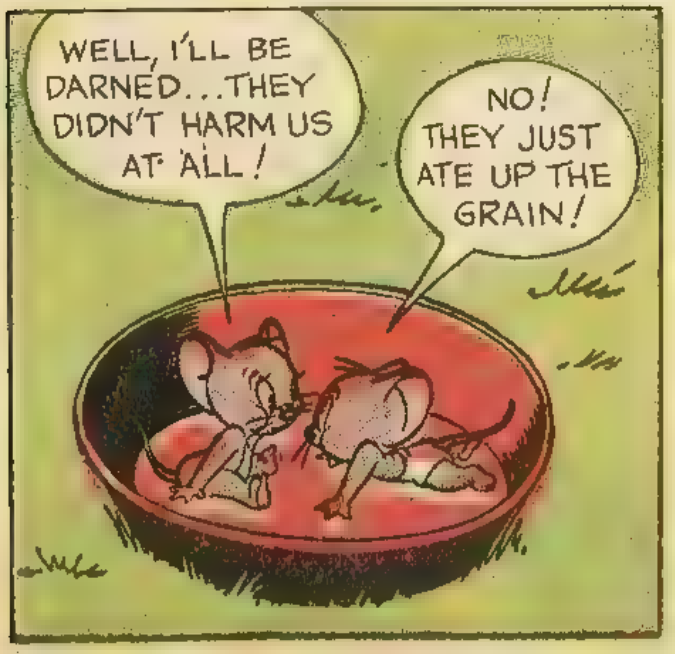

WHASSA MATTER, JERRY? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SEE A GHOST!


ULP!
ZIP

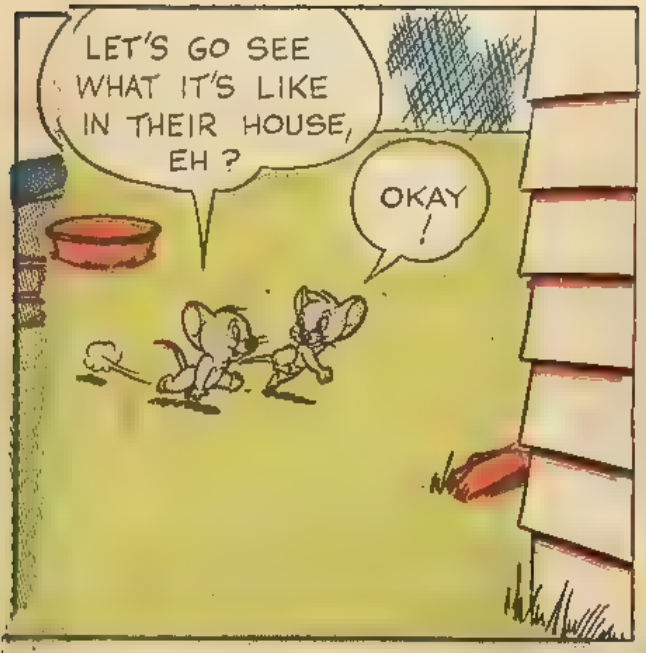

ZIP

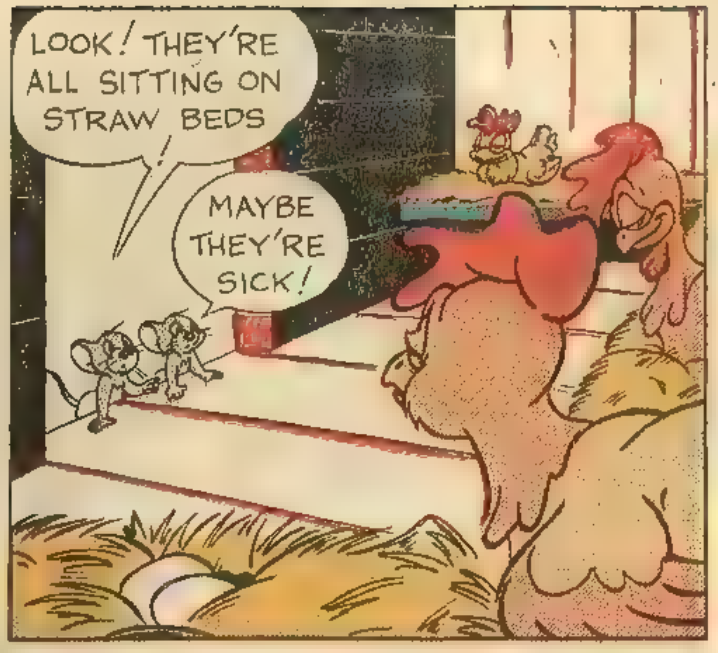

PECK!
PECK!
PECK!
PECK!
PECK!
PECK!

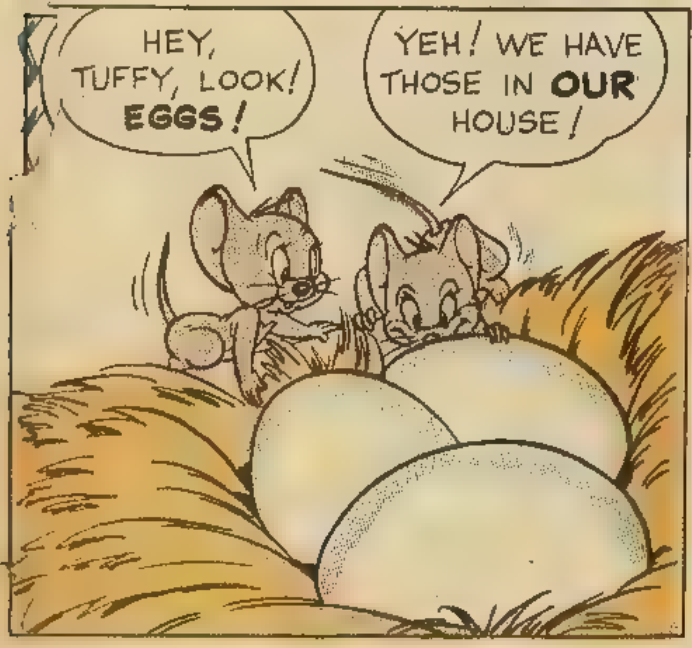



WELL, I'LL BE DARNED...THEY DIDN'T HARM US AT ALL!
NO! THEY JUST ATE UP THE GRAIN!

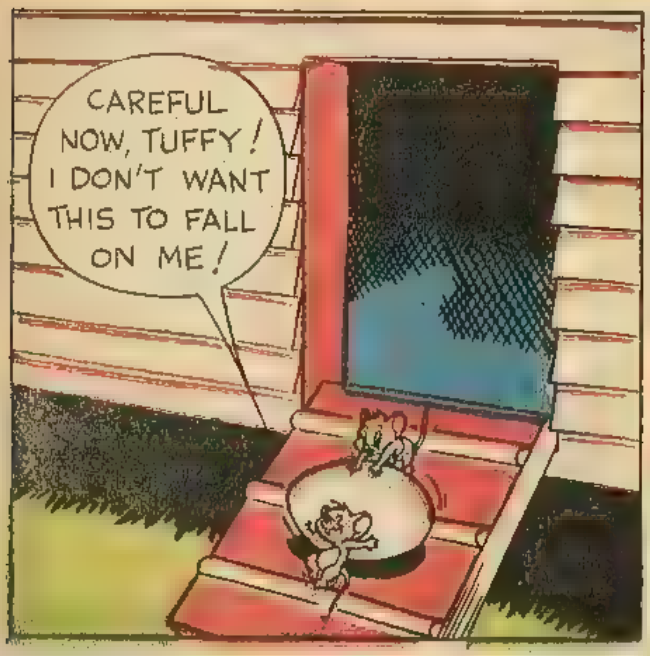
WHAT WERE THEY ?
I DUNNO, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF THEM ANYWAY!

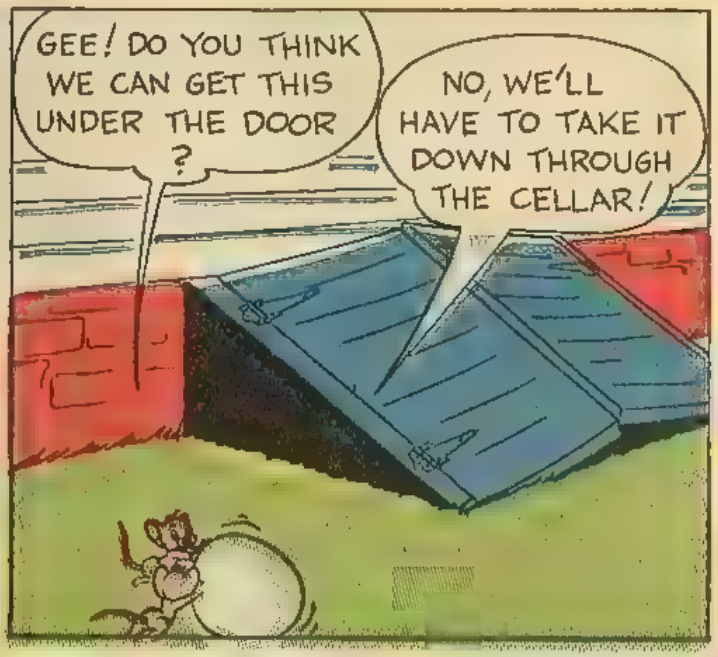

LET'S GO SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE IN THEIR HOUSE, EH ?
OKAY !

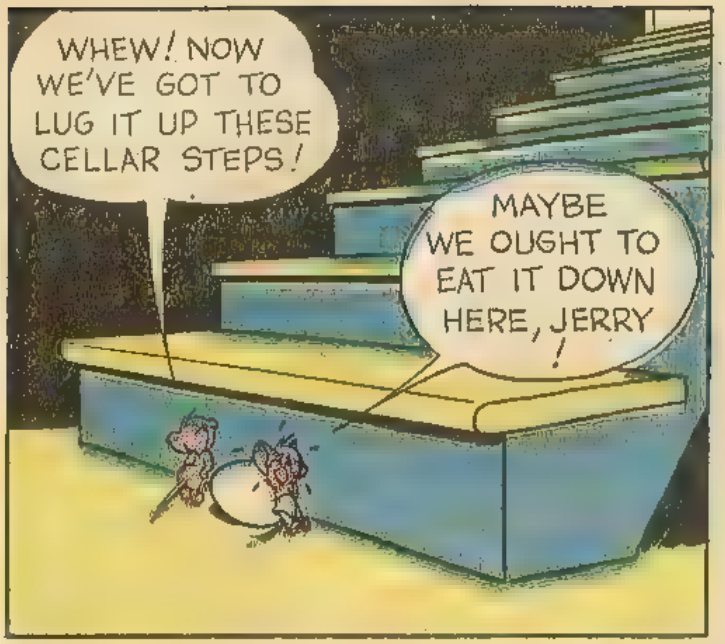

LOOK ! THEY'RE ALL SITTING ON STRAW BEDS !
MAYBE THEY'RE SICK !


HEY, TUFFY, LOOK ! EGGS !
YEH ! WE HAVE THOSE IN OUR HOUSE !

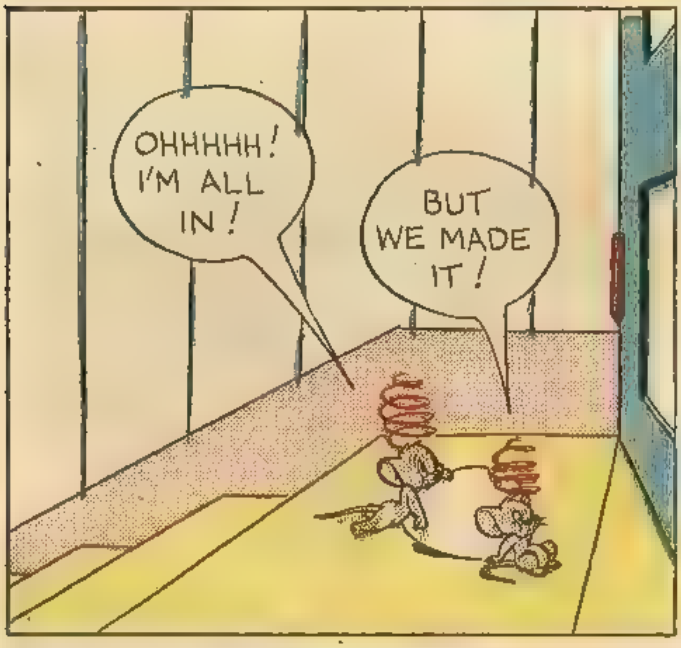
GOSH ! I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY GREW IN OUR ICEBOX !
WE HAVEN'T EATEN AN EGG IN A LONG TIME... LET'S TAKE ONE !

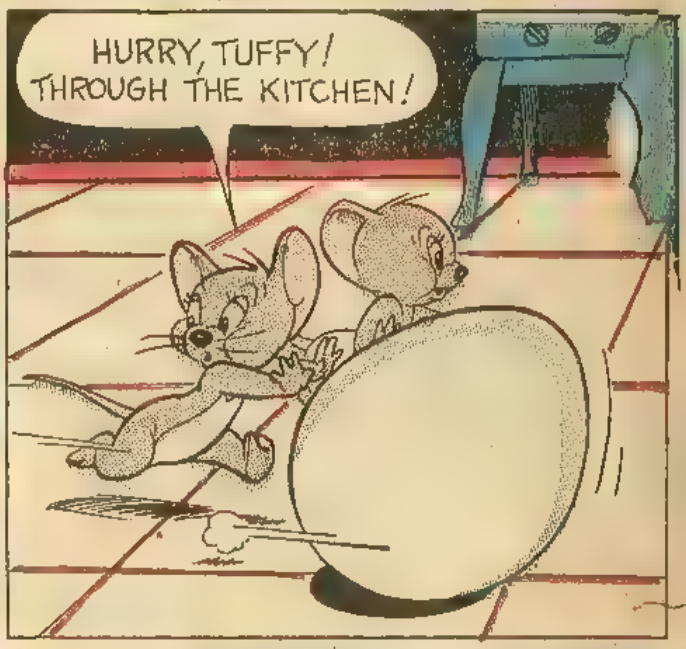

CAREFUL NOW, TUFFY ! I DON'T WANT THIS TO FALL ON ME !

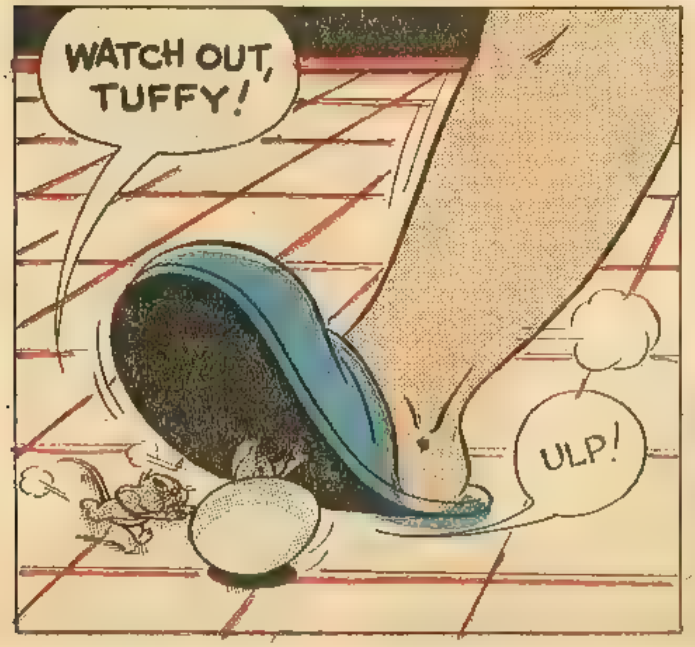

GEE ! DO YOU THINK WE CAN GET THIS UNDER THE DOOR ?
NO, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT DOWN THROUGH THE CELLAR !

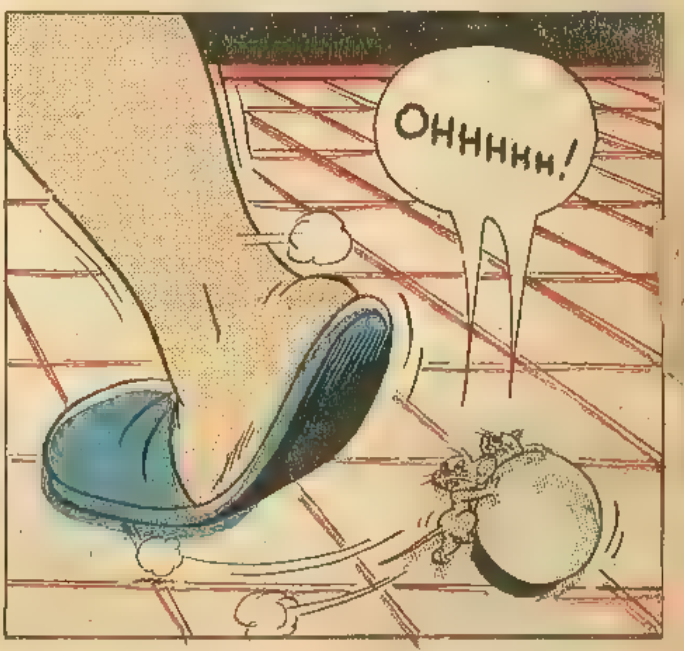

WHEW! NOW WE'VE GOT TO LUG IT UP THESE CELLAR STEPS!
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO EAT IT DOWN HERE, JERRY!

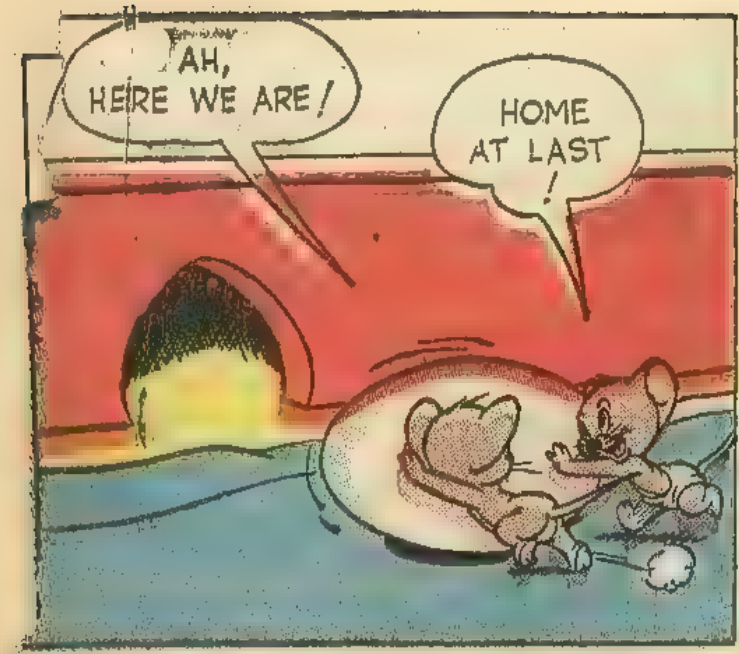
NO, IT'LL TASTE A LOT BETTER AFTER ALL THIS WORK!
...IF I HAVE ANY STRENGTH LEFT TO TASTE IT!

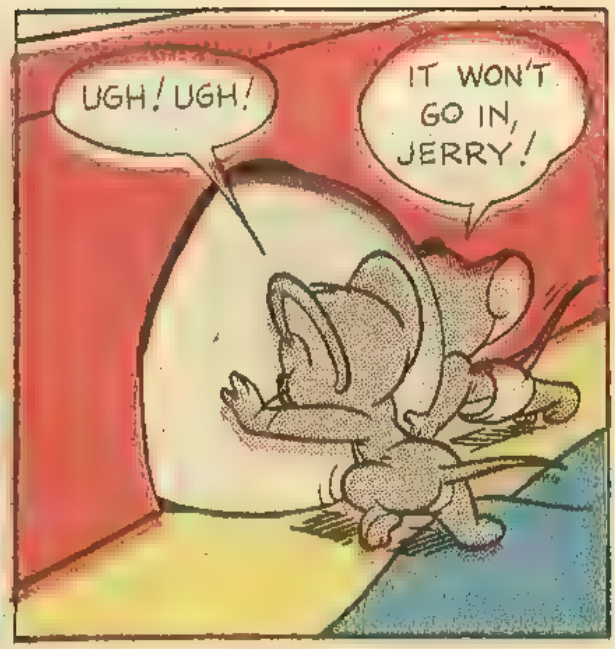

OHHHHH! I'M ALL IN!
BUT WE MADE IT!

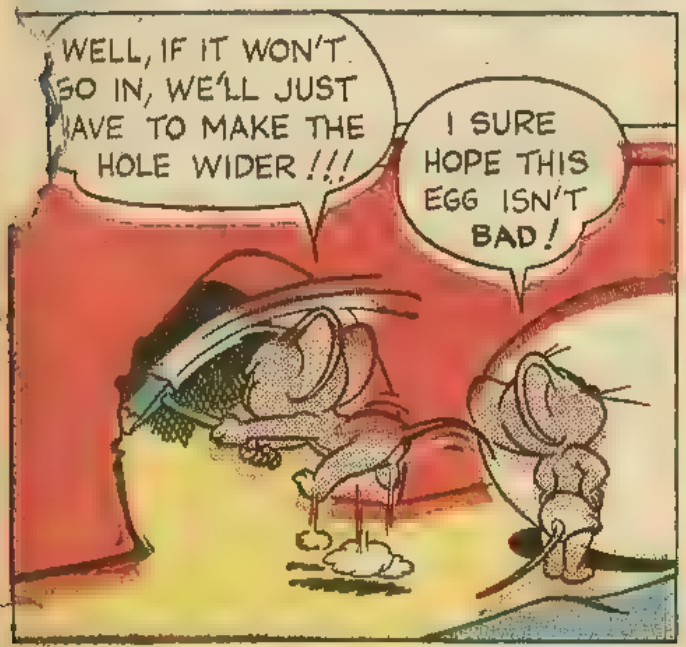

HURRY, TUFFY! THROUGH THE KITCHEN!


WATCH OUT, TUFFY!
ULP!

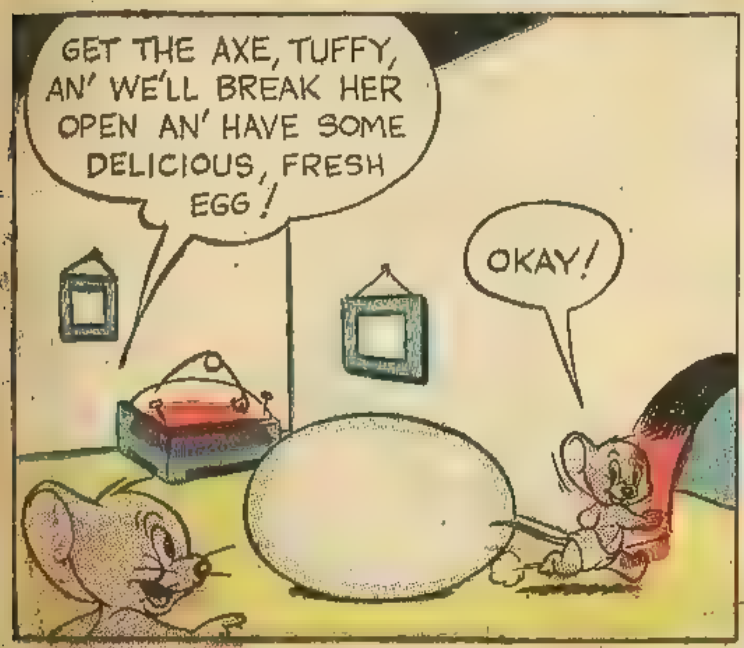

OHHHHH!


AH, HERE WE ARE!
HOME AT LAST!

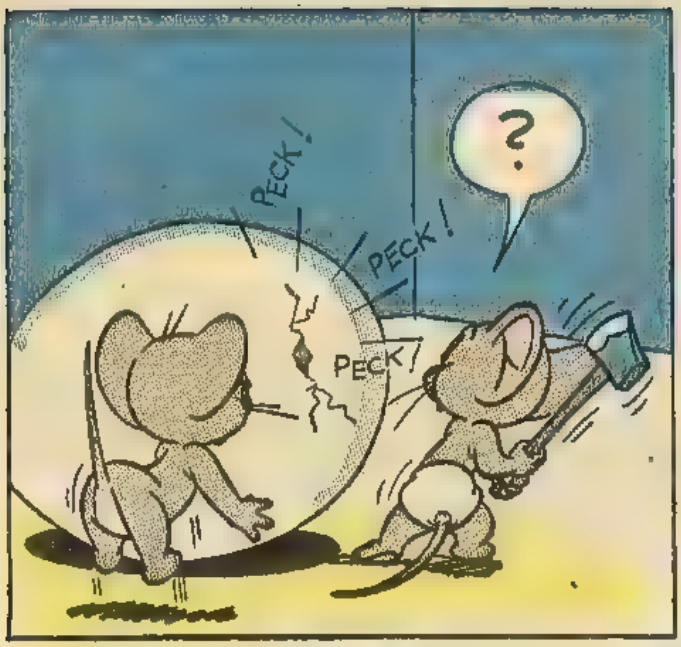

UGH! UGH!
IT WON'T GO IN, JERRY!

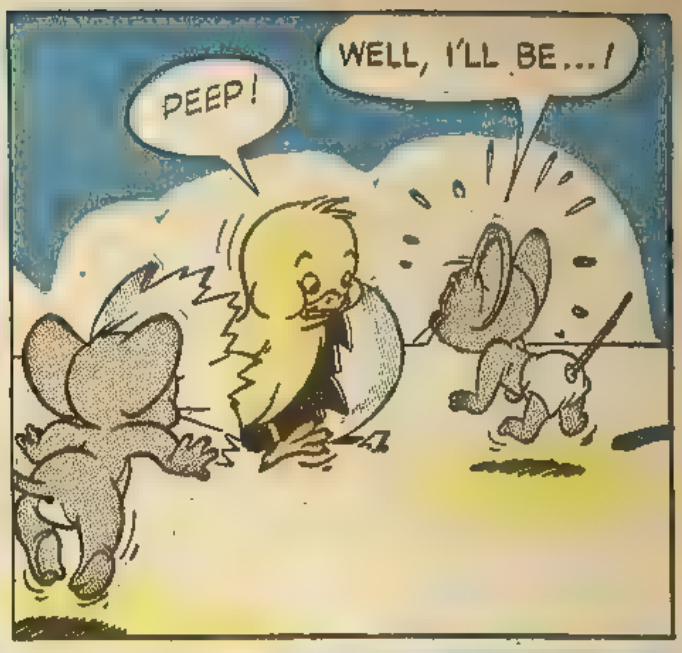

WELL, IF IT WON'T GO IN, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE HOLE WIDER!!!
I SURE HOPE THIS EGG ISN'T BAD!

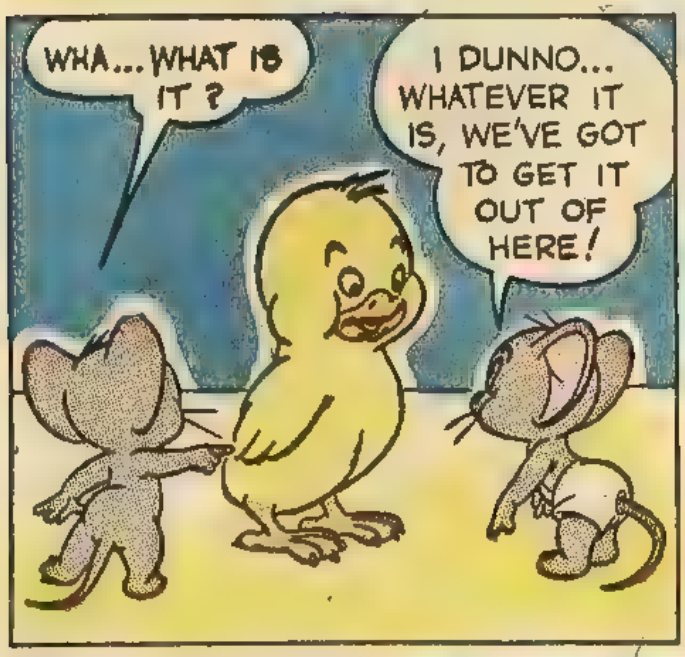
IT'S IN!!!
WHEW! I NEVER WORKED SO HARD IN MY LIFE!

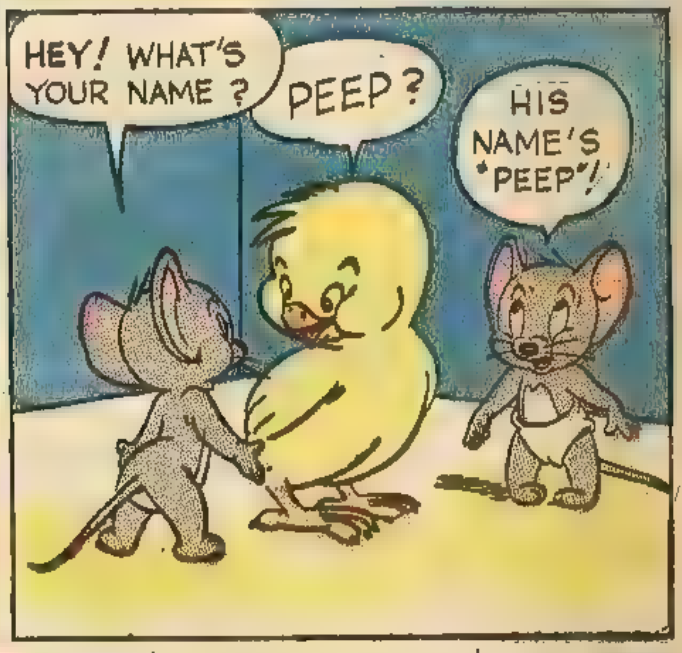

GET THE AXE, TUFFY, AN' WE'LL BREAK HER OPEN AN' HAVE SOME DELICIOUS, FRESH EGG!
OKAY!

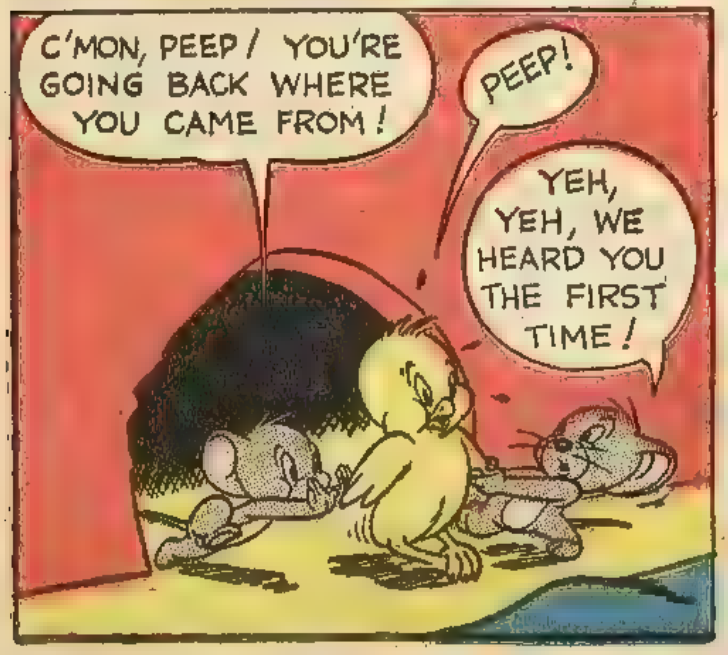
HERE GOES!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT!


PECK!
PECK!
PECK!
?

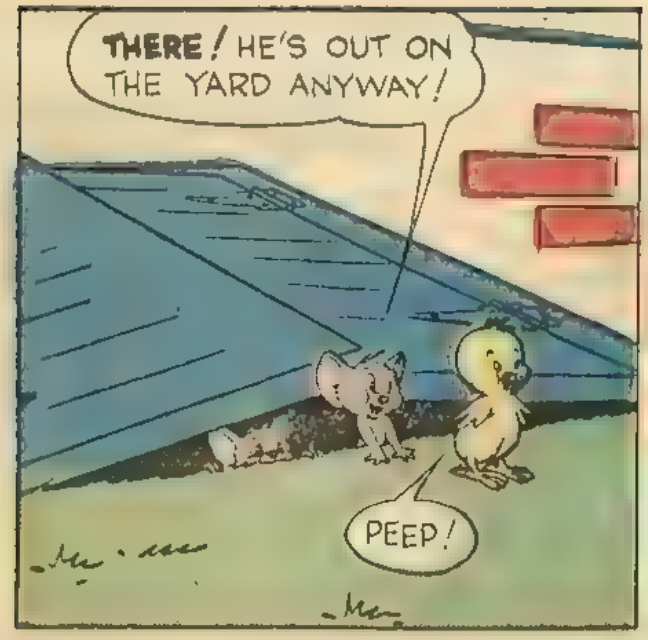

PEEP!
WELL, I'LL BE...!

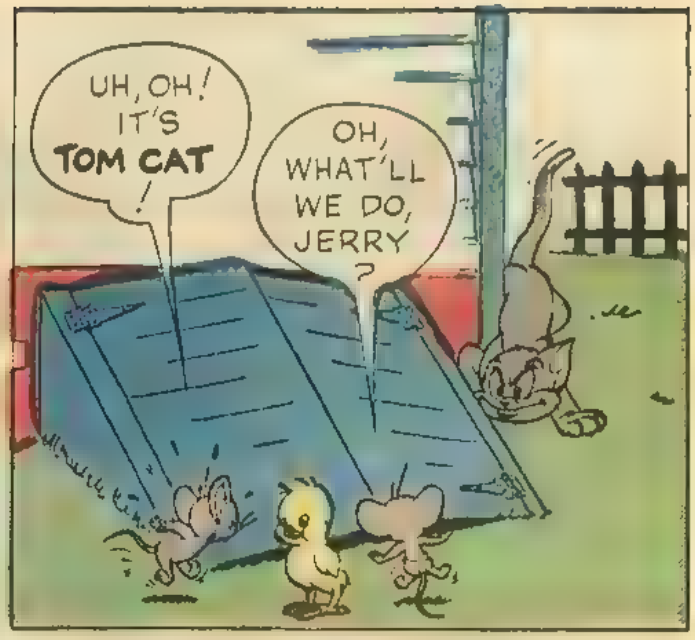

WHA... WHAT IS IT ?
I DUNNO... WHATEVER IT IS, WE'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF HERE!

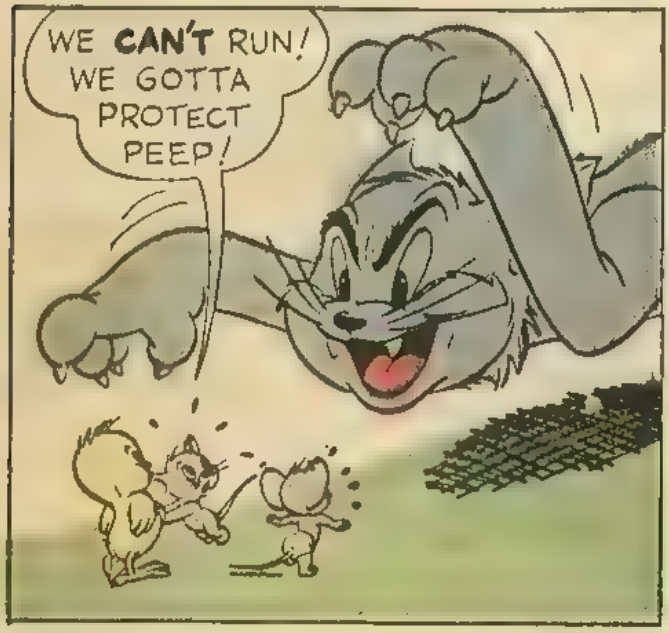

HEY! WHAT'S YOUR NAME ?
PEEP ?
HIS NAME'S "PEEP"!

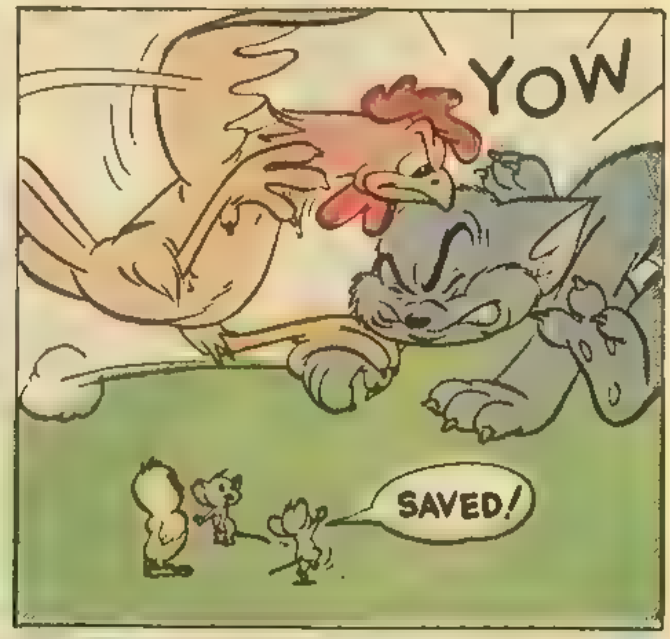

C'MON, PEEP! YOU'RE GOING BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!
PEEP!
YEH, YEH, WE HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME!

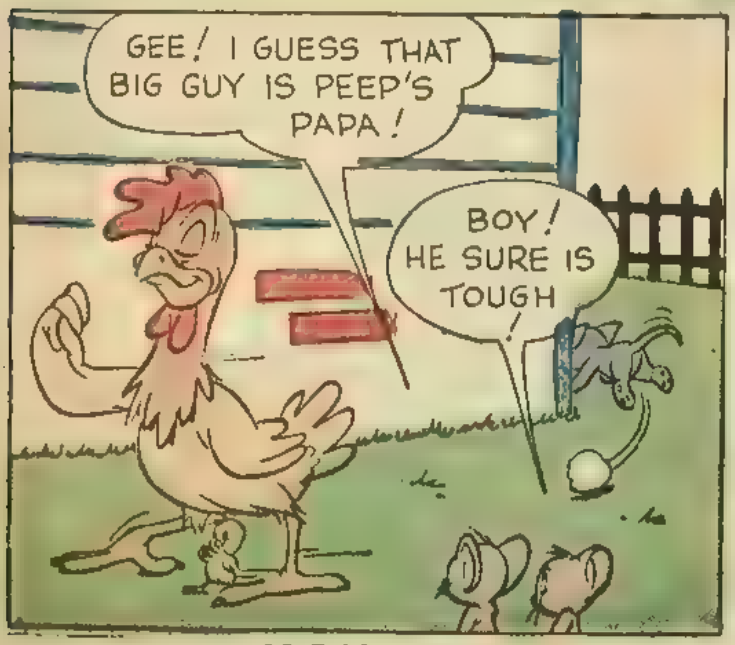
AT LEAST IT ISN'T AS HARD TAKING HIM BACK AS IT WAS BRINGING HIM HERE!
HE CAN CLIMB THESE STEPS HIMSELF!



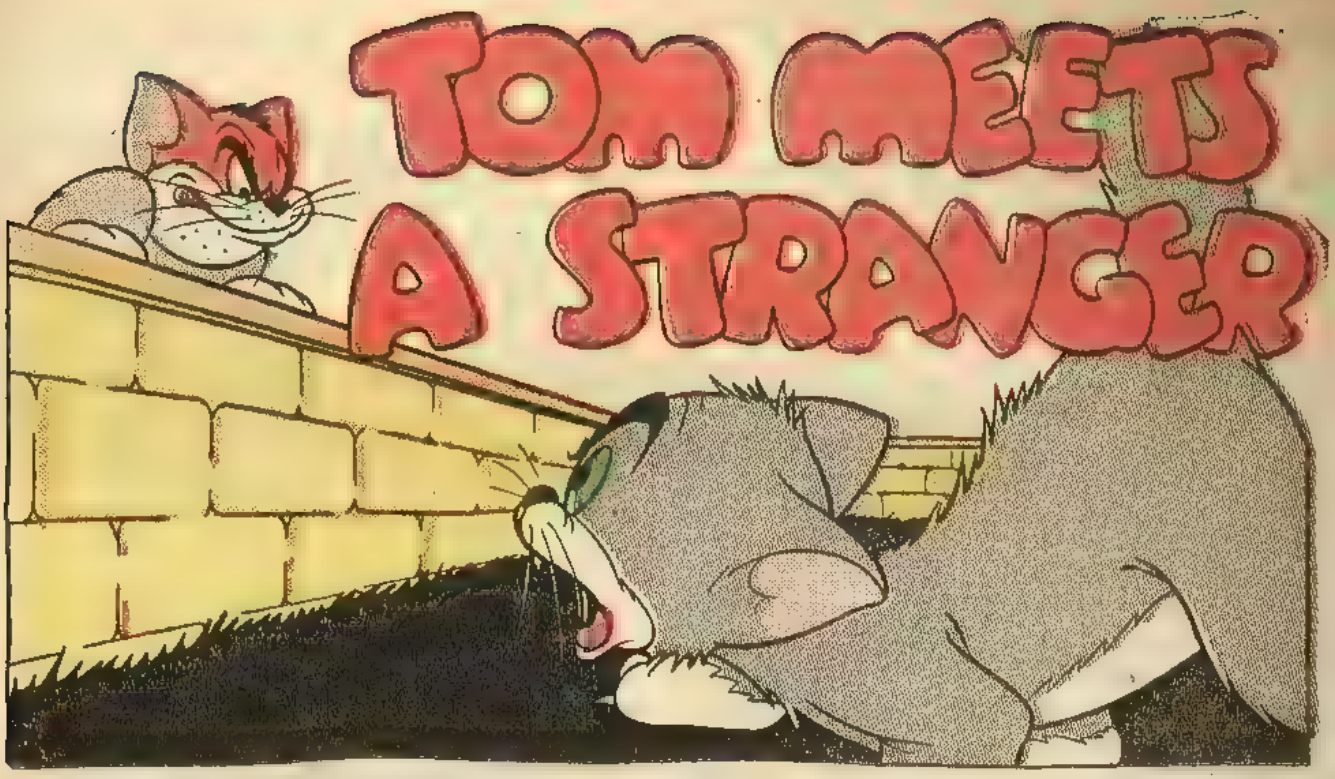








M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated



Tom, the cat, was restless. He was lonesome, too. His playmate, little Jerry, the mouse, had gone away for the day. So there was no one to tease, or heckle, or chase.

The house was empty and quiet. Tom prowled from room to room, looking for something to do. He yearned for excitement, and there wasn't any.

Finally he slithered out into the yard. It was nice and warm there, but it was as quiet and empty as the house. Tom sighed and stretched out on the soft grass under a berry bush. Life certainly was dull. He wished something would happen.

And something did. A grating, hoarse voice spoke suddenly in the stillness.

"Hiya, lazybones! Whatya doin'?"

Startled, Tom lifted his head. The fur along his sleek back bristled and sparked. His eyes narrowed warily.

Sitting on the top of the wall was a Stranger. A gray cat with flaming red hair. An amazing, breath-taking, wild-looking creature. Never, in his nine sheltered lives, had Tom seen anything like him.

"Hiya, dopeyhead," the Stranger spoke again. Even his voice was exciting —rough and tough, with a taunting harshness.

"Hi, yourself," Tom replied, jumping to his feet and arching his back. He could be tough, too. "What you doin' around here?"

"Sightseein', chum. Jest sightseein'," the Stranger laughed. And his laughter was bold and jeering. "This your hangout?" His green gaze rolled across the smooth lawn, the bright flower beds, the pleasant white house.

"Yep. It is. What's it to you?" Tom answered and advanced a step or two.

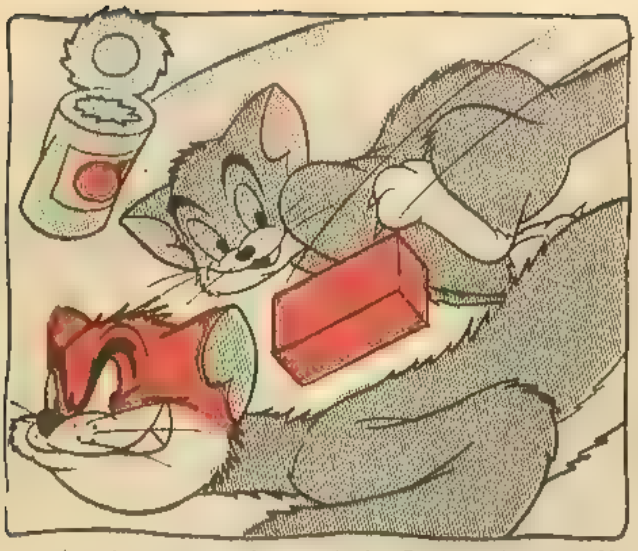
"Keep your fur on, Pal. I was just feelin' sorry for you, that's all. You must have an awful dull life, cooped up here! I'm glad I'm me, and not you. I'm free!"

Tom's fur settled back in place. His back straightened. He looked eagerly at the Stranger. What a wonderful life he must have! Prowling the streets. Seeing exciting things. And having no one to call him or boss him or pat him or coddle him.

"You know, you've got something there, Stranger," he sighed.

"Butch is the name," the red-head grinned. "Why don't you stir yourself and do a little travelin'? Come on with me an' I'll show you how to enjoy life."

"It's a deal!" Tom cried, trying to make his voice as rough and tough and cocky as Butch's. "Let's get movin'."



And move they did. Over the wall, through the alleys, in and out of strange doorways. Butch led the way. He introduced Tom to his friends, and Tom began to feel that he belonged to the wild, secret society of untamed tramps. When they were hungry, they nibbled from garbage cans and trash heaps. When they were tired, they slept lightly on the rough, cool stones of alley doorways.

Tom was deliriously happy. It was fun to be chased by screaming small boys, to avoid sticks and other missiles hurled by angry people. He gave not one little thought to the white house, the soft bed, the good food he had left behind. He did not even think of Jerry, his playmate.

Late one afternoon, Butch had a daring idea. "How'd you like some swell food?" he asked Tom. "Old Mike, the delicatessen man, has the best you ever tasted. Mike's slow and sorta nearsighted an' I haven't visited him for a long time. C'mon, let's eat!"

Like black and gray shadows, Tom and Butch slipped down the alley to the half-open back door of Mike's Delicatessen. They slid inside.

"Let's get busy," Butch ordered gruffly. In the dim dampness of the delicatessen's back room, they tore at sacks, they scratched at pasteboard cartons. They tasted, bit, nibbled.

Suddenly a shadow fell over them, as they crouched in a corner, tearing open a box. The shadow was followed by a big burlap sack which completely smothered them. A loud voice thundered, "I've caught you at last, you thievin' alley cats! It's the river for you!"

Tom struggled, fought, bit, scratched. But the sack was tight and strong. And it was moving, bumping, jolting, as Mike dragged it along the rough alley. The river! That meant water! Hated water!

"Don't get excited, pal. Keep your head. Claw a hole!" Butch hissed.

With a desperate strength, Tom obeyed Butch's orders. His claws opened a little hole. Larger! Larger! Finally, with a lurch he hurled his body through the opening, and crashed onto the street. Butch followed him. They leaped to their feet and fled, with Mike's voice ringing in their ears.

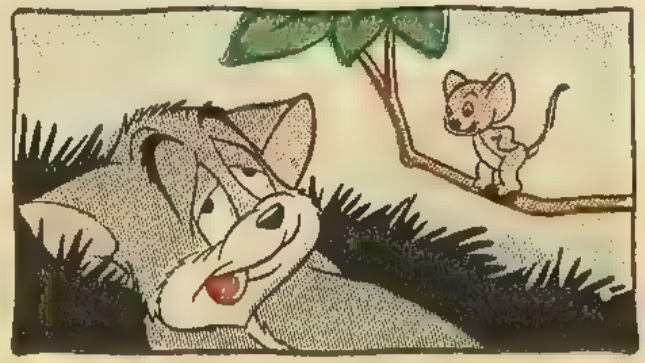
"Excitin', huh?" Butch asked, when they finally stopped a mile away. "We'll try another one tomorra."

"Not me!" Tom exclaimed. He shuddered, thinking of that suffocating sack and the river. He'd had enough of the wild life and excitement. The white house, the sweet-smelling garden, the airy rooms looked like a wonderful dream. "S'long, Butch. Be seein' you around."

Before the astonished Butch could utter a sound, Tom was gone. Down the alleys. Through the streets. Over the wall. And Home!

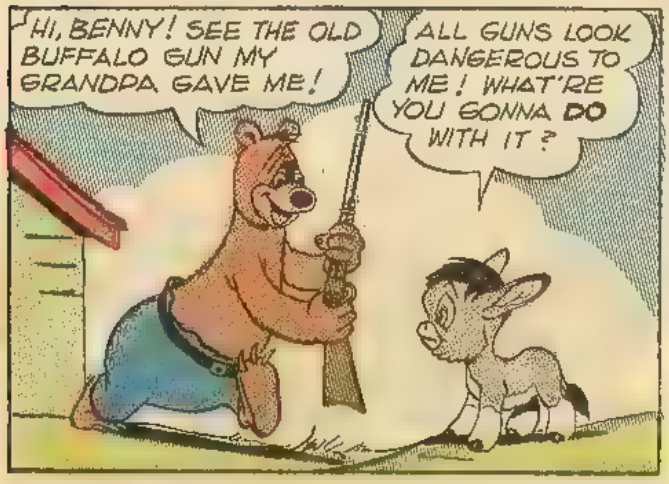
"Tom! Where have you been?" a small voice called, as he dropped on the grass. "We were worried about you." Little Jerry stood beside him.

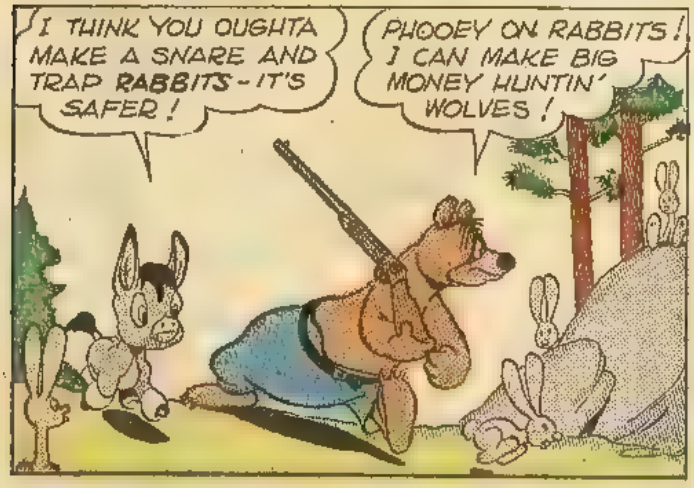
Tom was too tired, too bruised and battered, to tease Jerry. He merely opened one green eye and winked. "I've been places," he said. "But I'm home to stay now." Then he closed his eyes and slept on the warm, soft grass.

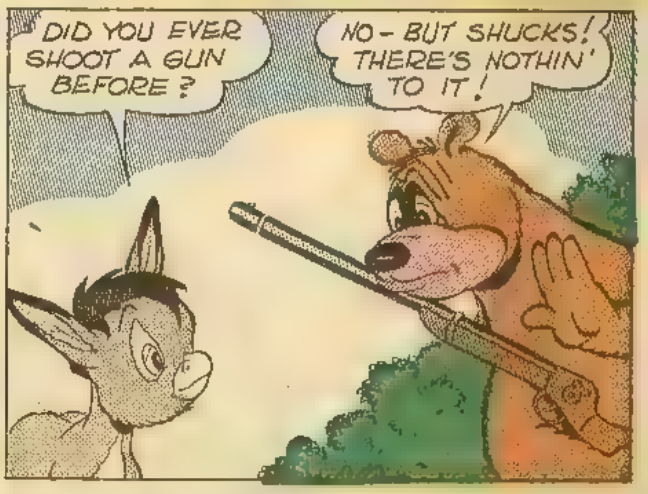


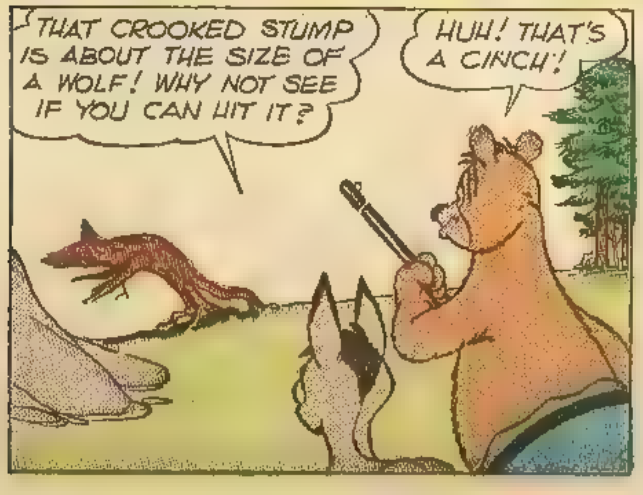
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

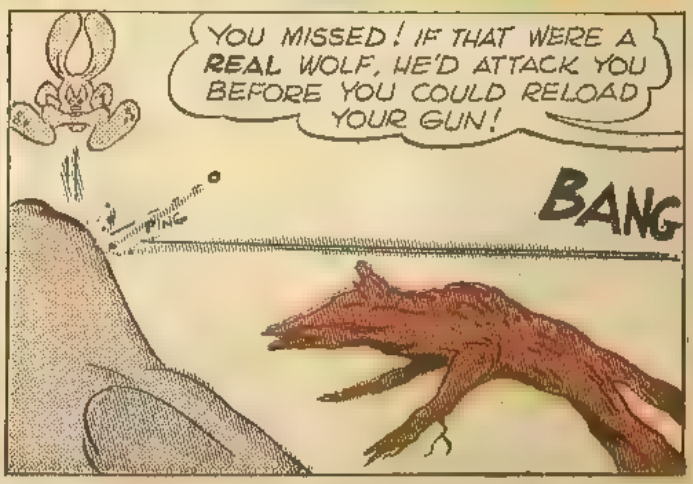
Presented by METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CARTOONS

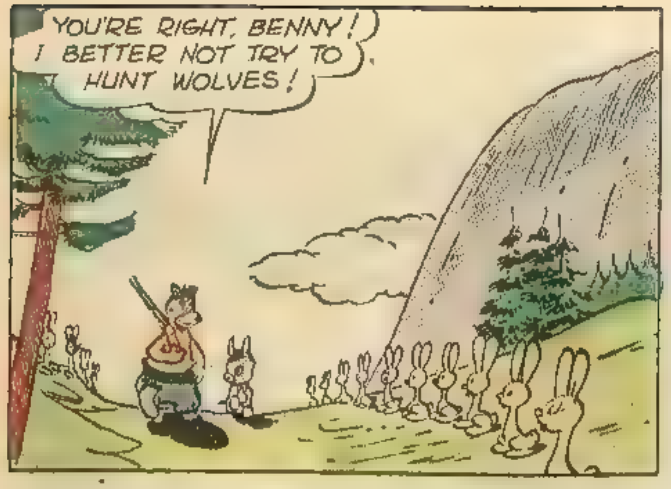


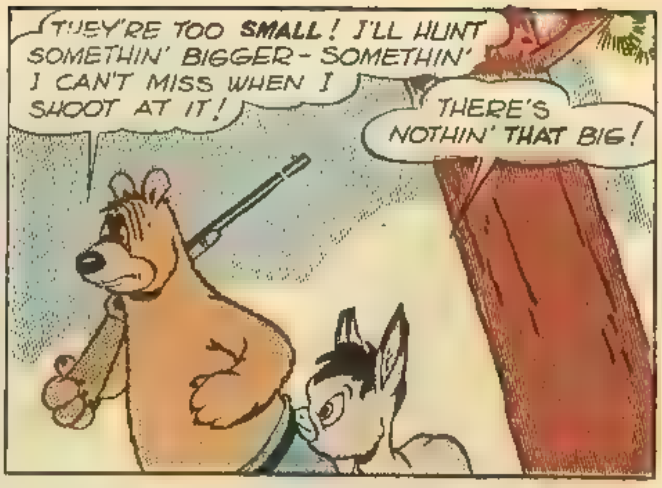




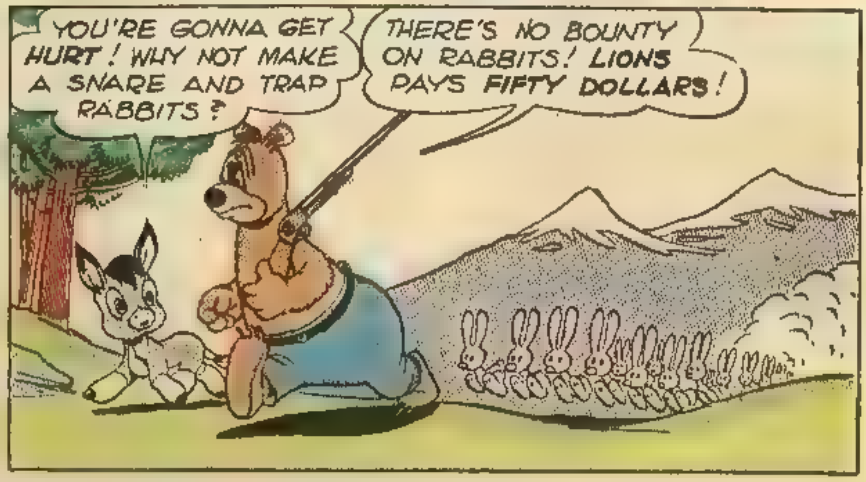


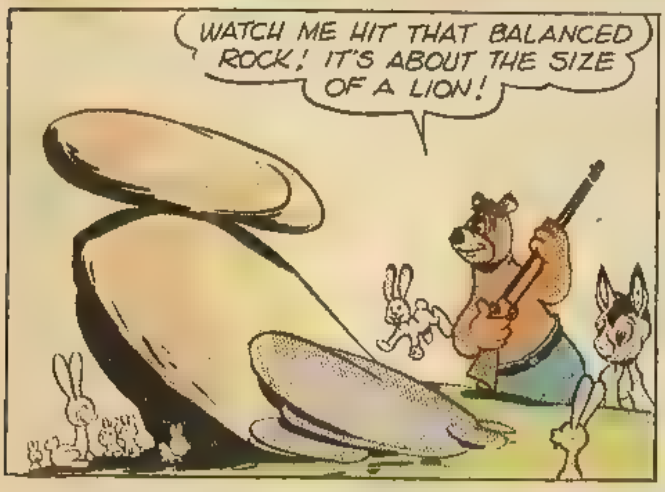


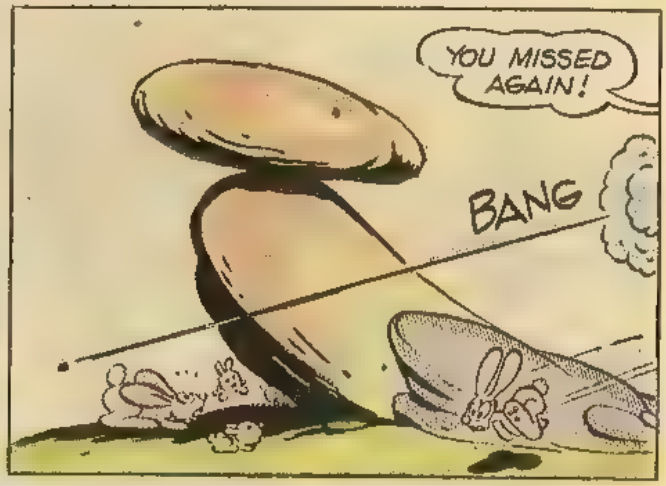

YOU'RE RIGHT, BENNY! I BETTER NOT TRY TO HUNT WOLVES!

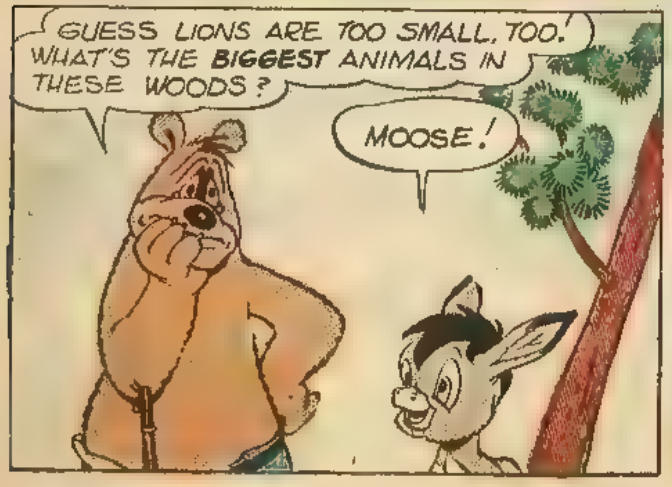

THEY'RE TOO SMALL! I'LL HUNT SOMETHIN' BIGGER - SOMETHIN' I CAN'T MISS WHEN I SHOOT AT IT!
THERE'S NOTHIN' THAT BIG!

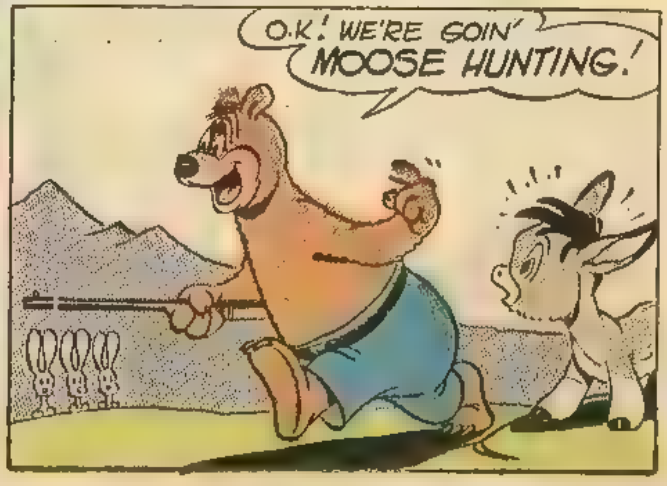
THERE'S MOUNTAIN LIONS - BIG, BLOOD-CURDLING MOUNTAIN LIONS!


YOU'RE GONNA GET HURT! WHY NOT MAKE A SNARE AND TRAP RABBITS?
THERE'S NO BOUNTY ON RABBITS! LIONS PAYS FIFTY DOLLARS!

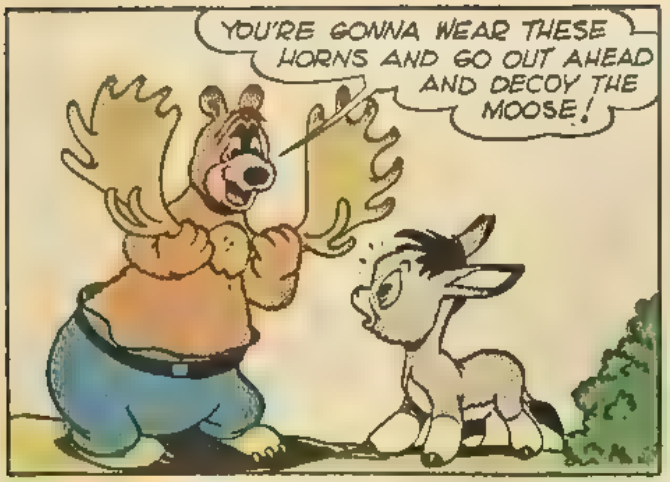

WATCH ME HIT THAT BALANCED ROCK! IT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF A LION!

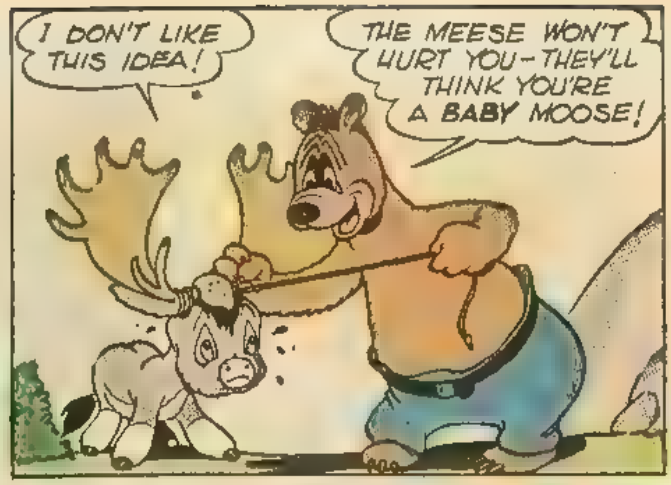

YOU MISSED AGAIN!
BANG

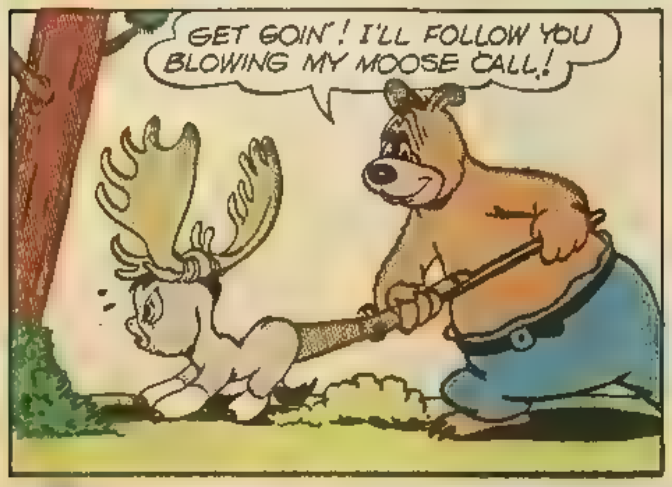

GUESS LIONS ARE TOO SMALL, TOO! WHAT'S THE BIGGEST ANIMALS IN THESE WOODS?
MOOSE!

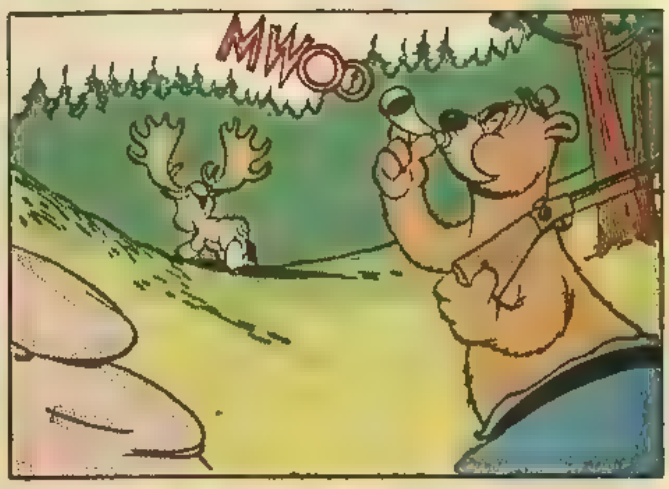

O.K.! WE'RE GOIN' MOOSE HUNTING!

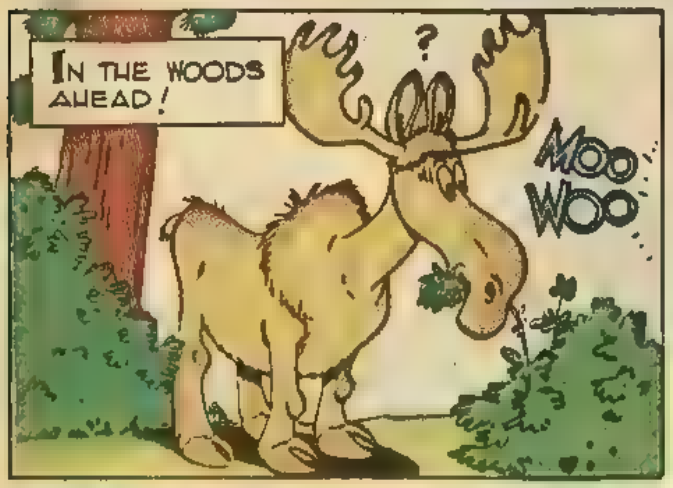
BARNEY BUYS A TRUCK TO HAUL HOME THE MEAT, AND SOON HE AND BENNY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE LAIR OF THE MOOSE!
I STILL SAY YOU SHOULD SET SNARES AND CATCH RABBITS!
LOOKS LIKE GOOD MOOSE COUNTRY UP AHEAD!
I HOPE YOU'RE WRONG! IT'D BE AWFUL TO MEET A MOOSE!
LOOK, BENNY- MOOSE TRACKS! A WHOLE MESS OF MEESE HAS BEEN BY HERE!
THEY LOOK LIKE COWS TO ME!
THEY ARE COWS! AIN'T THAT JUST MY LUCK?
WELL, THERE'S MOOSES UP AHEAD - I CAN SMELL 'EM!
THERE! LOOK! WHAT'D I TELL YA?
SOMETHIN'S QUEER! THEM HORNS DON'T MOVE!
MAYBE THERE'S NO MOOSE THERE!
BANG
BANG
JUST SOME OLD MOOSE HORNS ON A ROCK!
FOOLED AGAIN! BUT THEM HORNS GIVES ME AN IDEA!

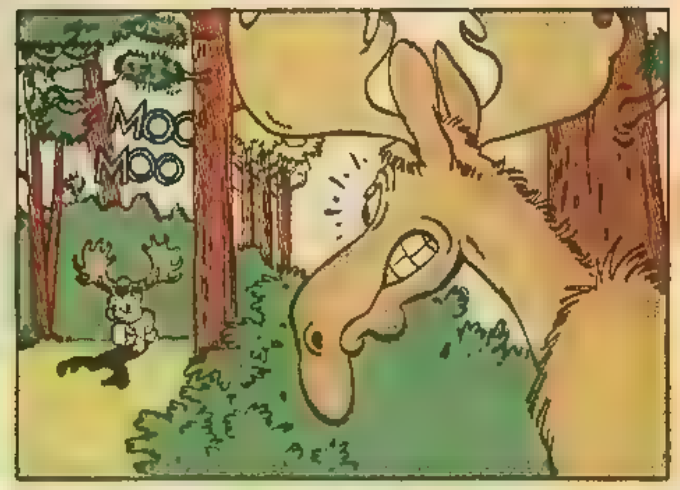

YOU'RE GONNA WEAR THESE HORNS AND GO OUT AHEAD AND DECOY THE MOOSE!

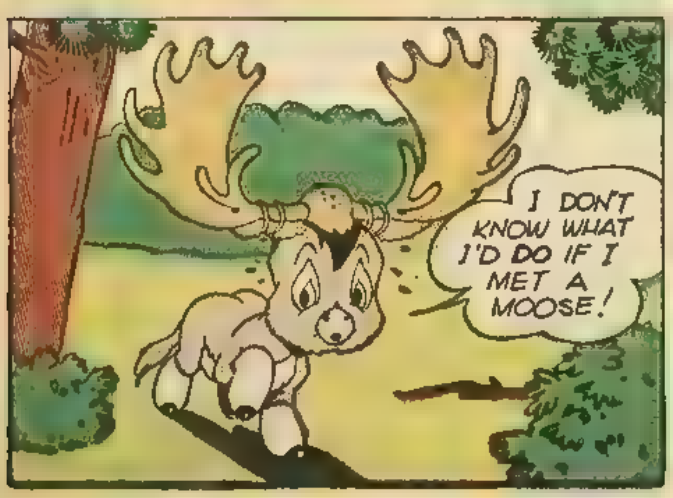

I DON'T LIKE THIS IDEA!
THE MEESE WON'T HURT YOU—THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE A BABY MOOSE!

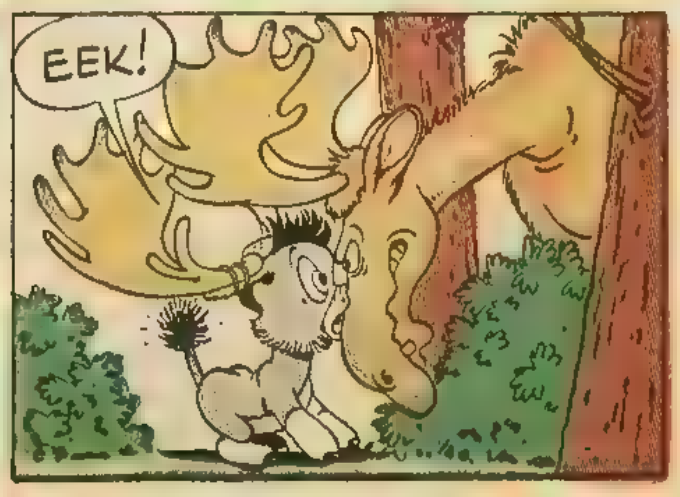

GET GOIN'! I'LL FOLLOW YOU BLOWING MY MOOSE CALL!

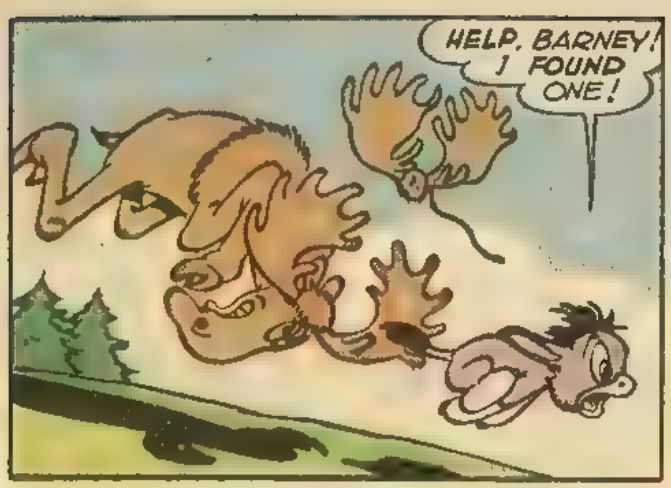

MWOO

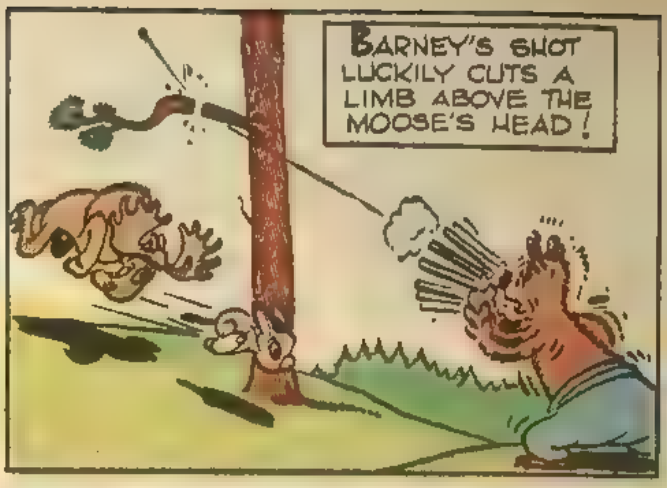

IN THE WOODS AHEAD!
?
MOO WOO

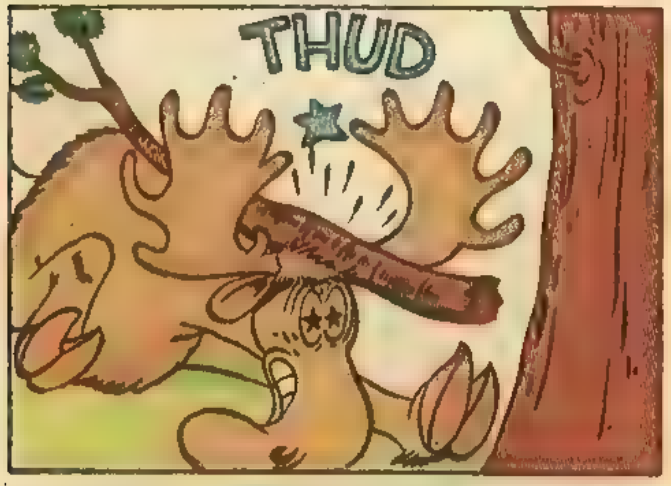

MOO MOO

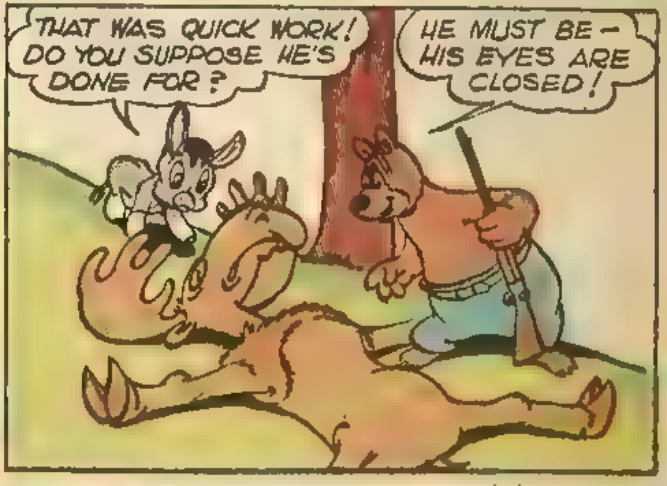

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I MET A MOOSE!

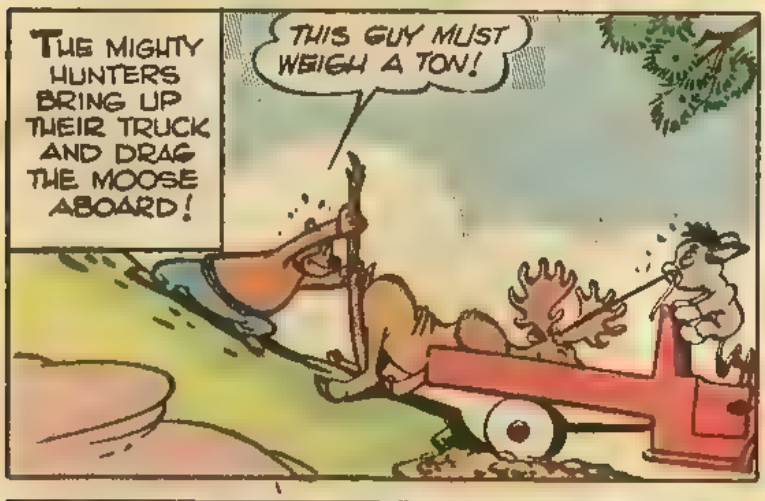

EEK!


HELP, BARNEY! I FOUND ONE!

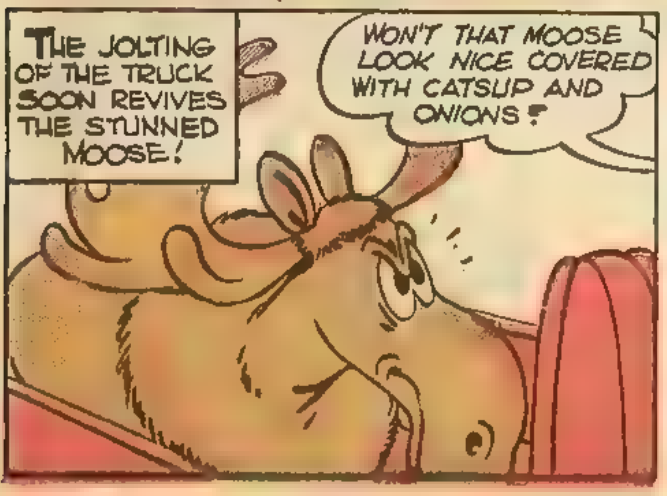

BARNEY'S SHOT LUCKILY CUTS A LIMB ABOVE THE MOOSE'S HEAD!

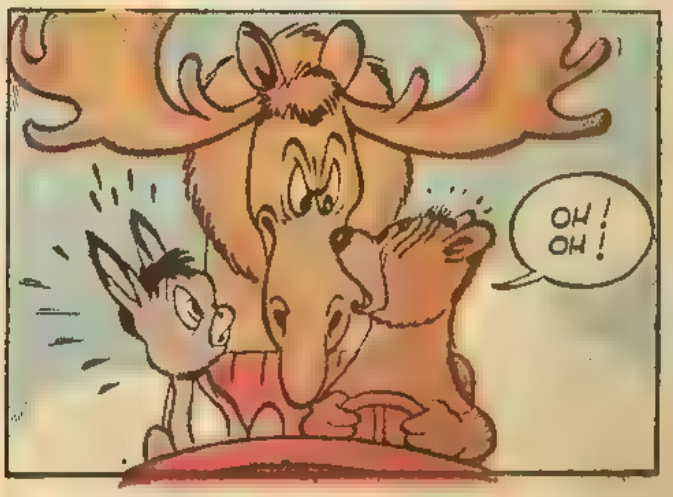

THUD

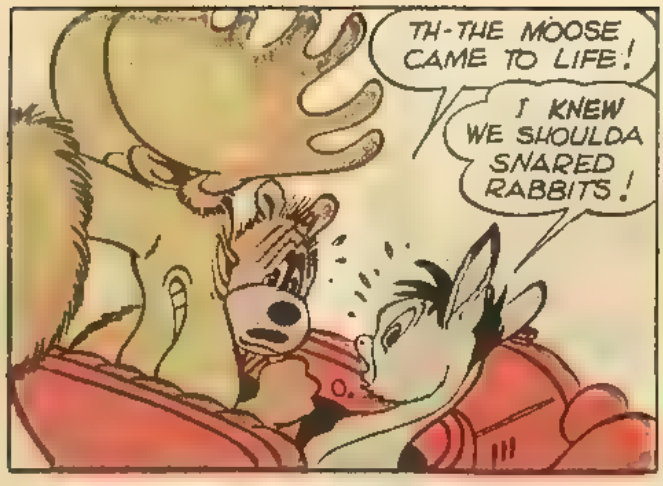

THAT WAS QUICK WORK! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S DONE FOR?
HE MUST BE — HIS EYES ARE CLOSED!

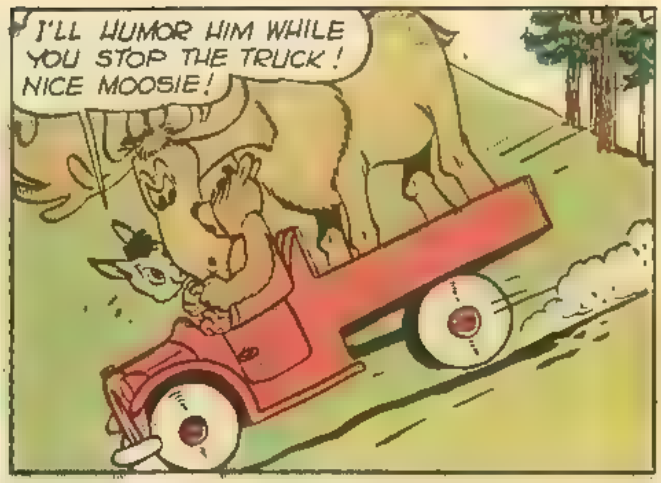

THE MIGHTY HUNTERS BRING UP THEIR TRUCK AND DRAG THE MOOSE ABOARD!
THIS GUY MUST WEIGH A TON!

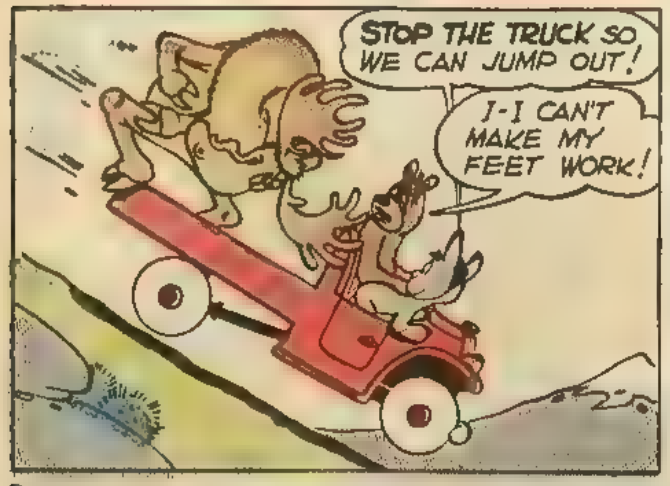
I'M GONNA HAVE A MESS OF MOOSE STEAKS AS SOON AS WE GET HOME!

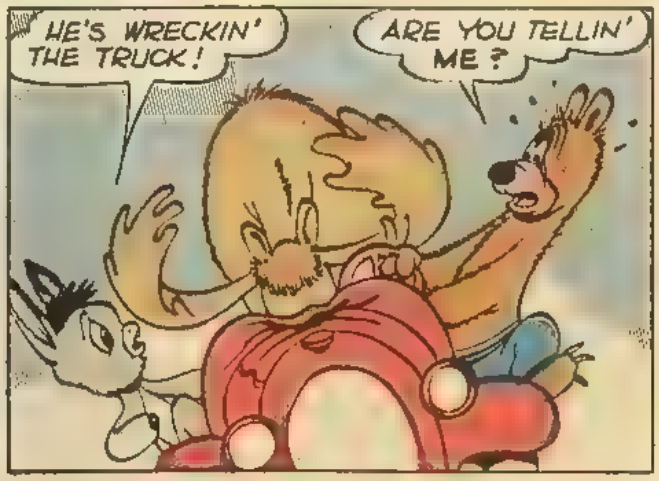

THE JOLTING OF THE TRUCK SOON REVIVES THE STUNNED MOOSE!
WON'T THAT MOOSE LOOK NICE COVERED WITH CATSUP AND ONIONS?

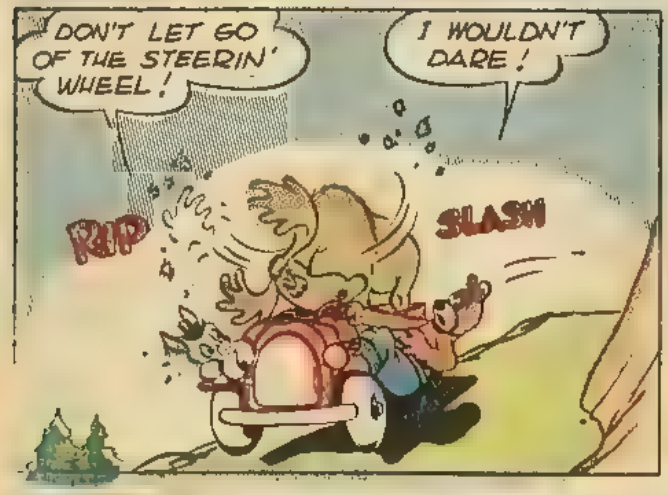

OH! OH!

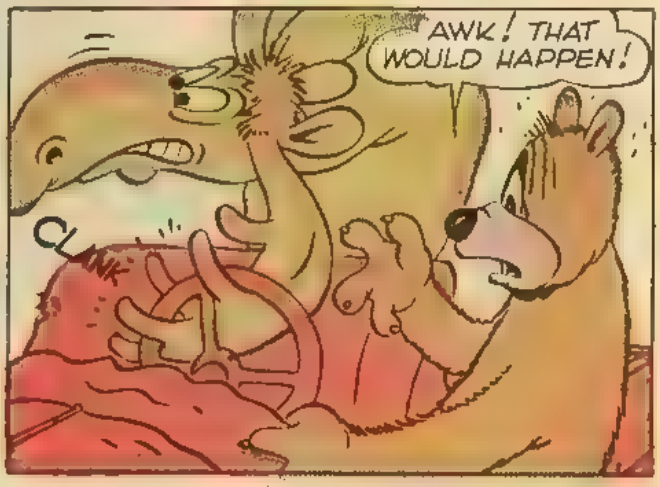

TH-THE MOOSE CAME TO LIFE!
I KNEW WE SHOULDA SNARED RABBITS!

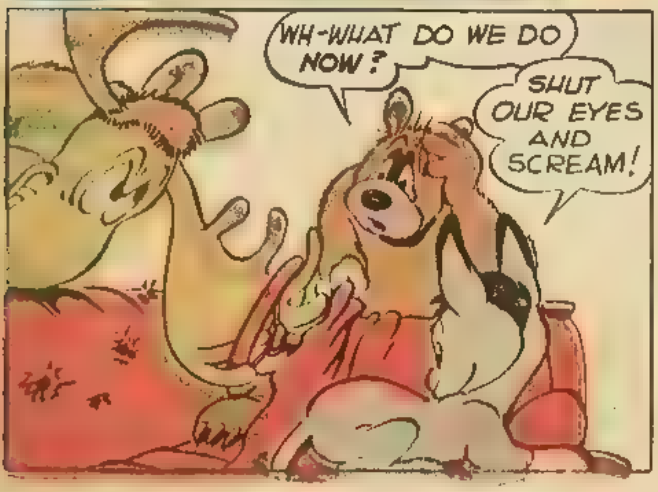

I'LL HUMOR HIM WHILE YOU STOP THE TRUCK! NICE MOOSIE!

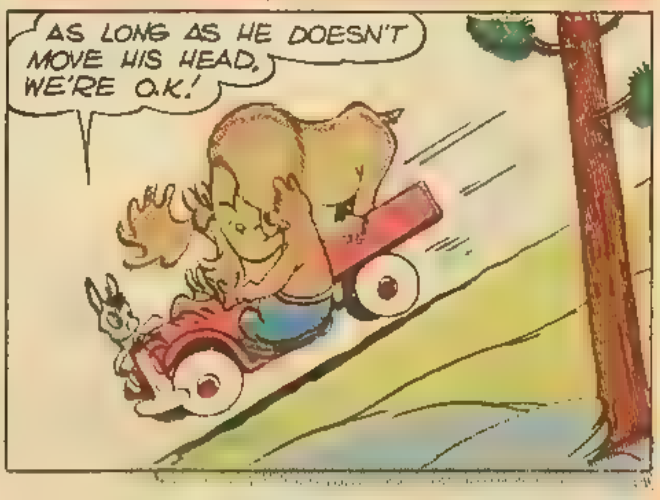

STOP THE TRUCK SO WE CAN JUMP OUT!
I-I CAN'T MAKE MY FEET WORK!

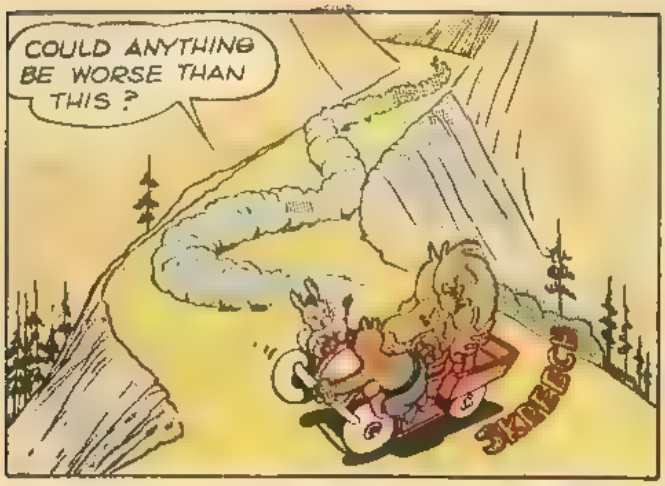

HE'S WRECKIN' THE TRUCK!
ARE YOU TELLIN' ME?

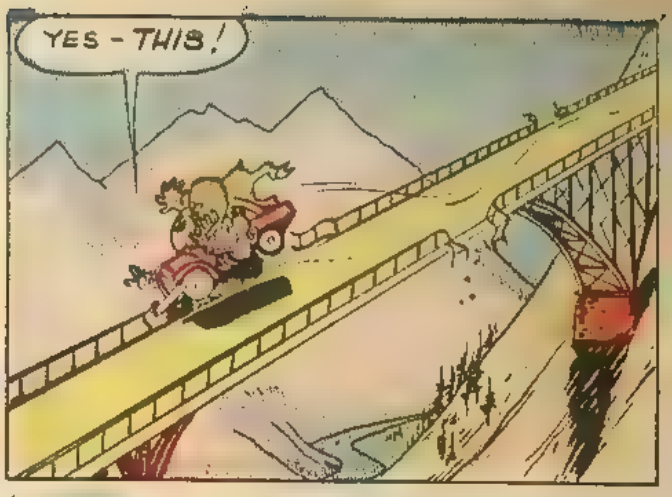

DON'T LET GO OF THE STEERIN' WHEEL!
I WOULDN'T DARE!
RIP
SLASH

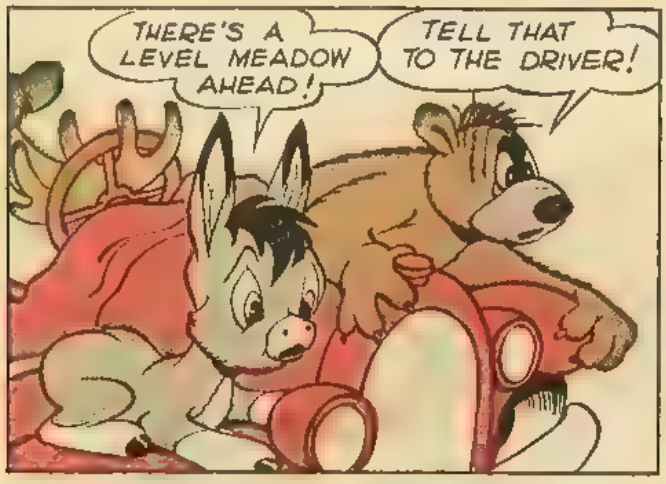

AWK! THAT WOULD HAPPEN!
CLANK

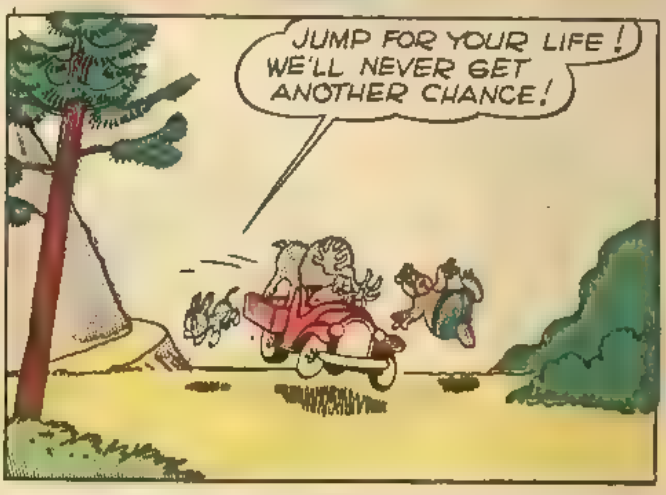

WH-WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
SHUT OUR EYES AND SCREAM!

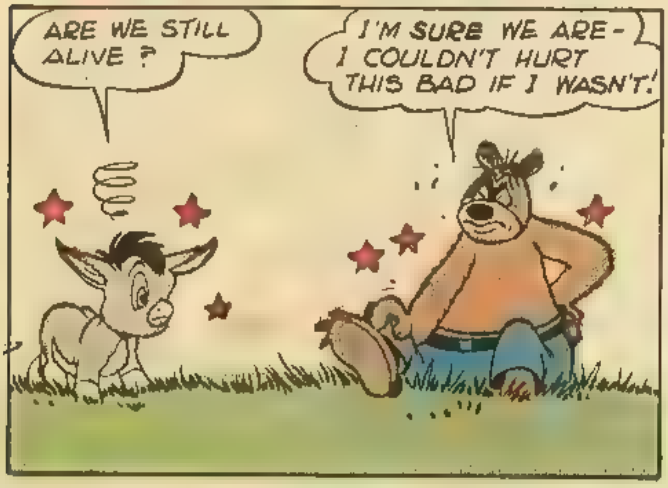

AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T MOVE HIS HEAD, WE'RE O.K.!

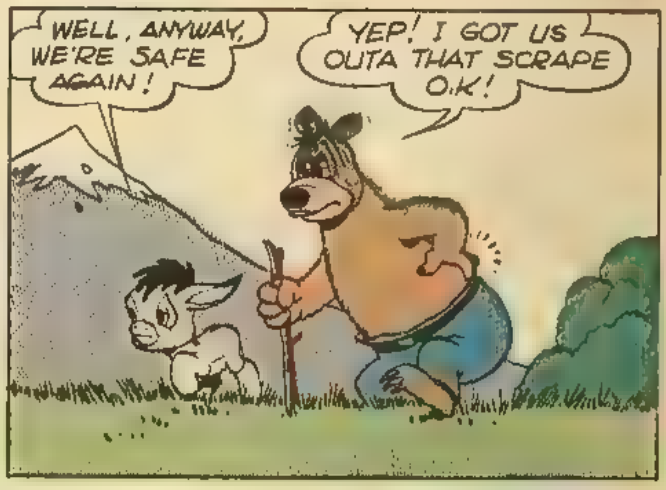

COULD ANYTHING BE WORSE THAN THIS ?
SKREEECH

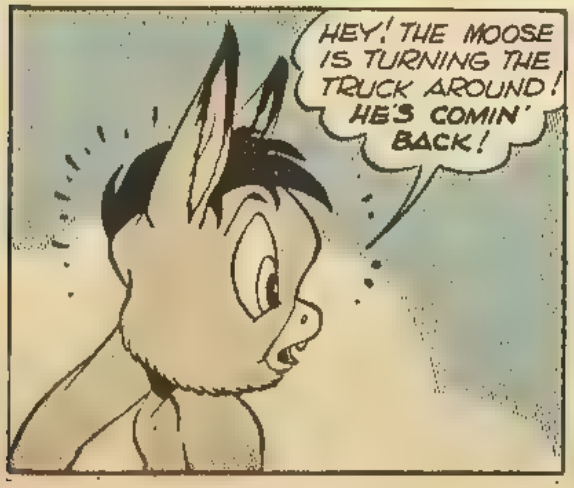

YES - THIS !


THERE'S A LEVEL MEADOW AHEAD !
TELL THAT TO THE DRIVER !

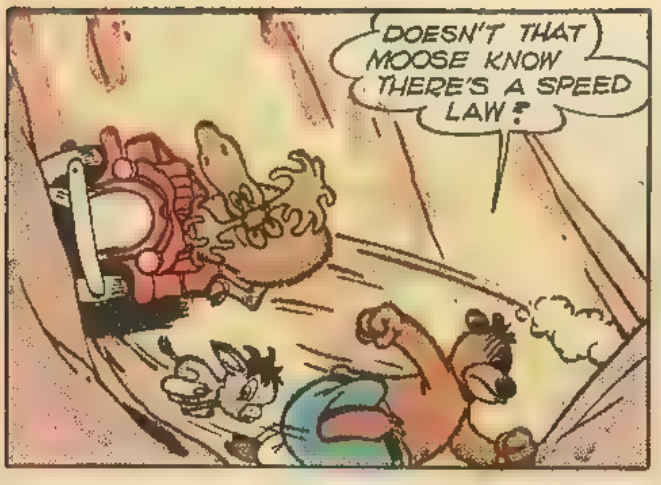

JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE ! WE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE !

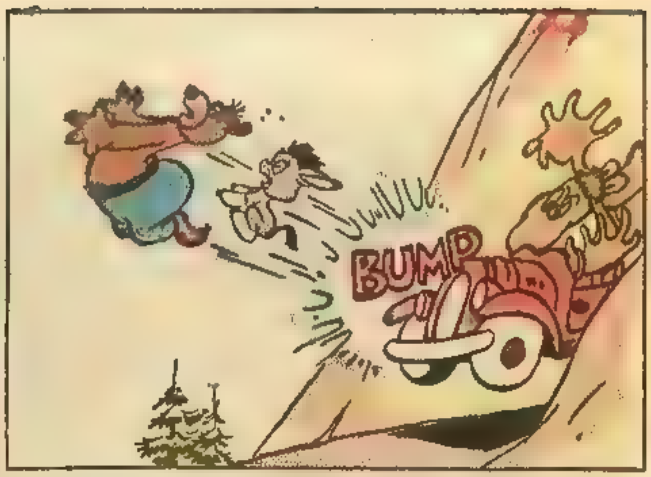

ARE WE STILL ALIVE ?
I'M SURE WE ARE - I COULDN'T HURT THIS BAD IF I WASN'T !

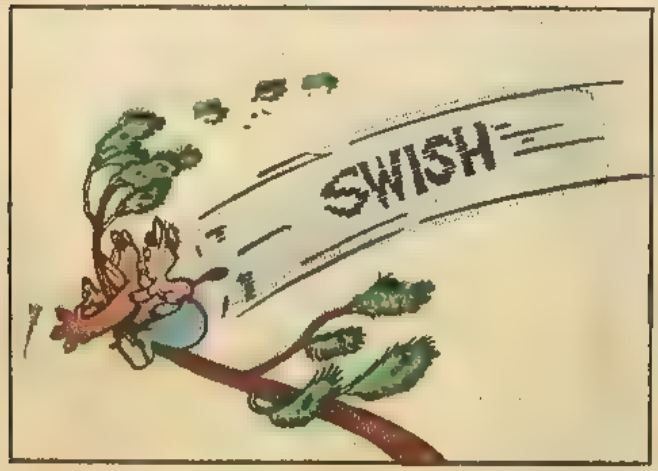

WELL, ANYWAY, WE'RE SAFE AGAIN !
YEP ! I GOT US OUTA THAT SCRAPE O.K !

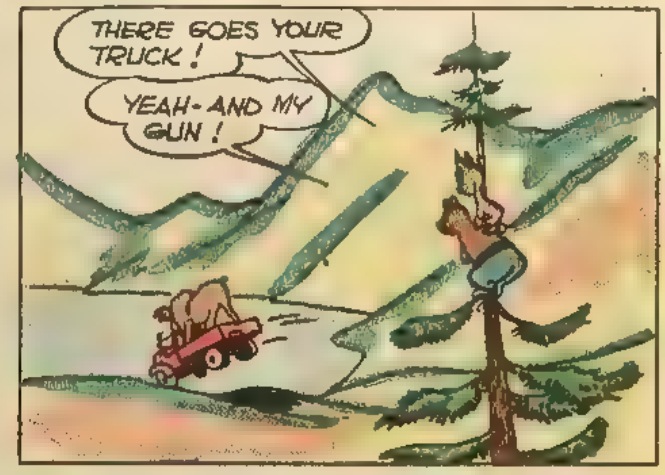

HEY ! THE MOOSE IS TURNING THE TRUCK AROUND ! HE'S COMIN' BACK !

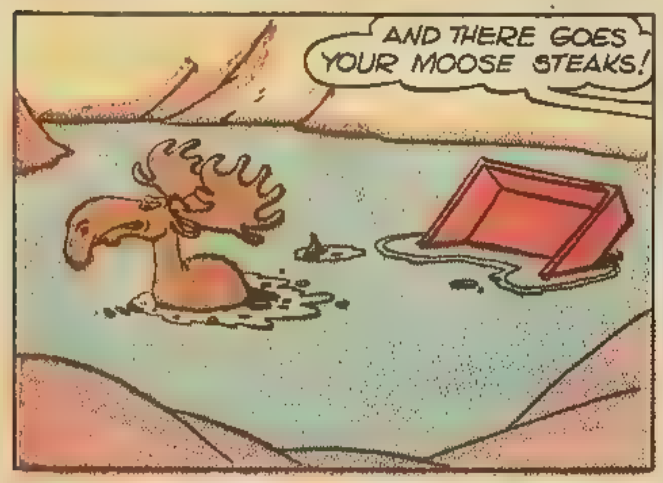
NOW WE'RE WORSE OFF THAN EVER !

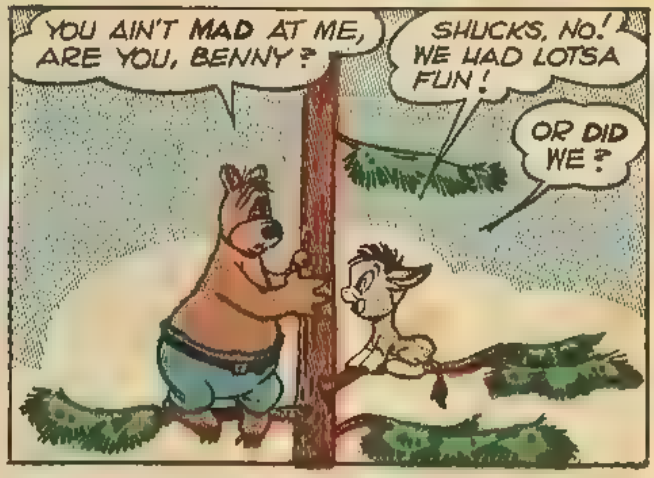


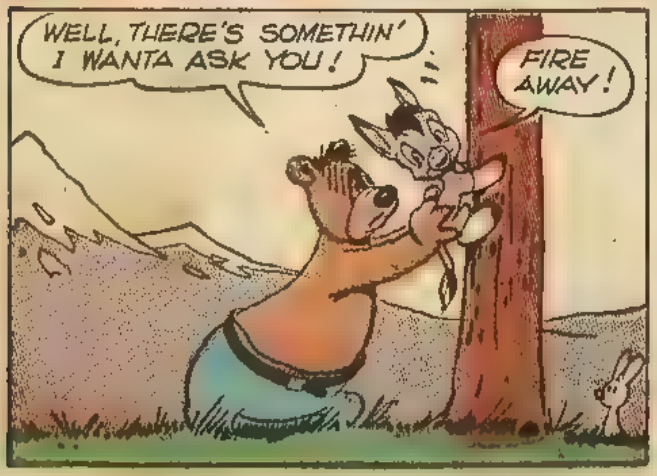


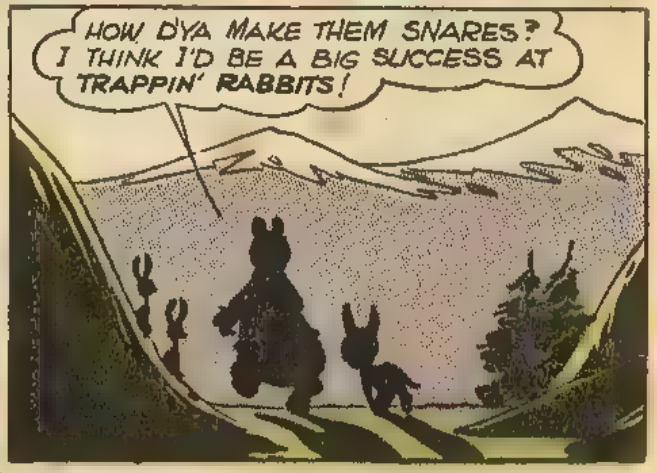




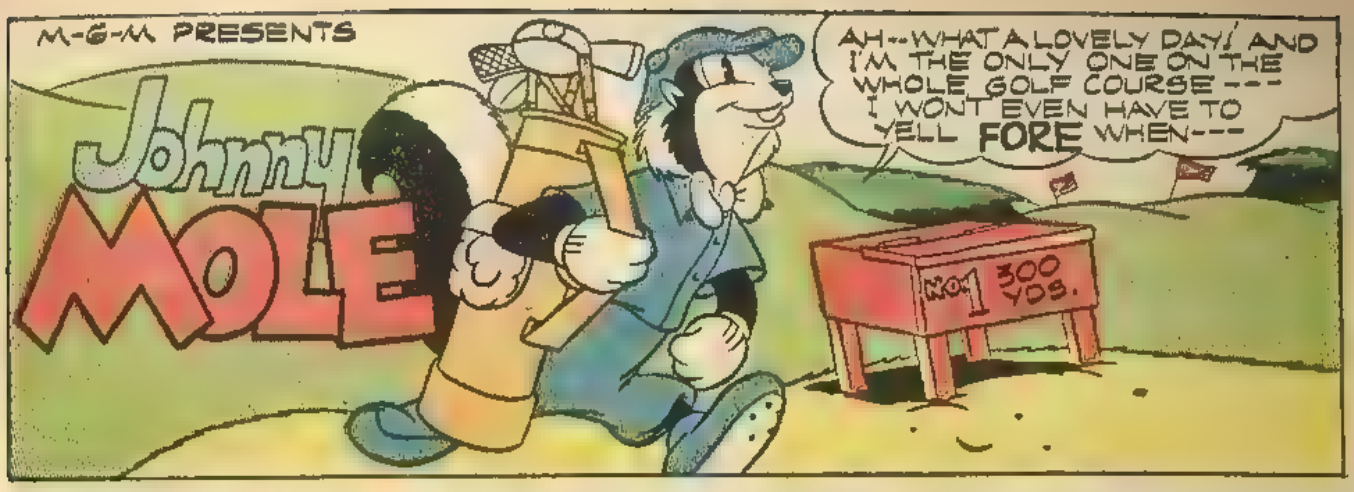


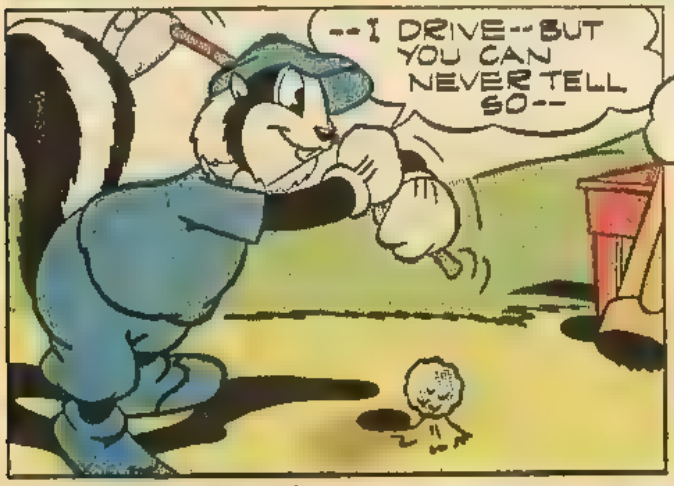


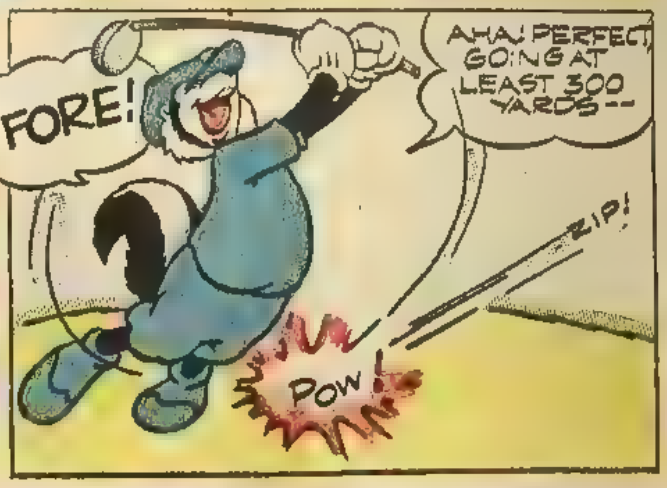


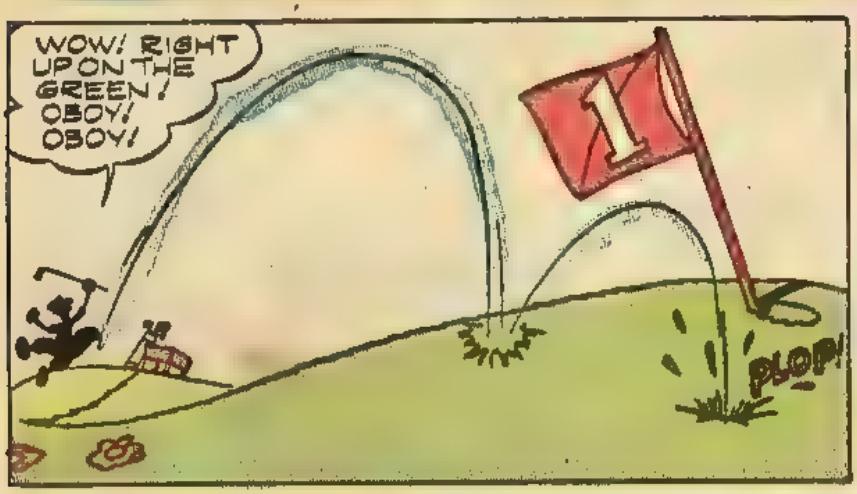


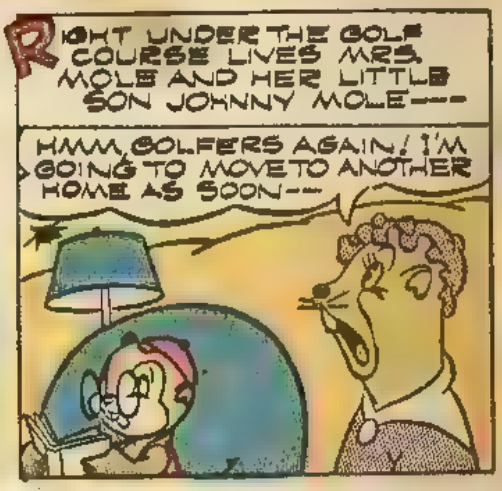
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

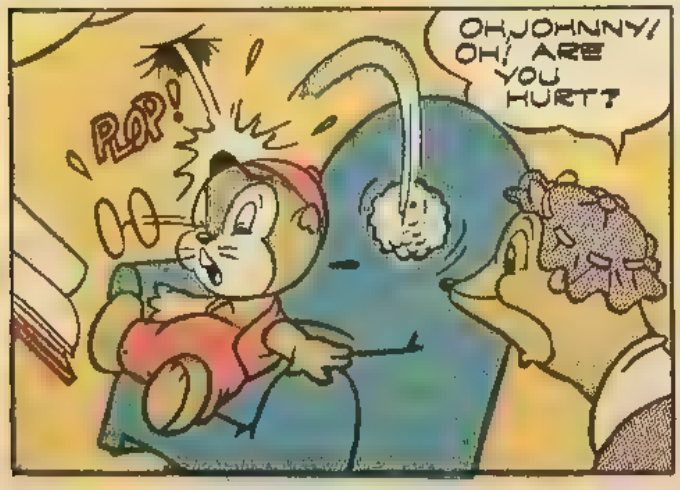

M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny MOLE
AH--WHAT A LOVELY DAY! AND I'M THE ONLY ONE ON THE WHOLE GOLF COURSE --- I WONT EVEN HAVE TO YELL FORE WHEN---
NO. 1 300 YDS.

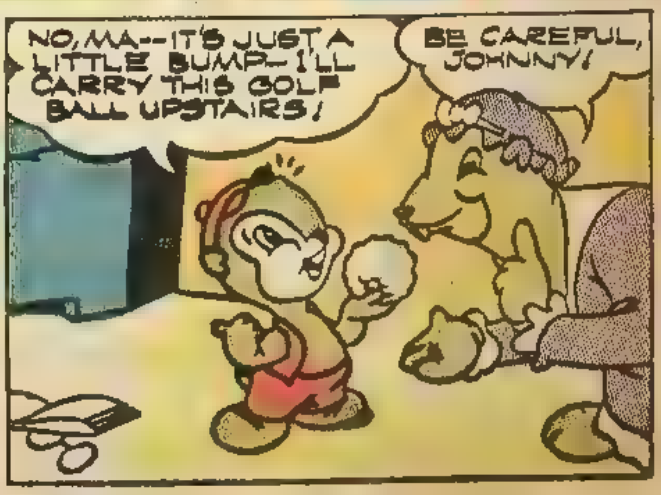

--I DRIVE--BUT YOU CAN NEVER TELL SO--

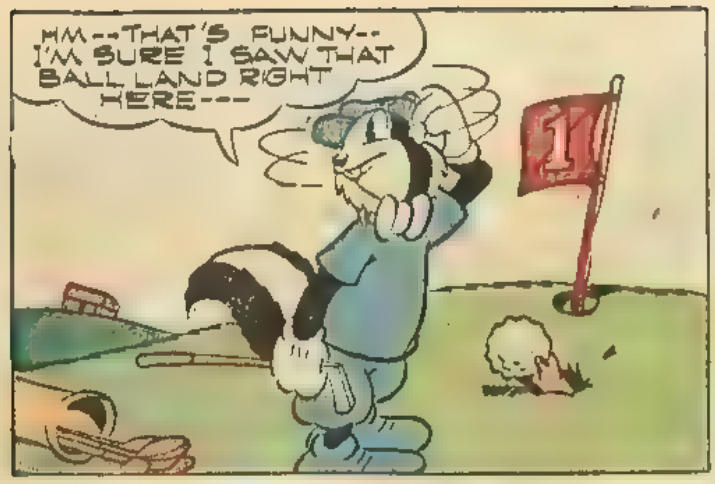

FORE!
AHA! PERFECT GOING AT LEAST 300 YARDS--
ZIP!
POW!


WOW! RIGHT UPON THE GREEN! OBOY! OBOY!
1
PLOP!

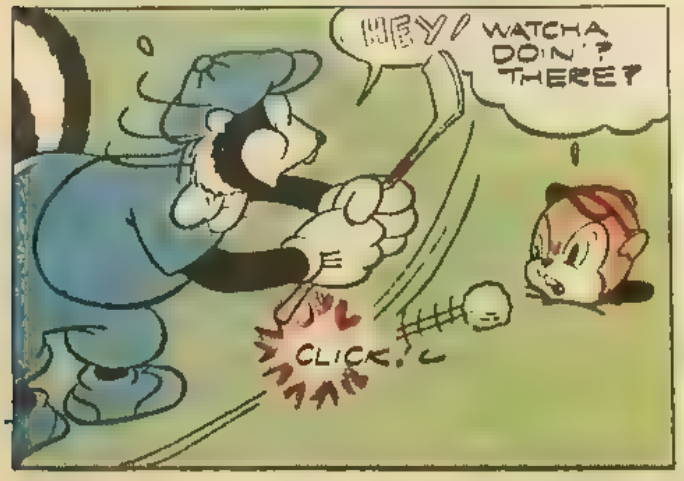

RIGHT UNDER THE GOLF COURSE LIVES MRS. MOLE AND HER LITTLE SON JOHNNY MOLE---
HMM, GOLFERS AGAIN! I'M GOING TO MOVE TO ANOTHER HOME AS SOON--

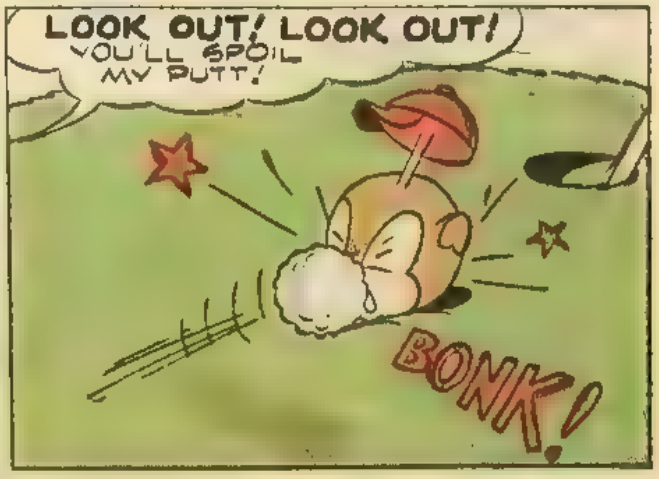

PLOP!
OH, JOHNNY! OH! ARE YOU HURT?

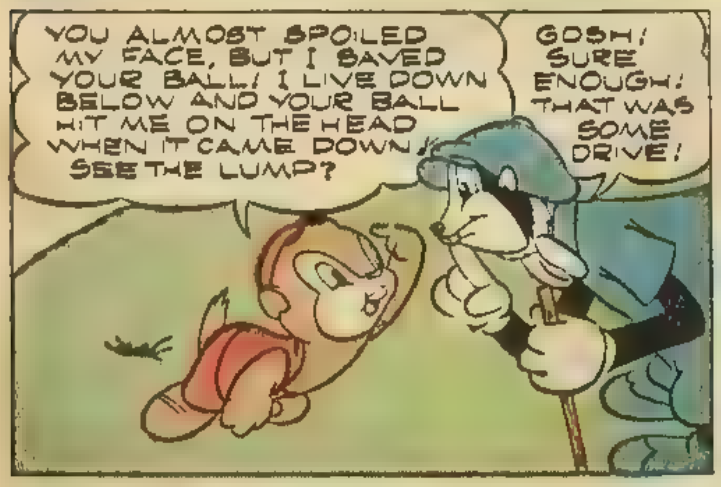

NO, MA--IT'S JUST A LITTLE BUMP--I'LL CARRY THIS GOLF BALL UPSTAIRS!
BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY!

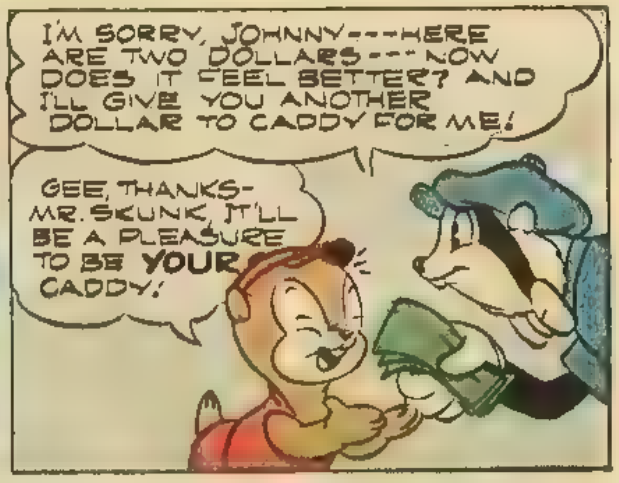

HM--THAT'S FUNNY--I'M SURE I SAW THAT BALL LAND RIGHT HERE---
1

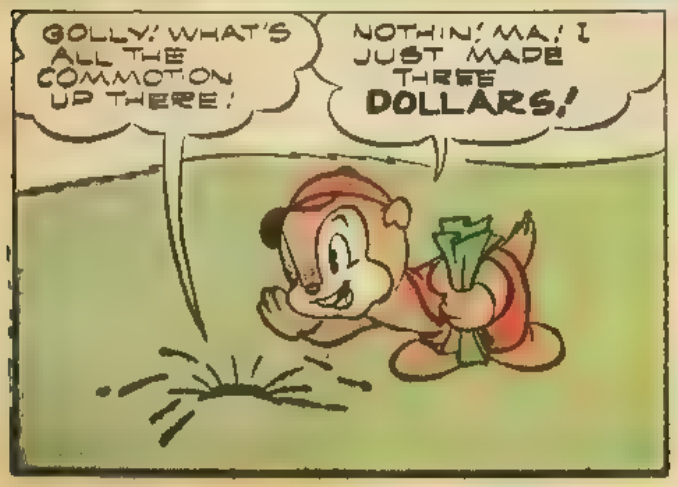
OF COURSE!--HERE IT IS, NOW FOR THE PUTT AND A TWO ON THIS HOLE!

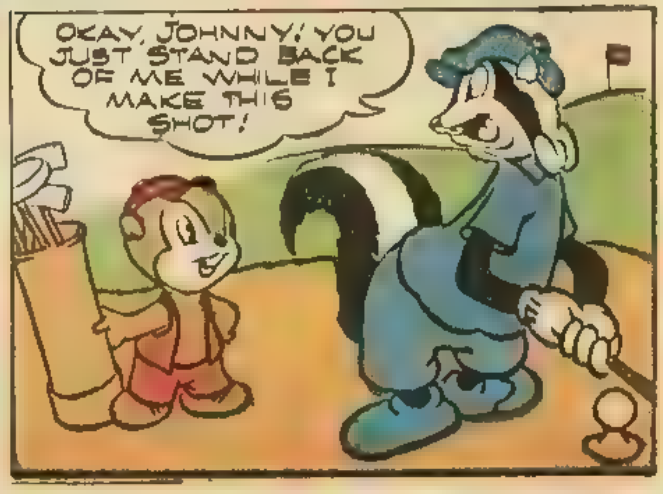

HEY! WATCHA DOIN'? THERE?
CLICK!

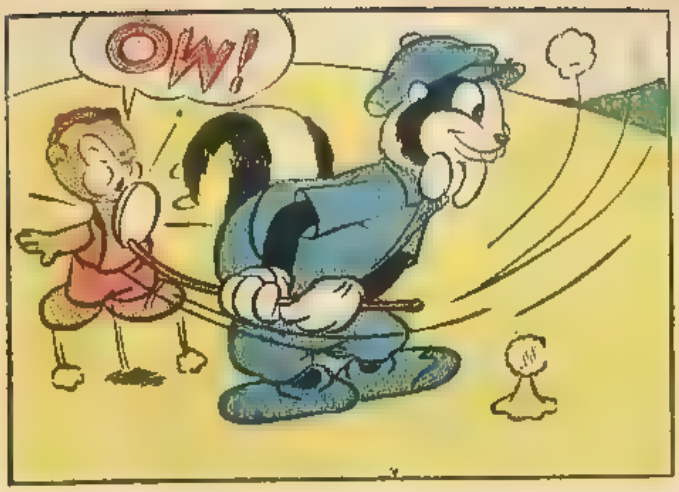

LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT! YOU'LL SPOIL MY PUTT!
BONK!

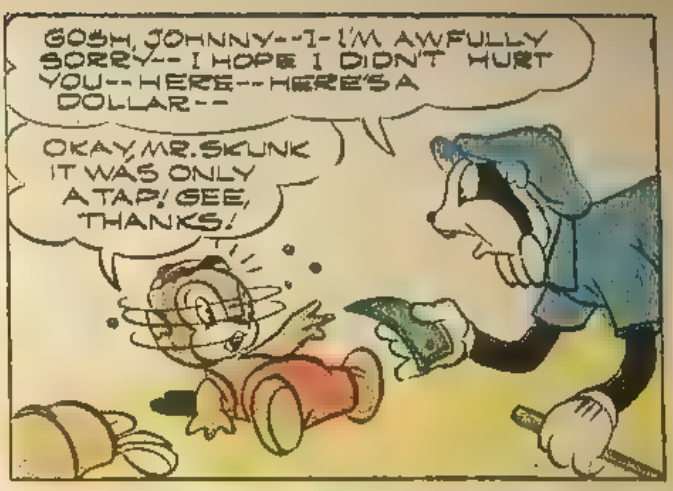

YOU ALMOST SPOILED MY FACE, BUT I SAVED YOUR BALL! I LIVE DOWN BELOW AND YOUR BALL HIT ME ON THE HEAD WHEN IT CAME DOWN! SEE THE LUMP?
GOSH! SURE ENOUGH! THAT WAS SOME DRIVE!

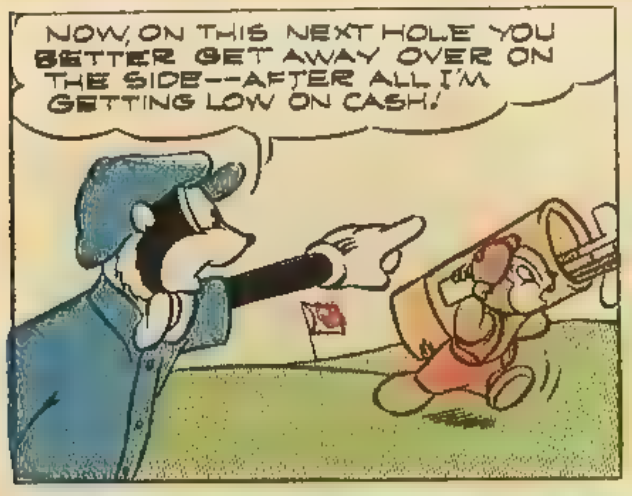

I'M SORRY, JOHNNY---HERE ARE TWO DOLLARS---NOW DOES IT FEEL BETTER? AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER DOLLAR TO CADDY FOR ME!
GEE, THANKS-MR. SKUNK, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO BE YOUR CADDY!

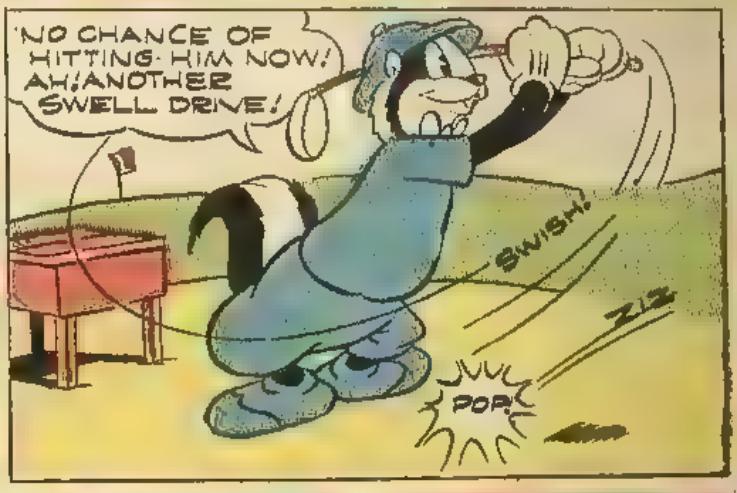

GOLLY! WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION UP THERE!
NOTHIN! MA! I JUST MADE THREE DOLLARS!

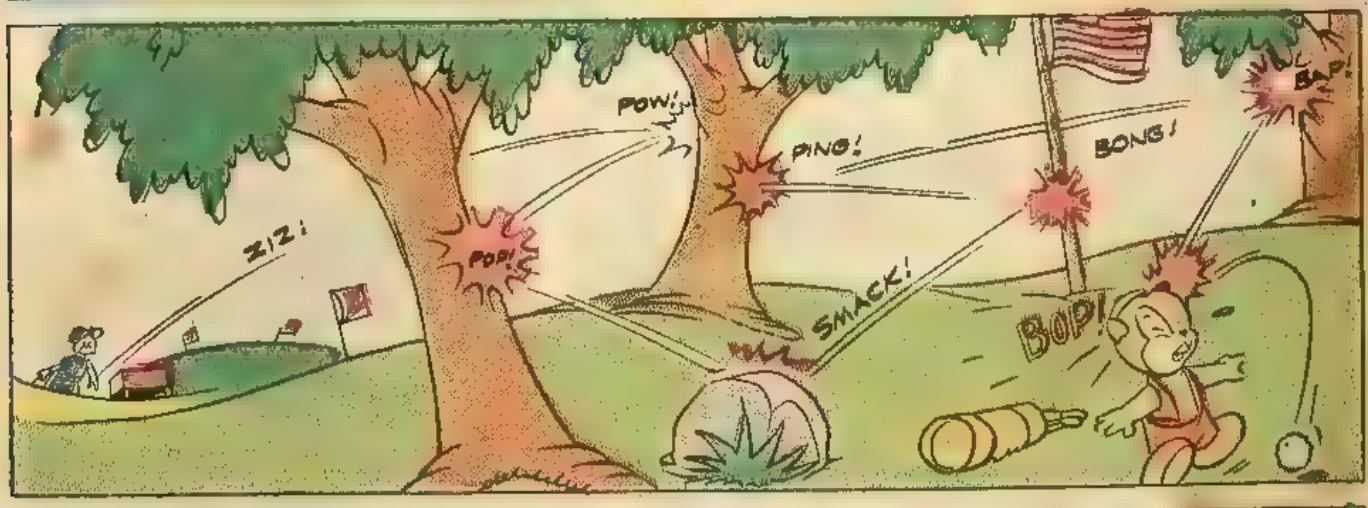

OKAY, JOHNNY! YOU JUST STAND BACK OF ME WHILE I MAKE THIS SHOT!

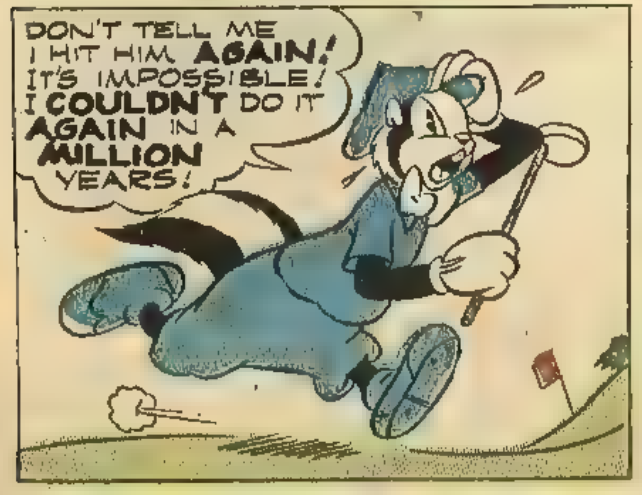

OW!

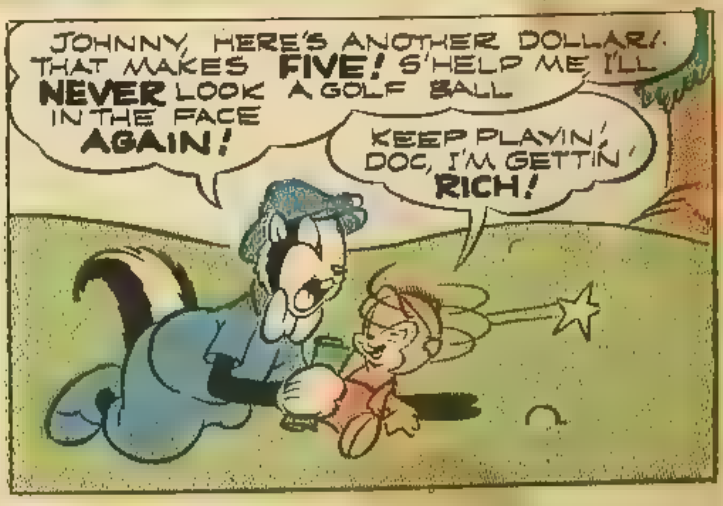

GOSH, JOHNNY--I-I'M AWFULLY SORRY--I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT YOU--HERE--HERE'S A DOLLAR--
OKAY, MR. SKUNK IT WAS ONLY A TAP! GEE, THANKS!

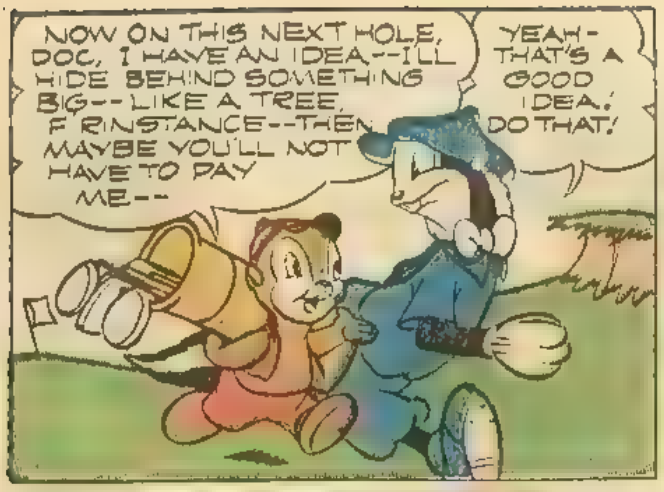

NOW, ON THIS NEXT HOLE YOU BETTER GET AWAY OVER ON THE SIDE--AFTER ALL I'M GETTING LOW ON CASH!

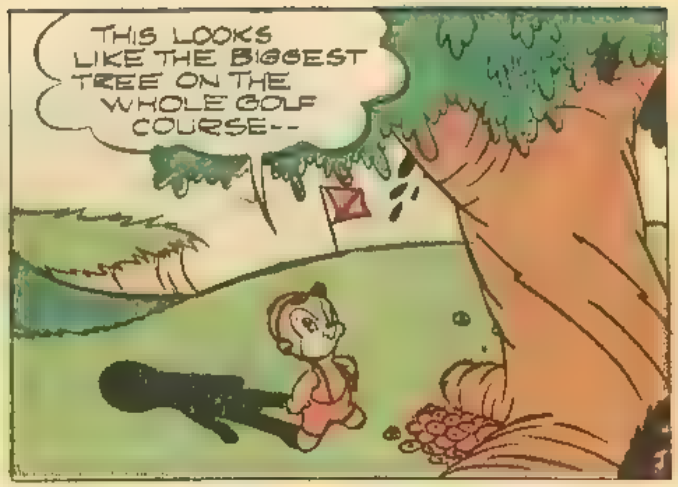

NO CHANCE OF HITTING HIM NOW! AH! ANOTHER SWELL DRIVE!
SWISH!
ZIZ
POP!


POW!
PING!
BONG!
BAP!
ZIZ!
POP!
SMACK!
BOP!

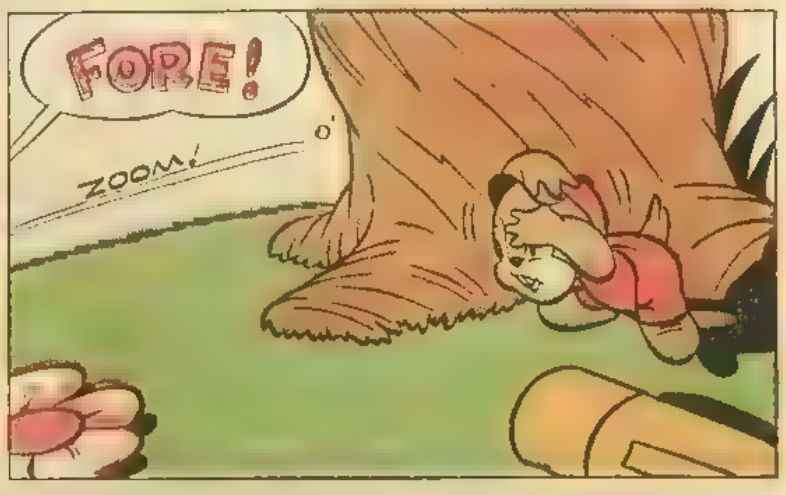

DON'T TELL ME I HIT HIM AGAIN! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I COULDN'T DO IT AGAIN IN A MILLION YEARS!

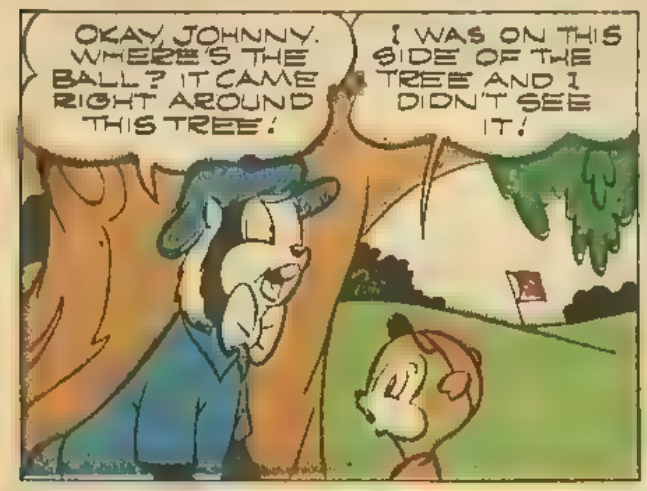

JOHNNY, HERE'S ANOTHER DOLLAR! THAT MAKES FIVE! S'HELP ME, I'LL NEVER LOOK A GOLF BALL IN THE FACE AGAIN!
KEEP PLAYIN', DOC, I'M GETTIN' RICH!

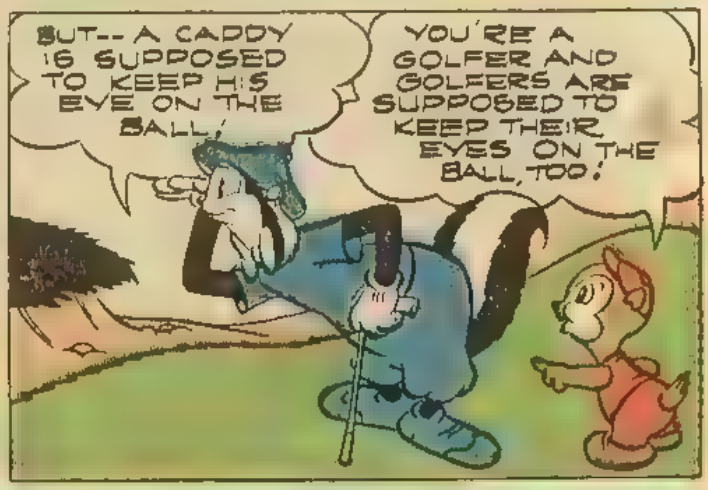

NOW ON THIS NEXT HOLE, DOC, I HAVE AN IDEA--I'LL HIDE BEHIND SOMETHING BIG--LIKE A TREE, F'RINSTANCE--THEN MAYBE YOU'LL NOT HAVE TO PAY ME--
YEAH-THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! DO THAT!

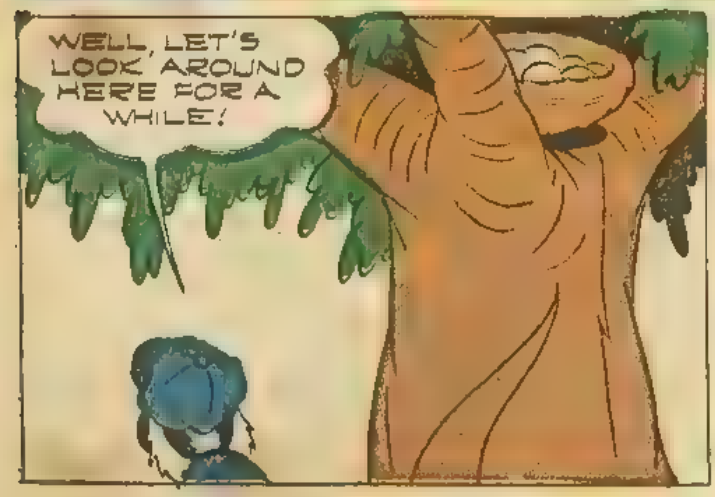

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BIGGEST TREE ON THE WHOLE GOLF COURSE--

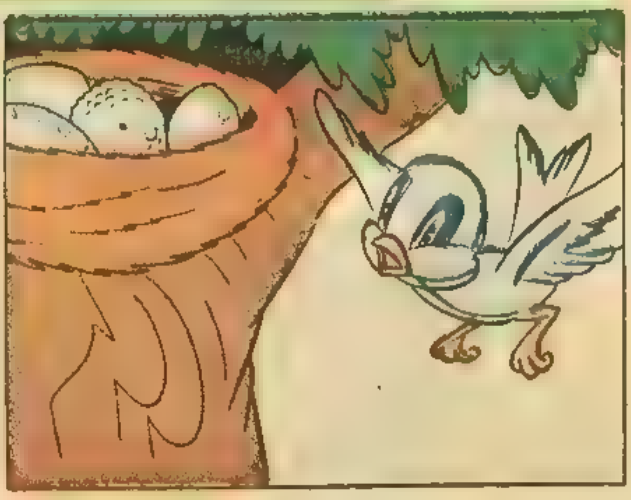
THERE, HE'S GETTING READY TO SWING AGAIN--I'D BETTER DUCK!

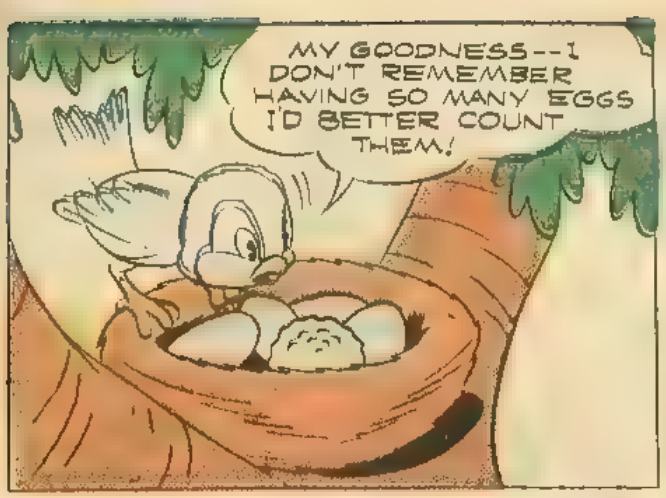

FORE!
ZOOM!

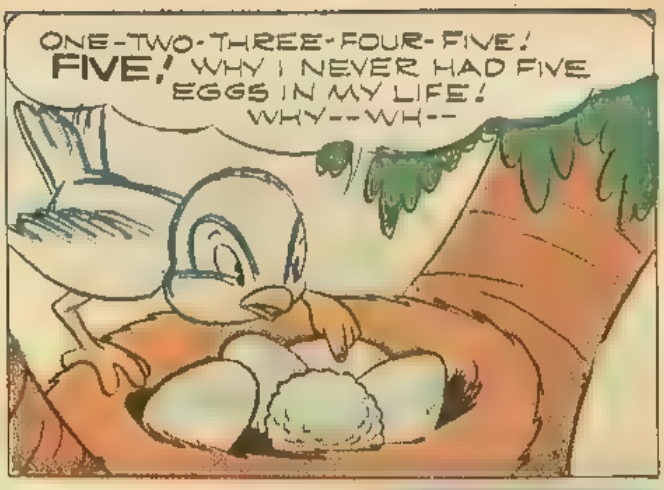

OKAY, JOHNNY. WHERE'S THE BALL? IT CAME RIGHT AROUND THIS TREE!
I WAS ON THIS SIDE OF THE TREE AND I DIDN'T SEE IT!

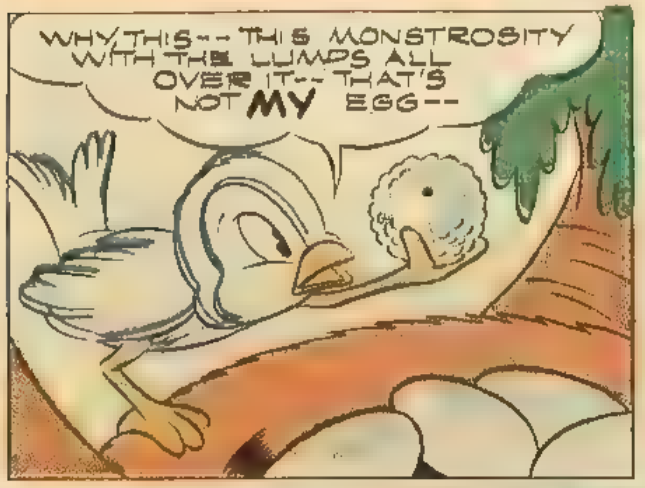

BUT--A CADDY IS SUPPOSED TO KEEP HIS EYE ON THE BALL!
YOU'RE A GOLFER AND GOLFERS ARE SUPPOSED TO KEEP THEIR EYES ON THE BALL, TOO!

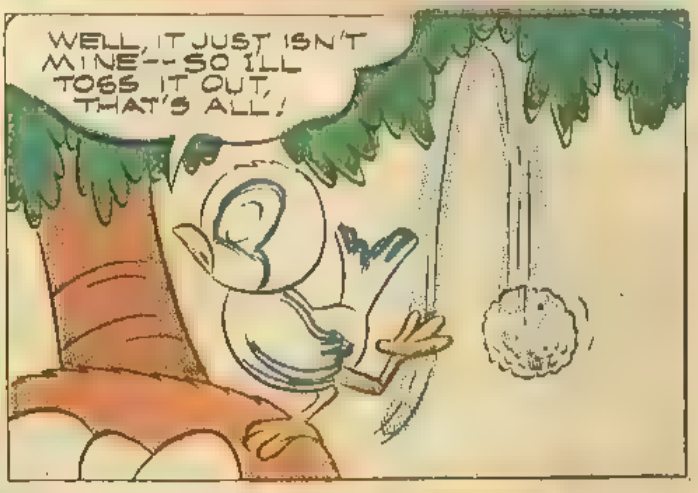

WELL, LET'S LOOK AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE!

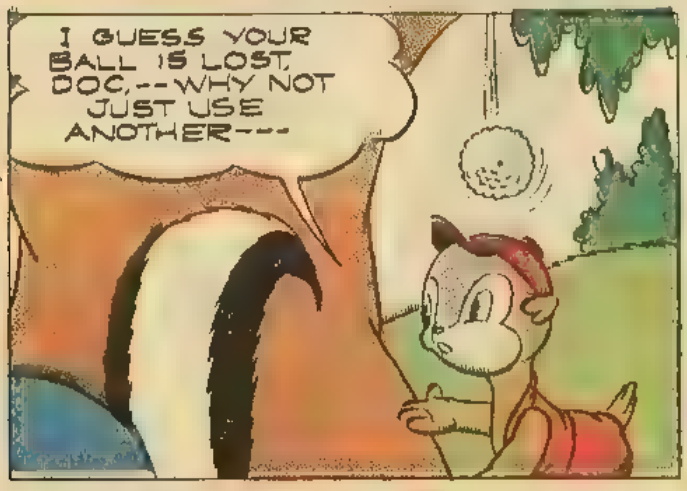


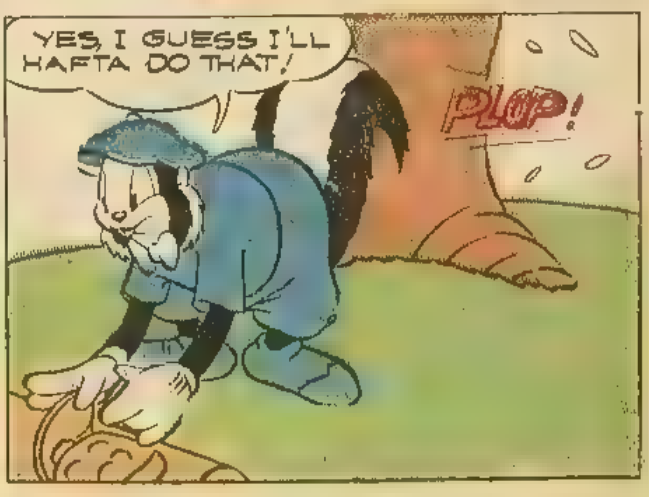

MY GOODNESS--I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING SO MANY EGGS I'D BETTER COUNT THEM!

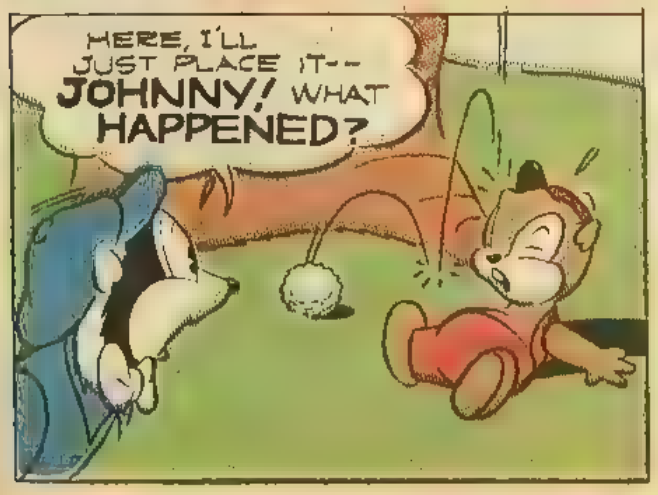

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE! FIVE! WHY I NEVER HAD FIVE EGGS IN MY LIFE! WHY--WH--

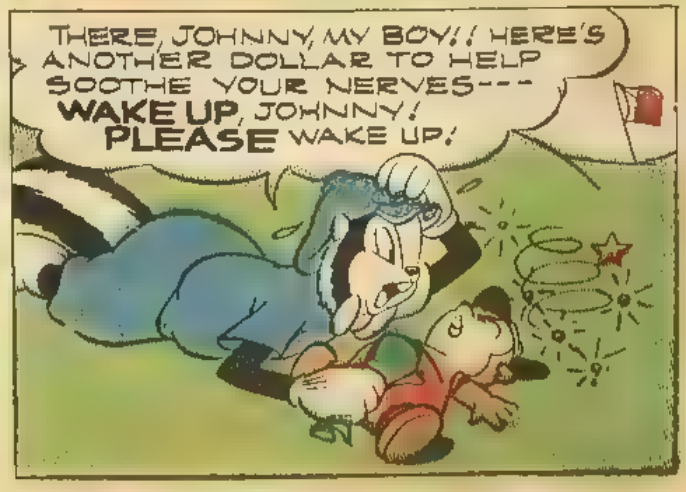

WHY THIS--THIS MONSTROSITY WITH THE LUMPS ALL OVER IT--THAT'S NOT MY EGG--

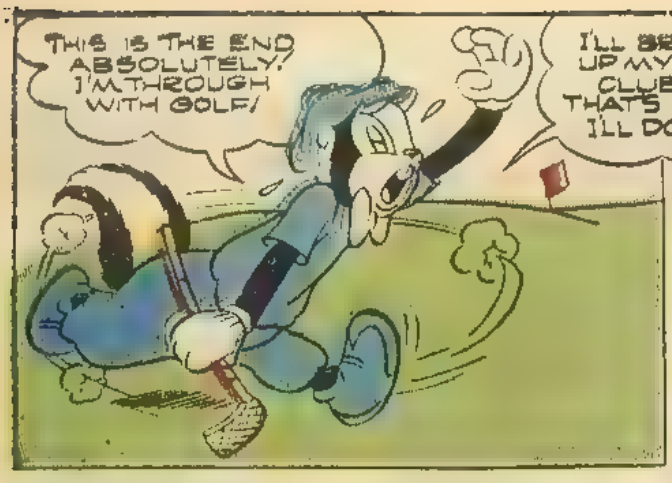

WELL, IT JUST ISN'T MINE--SO I'LL TOSS IT OUT, THAT'S ALL!

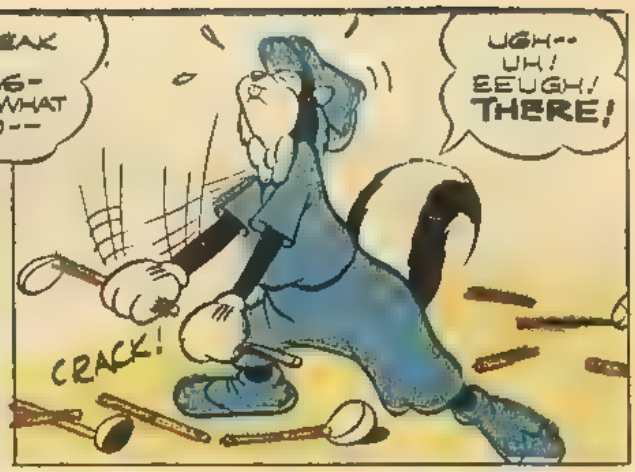

I GUESS YOUR BALL IS LOST, DOC,--WHY NOT JUST USE ANOTHER---

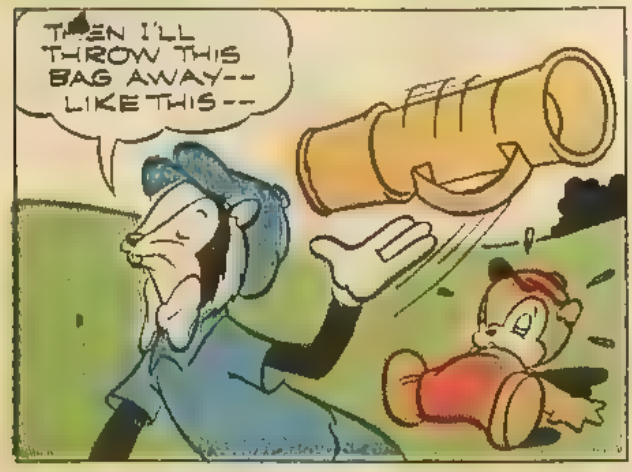

YES, I GUESS I'LL HAFTA DO THAT!
PLOP!

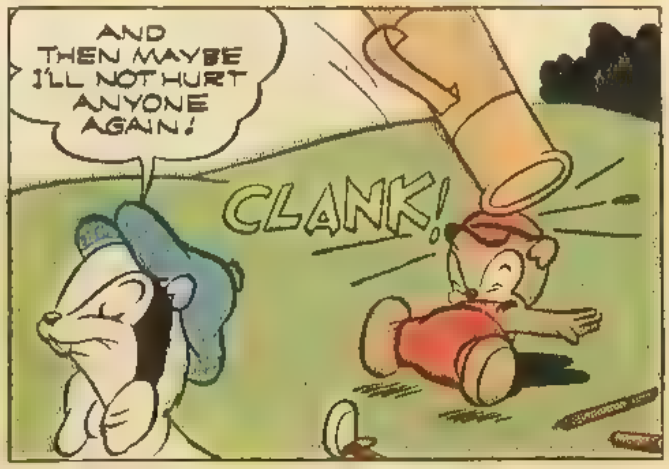

HERE, I'LL JUST PLACE IT--
JOHNNY! WHAT HAPPENED?

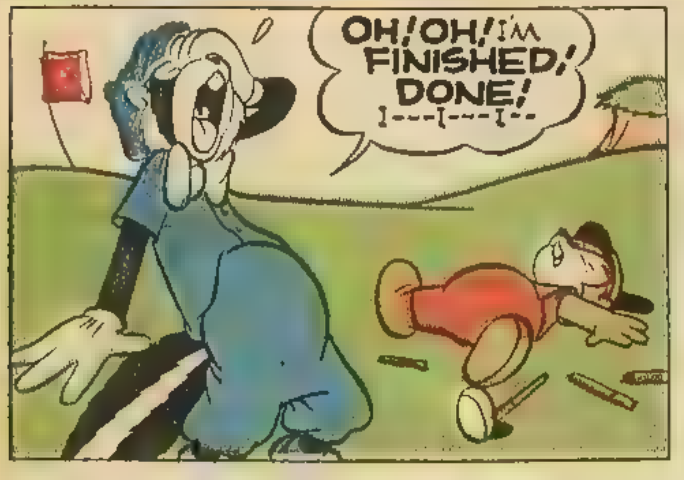

THERE, JOHNNY, MY BOY!! HERE'S ANOTHER DOLLAR TO HELP SOOTHE YOUR NERVES---
WAKE UP, JOHNNY! PLEASE WAKE UP!

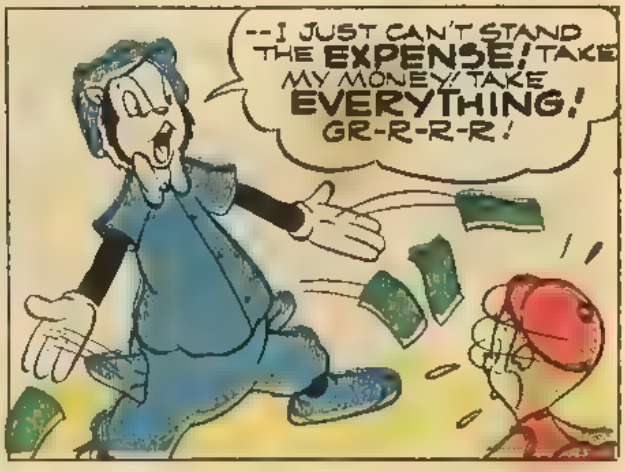


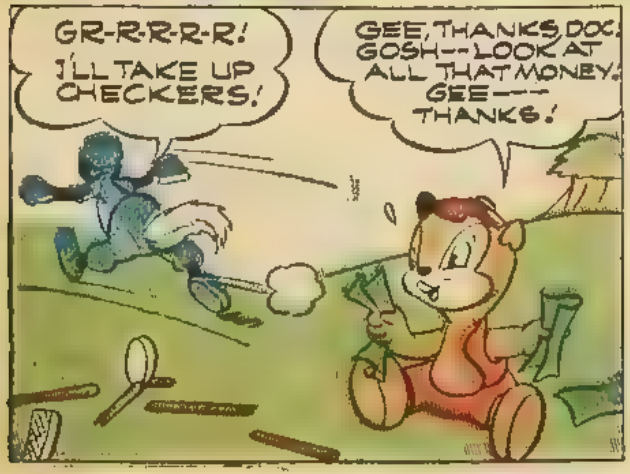


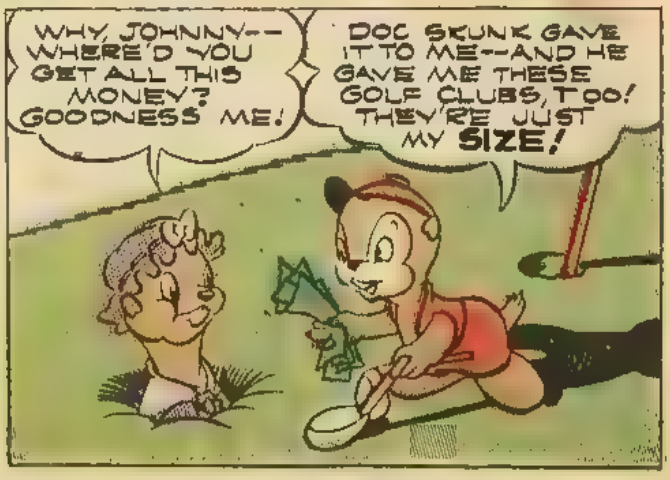












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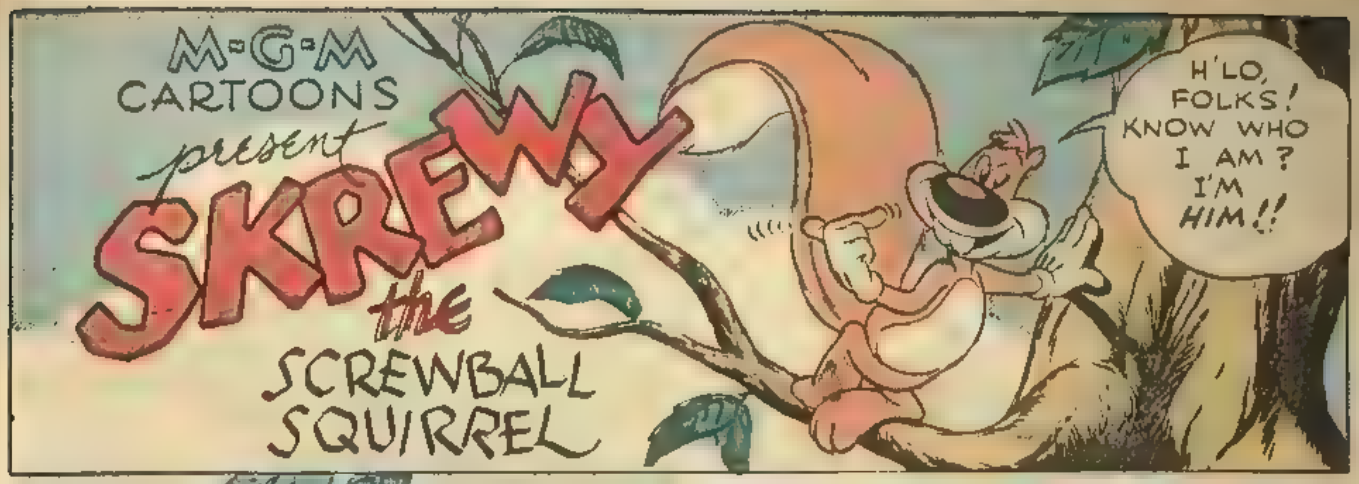
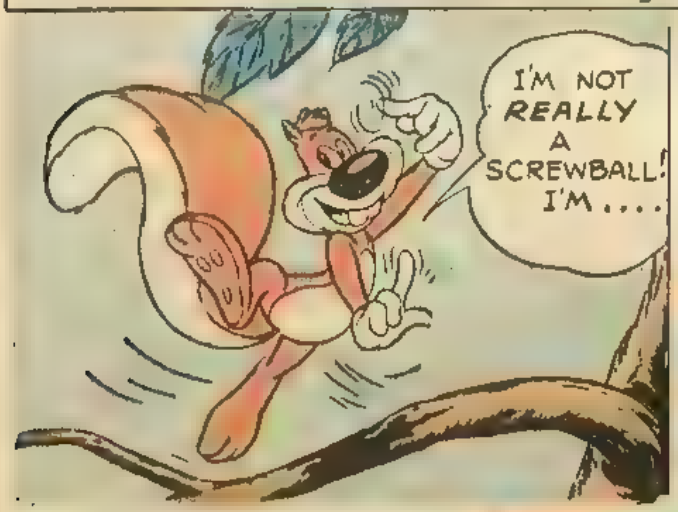
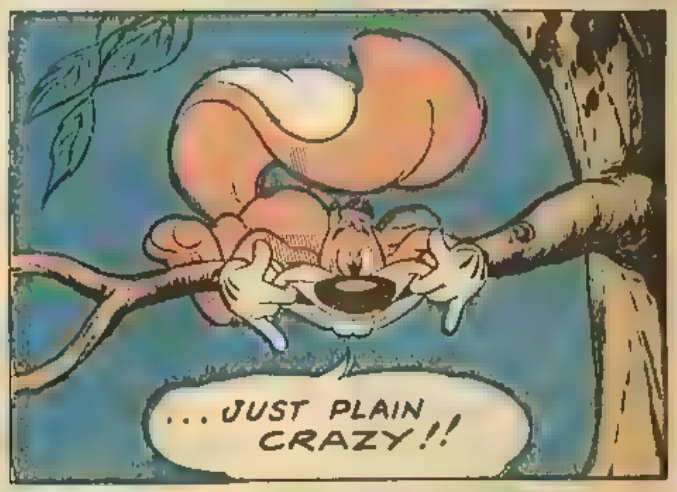
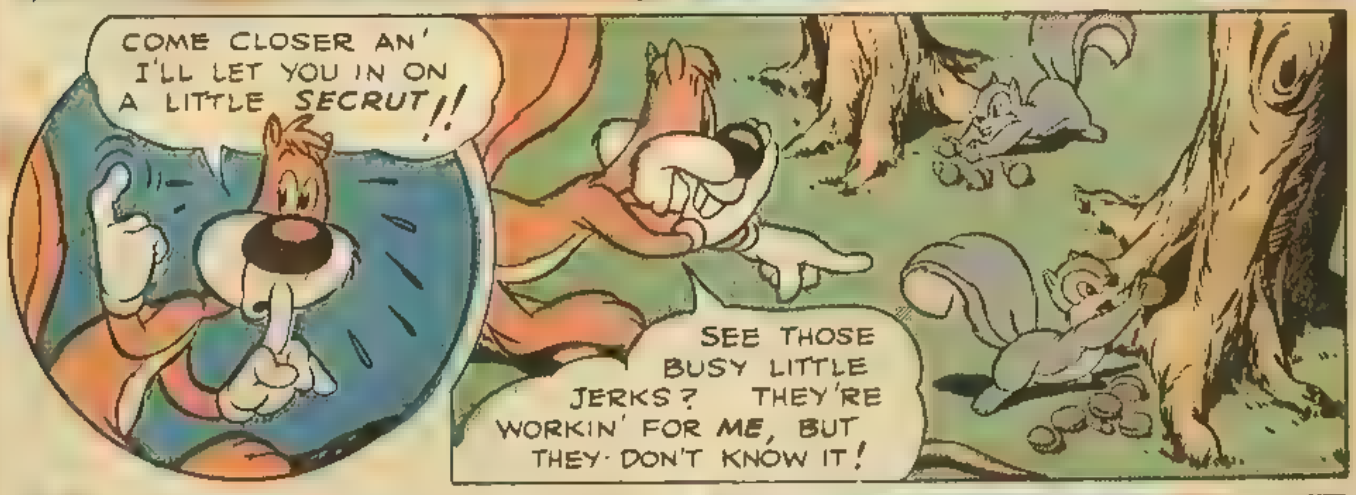
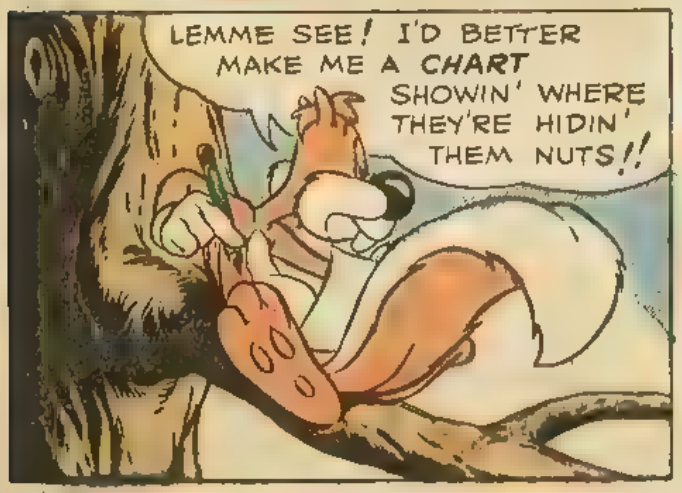

M-G-M CARTOONS
present
SKREWY
the
SCREWBALL SQUIRREL
H'LO, FOLKS! KNOW WHO I AM? I'M HIM!!


I'M NOT REALLY A SCREWBALL! I'M....


...JUST PLAIN CRAZY!!

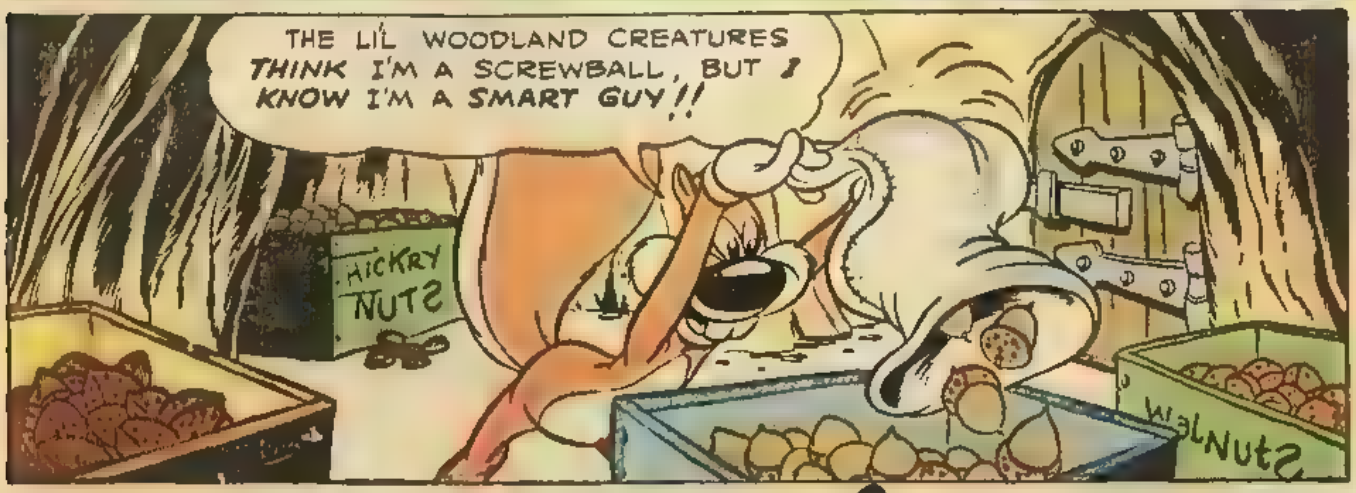

COME CLOSER AN' I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRUT!!
SEE THOSE BUSY LITTLE JERKS? THEY'RE WORKIN' FOR ME, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW IT!


LEMME SEE! I'D BETTER MAKE ME A CHART SHOWIN' WHERE THEY'RE HIDIN' THEM NUTS!!

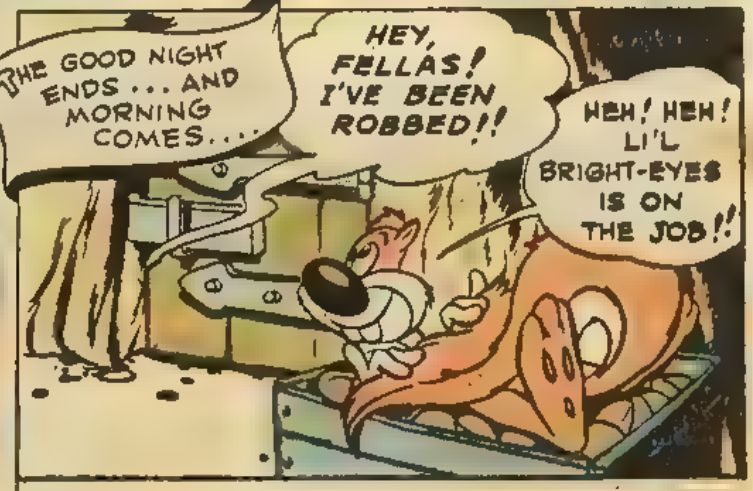
Acorns Hid Here
Walnuts Here

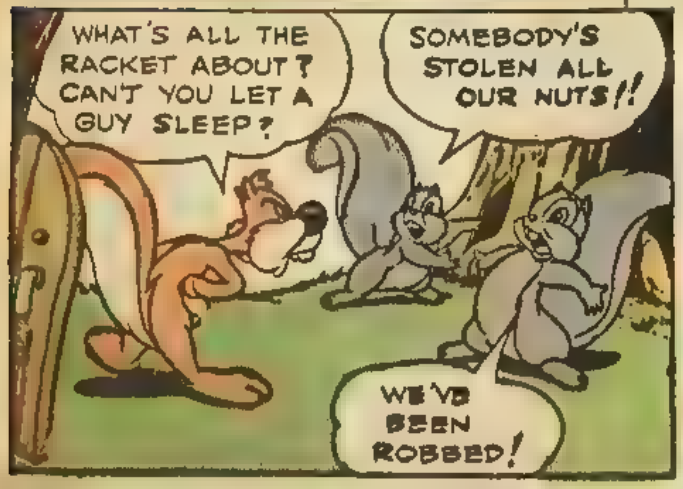
That VERY NIGHT
NOW TO DO A LI'L COLLECTING!! THE COAST'S CLEAR!

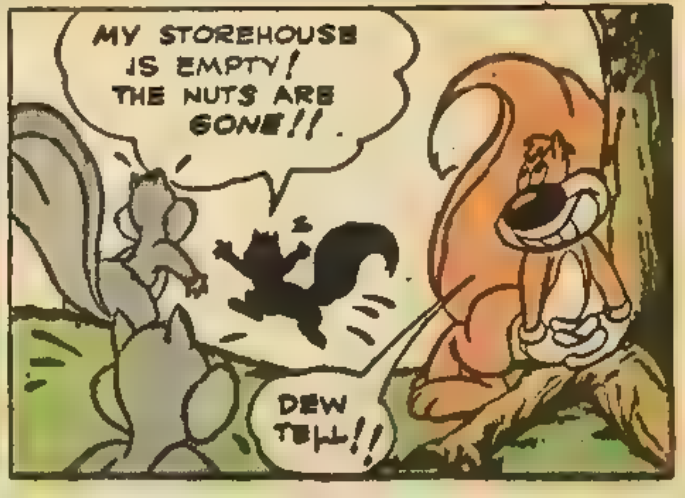
WOTTA HAUL! WOTTA HAUL! THIS IS THE LAST HIDEOUT!


THE LI'L WOODLAND CREATURES THINK I'M A SCREWBALL, BUT I KNOW I'M A SMART GUY!!
HICKRY NUTS
WalNuts

NOW FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK!


THE GOOD NIGHT ENDS ... AND MORNING COMES....
HEY, FELLAS! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!
HEH! HEH! LI'L BRIGHT-EYES IS ON THE JOB!!


WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET ABOUT? CAN'T YOU LET A GUY SLEEP?
SOMEBODY'S STOLEN ALL OUR NUTS!!
WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!

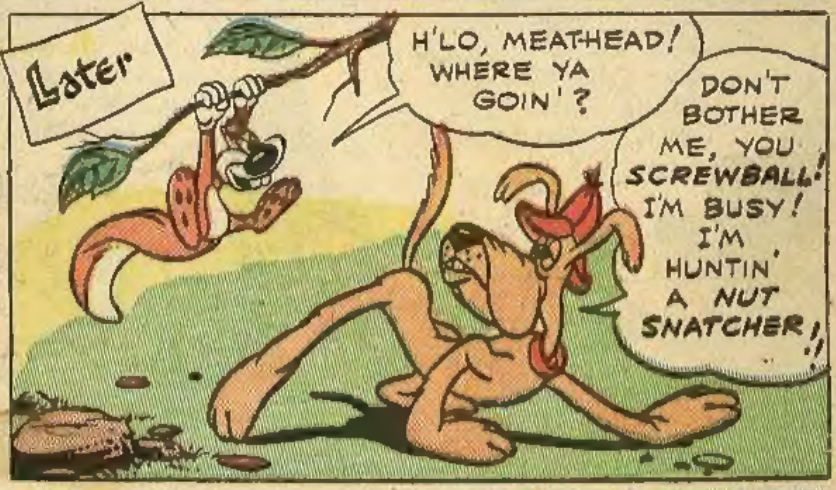

MY STOREHOUSE IS EMPTY! THE NUTS ARE GONE!!
DEW TELL!!

WE'VE ALL BEEN ROBBED! WE GOTTA FIND THE THIEF!
TSK! TSK! TOO BAD, BOYS !!

HOW ABOUT HIRIN' ME? I'LL TRACK DOWN THE ROBBER FOR YA!
YOU COULDN'T TRACK DOWN ANYTHING! YOU'RE JUST A SCREWBALL!!

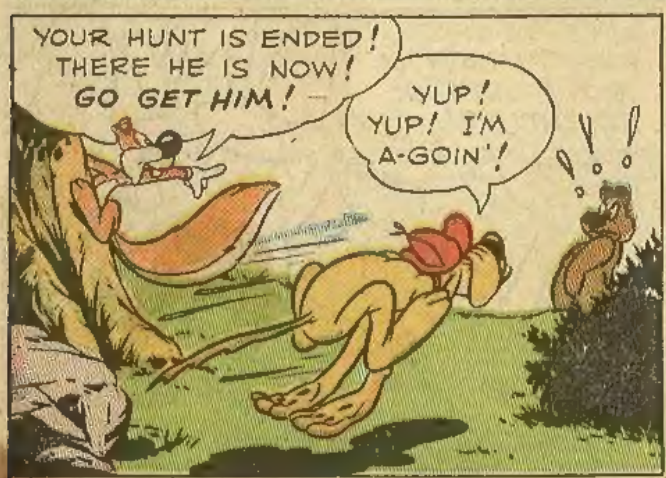
WE'LL HIRE MEAT-HEAD, THE MASTER SLEUTH! HE'LL FIND THE ROBBER!
GOOD!
SWELL!
GET HIM RIGHT AWAY!

SO THEY'RE HIRIN' MEAT-HEAD, MY DUMB CHUM! THIS'LL BE A CINCH!! HEH! HEH!

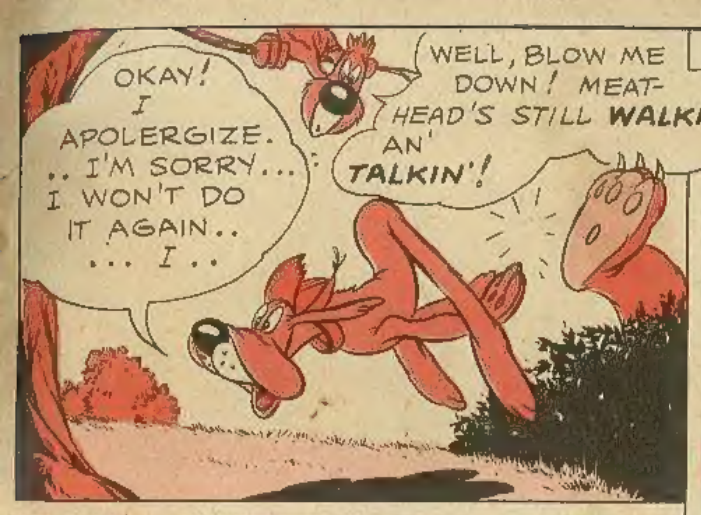

Later
H'LO, MEATHEAD! WHERE YA GOIN'?
DON'T BOTHER ME, YOU SCREWBALL! I'M BUSY! I'M HUNTIN' A NUT SNATCHER!!

IZZAT SO? WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW! MEBBE I CAN HELP YA!
I COULD USE SOME HELP! YUP! I SURE COULD USE SOME!

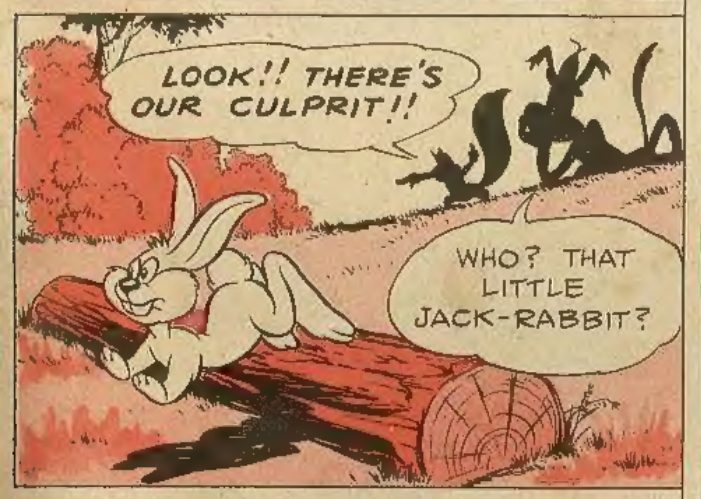
LET'S DO THIS RIGHT, MEATY, OL' BOY! LET'S BE SCIENTIFIC!
YUP! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL BE! ... ..BUT HOW??



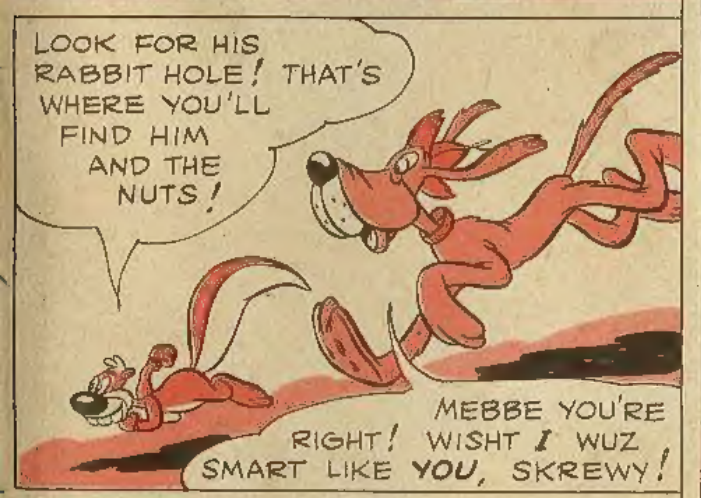
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

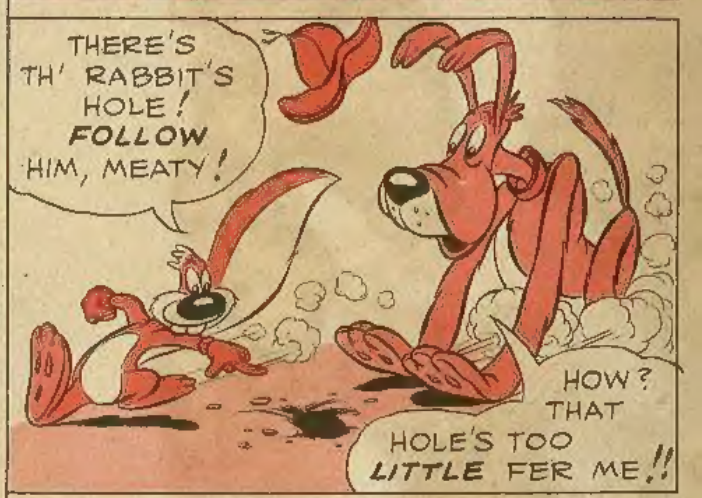

OKAY! I APOLERGIZE. .. I'M SORRY... I WON'T DO IT AGAIN.. ... I ..
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! MEAT-HEAD'S STILL WALKIN' AN' TALKIN'!

... AN' HE SAID HE DIDN'T STEAL NO NUTS! HE GOT AWFUL MAD AT ME!
CHIN UP, MEATY! WE AIN'T THROUGH YET! WE'LL TRY AGAIN!
I GOTTA GET RID O' THIS SAP, SOMEWAY!


LOOK!! THERE'S OUR CULPRIT!!
WHO? THAT LITTLE JACK-RABBIT?

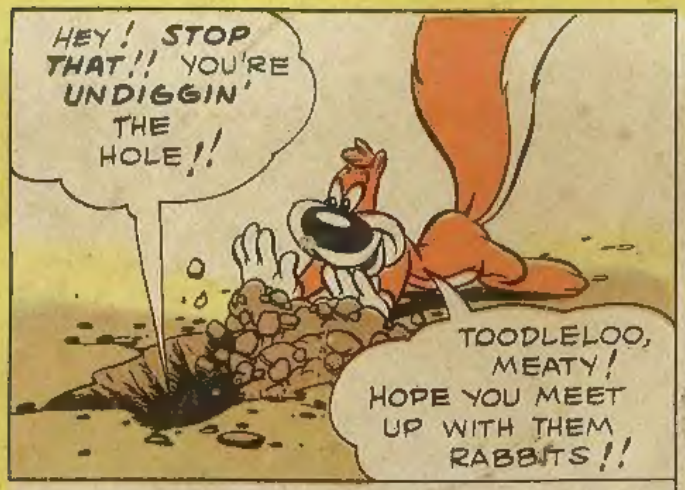
SURE! DIDN'T YOU SEE THE GUILTY LOOK ON HIS FACE? GET GOIN', SHERLOCK!
OKAY! BUT WHERE'LL I GO?

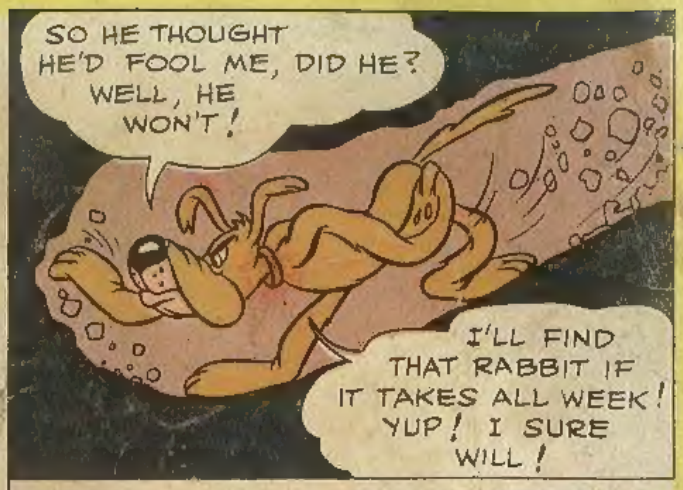

LOOK FOR HIS RABBIT HOLE! THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND HIM AND THE NUTS!
MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT! WISHT I WUZ SMART LIKE YOU, SKREWY!


THERE'S TH' RABBIT'S HOLE! FOLLOW HIM, MEATY!
HOW? THAT HOLE'S TOO LITTLE FER ME!!

SHAME ON YOU, MEAT-HEAD! A MASTER SLEUTH LIKE YOU GIVIN' UP SO EASY! YOU CAN DIG, CAN'T YA?
YUP! THAT'S ONE THING I KIN DO!.. .. DIG!!

I DON'T SEE NO RABBIT YET!!
KEEP DIGGIN' AN' YOU'RE SURE TO SEE SOMETHING, MEATY!


HEY! STOP THAT!! YOU'RE UNDIGGIN' THE HOLE!!
TOODLELOO, MEATY! HOPE YOU MEET UP WITH THEM RABBITS!!


SO HE THOUGHT HE'D FOOL ME, DID HE? WELL, HE WON'T!
I'LL FIND THAT RABBIT IF IT TAKES ALL WEEK! YUP! I SURE WILL!

AND... WHILE MEAT-HEAD DIGS....
SO FOLKS THINK I'M A SCREWBALL! HEH! HEH! IF THEY WAS AS SKREWY AS ME, THEY WOULDN'T HAFTA WORK, EITHER!!

... I'LL KEEP ON A-DIGGIN' AN' A-DIGGIN' AN'...!?
MEAT-HEAD!!!

HERE'S WHERE I GO OUT THE UPPER WAY!
STOP, YOU!! WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE?
YOU AIN'T NO RABBIT!

LOOK, FELLAS! OUR STOLEN NUTS!! MEAT-HEAD HAS FOUND THEM!
SKREWY IS THE THIEF!

I'LL GIT HIM YET!
HEY, FELLAS! YOU FORGOT ONE NUT..... ME!! HEH! HEH!